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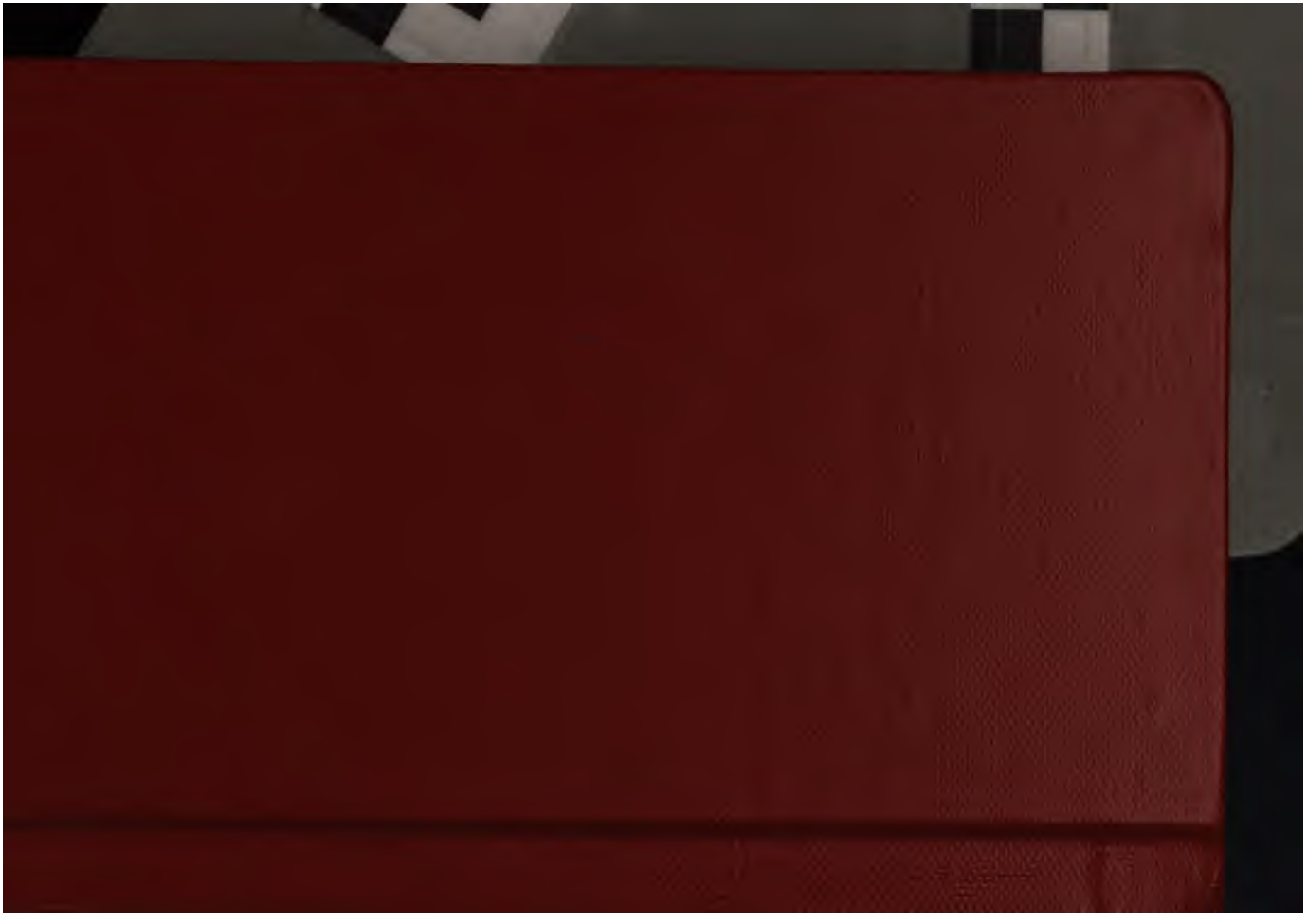

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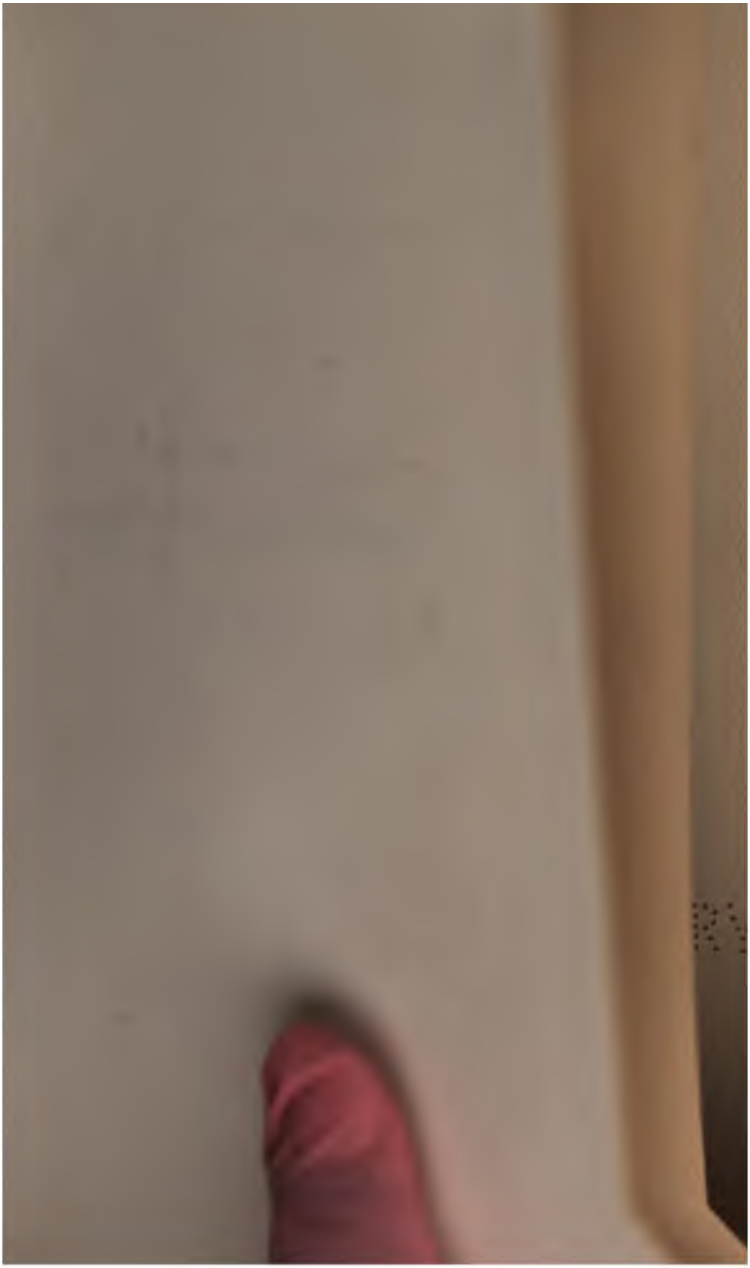

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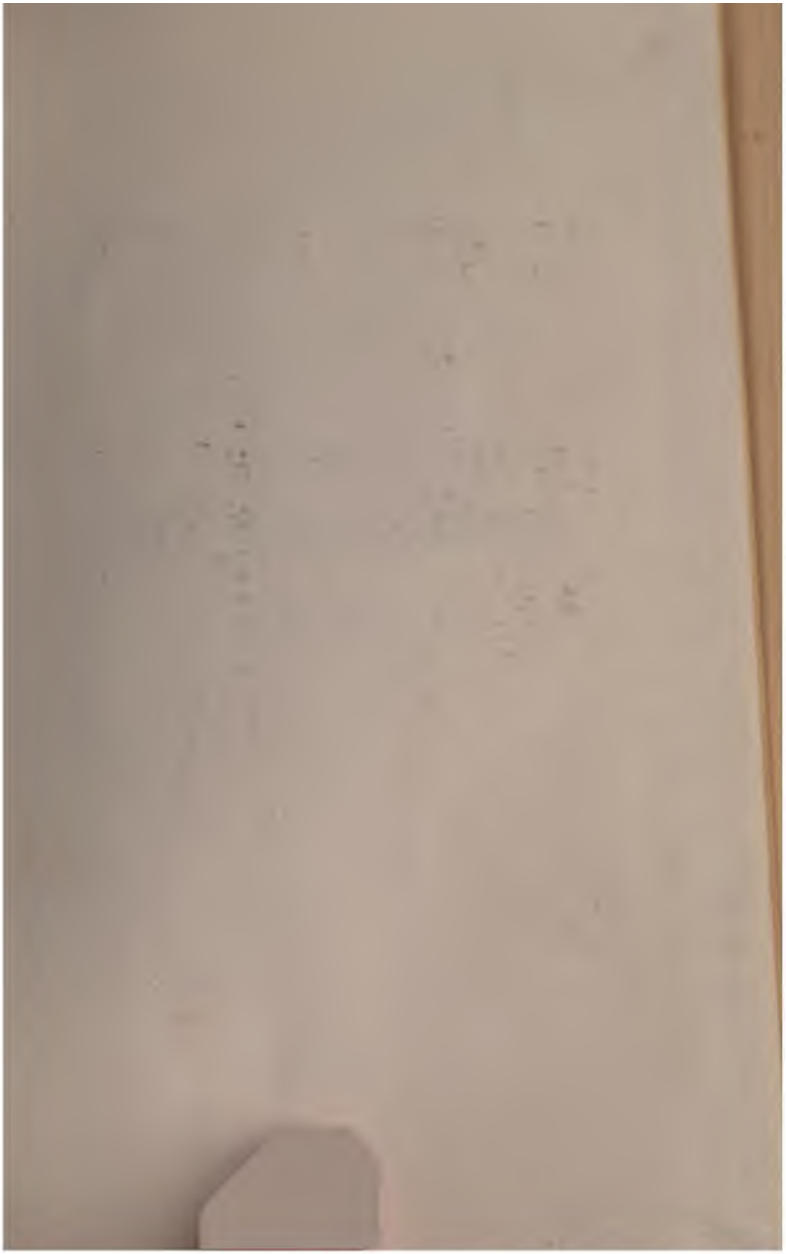

THE

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

VOL. I.

THE

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

MONTE CRISTO — the most celebrated work of its celebrated author, not even excepting the D'Artagnan romances — has hitherto been known to the English-speaking world only through the medium of a very imperfect translation, which from time to time has been republished without any material improvement. The great story is worthy to be presented in a better form. If readers have found it admirable in a crude presentation they will find new excellences in it as they follow, in an improved translation, the inimitable style of its author, — observing his peculiar success in the employment of words fitted to his thought; his quiet humor, often so delicately conveyed that a careless rendering must lose it altogether; and, regarding the work as a whole, his artistic skill in proportion and perspective, which may easily be made of no effect by omissions in translating.

In the present edition omissions have been supplied; expansions have been rigorously reduced to the author's own crisp form of statement; erroneous

and misleading renderings of words and phrases have been corrected; and where, as in many instances, the translator had usurped the functions of the author, he has been remanded to his proper subordination.

"The style is the man;" and no small part of one's pleasure in reading comes through the sense of a personal intercourse with the man who thus pervades the book. It is therefore with a peculiar satisfaction that in publishing this work we create an opportunity to make, or renew, acquaintance with ALEXANDRE DUMAS, through a translation which follows him instead of running away from him, and reproduces his forms of thought with as much precision as the differences between English and French idioms will allow.

BOSTON, 1889.

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THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

CHAPTER I.

MARSEILLES. — THE ARRIVAL.

On the 28th of February, 1815, the watchman in the tower of Notre Dame de la Garde signalled the three-master, the "Pharaon," from Smyrna, Trieste, and Naples. A pilot put off immediately, and rounding the Château d'If, got on board the vessel between Cape Morgion and the Isle of Rion.

The platform of Fort St. Jean was covered with spectators; it is always an event at Marseilles for a ship to come into port, especially when this ship, like the "Pharaon," had been built, rigged, and laden at the wharves of the old Phocée, and belonged to an owner in the city.

The ship drew on; it had safely passed the strait which some volcanic shock has made between the Isle of Calasareigne and the Isle of Jaros, had doubled Pomègue, and approached the harbor under topsails, jib, and foresail, but so slowly and sedately that the idlers, with that instinct which misfortune sends before it, asked one another what misfortune could have happened on board. However, those experienced in navigation saw plainly that if

any accident had occurred, it was not to the vessel herself, for as she approached she gave every indication of being under perfect control. Beside the pilot, who was steering the "Pharaon" through the narrow entrance of the port of Marseilles, was a young man, who, gesticulating rapidly, watched with a vigilant eye every motion of the ship, and repeated the orders of the pilot.

The vague disquietude which prevailed among the spectators had so much affected one of the crowd that he could not await the arrival of the vessel in harbor, but jumping into a small skiff, desired to be pulled alongside the "Pharaon," which he reached as she came opposite the bay of La Réserve.

When the young man on board saw him coming, he left his station by the pilot, and came, hat in hand, to the side of the ship. He was a tall slim young fellow, nineteen or twenty years old, with black eyes, and hair as dark as the raven's wing; and his whole appearance bespoke that calmness and resolution peculiar to men accustomed from their cradle to contend with danger.

"Ah! is it you, Dantès?" cried the man in the skiff. "What's the matter? And why have you such an air of sadness aboard?"

"A great misfortune, M. Morrel!" replied the young man, — "a great misfortune, for me especially! Off Civita Vecchia we lost our brave Captain Leclere."

"And the cargo?" inquired the owner, eagerly.

"Is all safe, M. Morrel; and I think you will be satisfied on that head. But poor Captain Leclere — "

"What happened to him?" asked the owner, with an air of relief. "What happened to the worthy captain?"

"He is dead."

"Fell into the sea?"

"No, Monsieur, he died of the brain fever, in dreadful

agony." Then turning to the crew, he said, "Look out there! all ready to drop anchor!"

All hands obeyed. At the same moment the eight or ten seamen who composed the crew, sprang, some to the main-sheets, others to the braces, others to the halyards, others to the jib-ropes, and others to the topsail brails. The young sailor gave a look to see that his orders were promptly and accurately obeyed, and then turned again to the owner.

"And how did this misfortune occur?" inquired the latter, resuming the inquiry suspended for a moment.

"Alas, Monsieur! in the most unexpected manner. After a long conversation with the harbor-master, Captain Leclere left Naples greatly disturbed in his mind. At the end of twenty-four hours he was attacked by a fever, and died three days afterwards. We performed the usual burial service, and he is at his rest, sewn up in his hammock with two bullets of thirty-six pounds each at his head and heels, off the island of El Giglio. We bring to his widow his sword and cross of honor. It was worth while, truly," added the young man with a melancholy smile, "to make war against the English for ten years, and to die in his bed at last, like everybody else."

"Why, you see, Edmond," replied the owner, who appeared more comforted every moment, "we are all mortal, and the old must make way for the young. If not, why, there would be no promotion; and as you have assured me that the cargo —"

"Is all safe and sound, M. Morrel, take my word for it; and I advise you not to take twenty-five thousand livres for the profits of the voyage."

Then, as they were just passing the Round Tower, the young man shouted out, "Ready, there, to lower topsails, foresail, and jib!"

The order was executed as promptly as if on board a man-of-war.

"Let go! and brail all!" At this last word all the sails were lowered, and the ship moved almost imperceptibly onwards.

"Now, if you will come on board, M. Morrel," said Dantès, observing the owner's impatience, "here is your supercargo, M. Danglars, coming out of his cabin, who will furnish you with every particular. As for me, I must look after the anchoring, and dress the ship in mourning."

The owner did not wait to be twice invited. He seized a rope which Dantès flung to him, and with an activity that would have done credit to a sailor, climbed up the side of the ship, while the young man, going to his task, left the conversation to the individual whom he had announced under the name of Danglars, who now came towards the owner. He was a man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, of unprepossessing countenance, obsequious to his superiors, insolent to his inferiors; and then aside from his position on board as responsible agent, which is always offensive to the sailors, he was personally as much disliked by the crew as Edmond Dantès was beloved by them.

"Well, M. Morrel," said Danglars, "you have heard of the misfortune that has befallen us?"

"Yes, yes! poor Captain Leclere! He was a brave and an honest man!"

"And a first-rate seaman, grown old between sky and ocean, — a proper man to be charged with the interests of a house so important as that of Morrel and Son," replied Danglars.

"But," replied the owner, following with his look Dantès, who was watching the anchoring of his vessel, "it seems to me that a sailor needs not to be so old as you say, Danglars, to understand his business, for our friend

Edmond seems to understand it thoroughly, and not to require instruction from any one."

"Yes," said Danglars, casting towards Edmond a look in which gleamed a flash of hatred, — "yes, he is young, and youth is invariably self-confident. Scarcely was the captain's breath out of his body when he assumed the command without consulting any one, and he caused us to lose a day and a half at the Isle of Elba, instead of making for Marseilles direct."

"As to taking the command of the vessel," replied Morrel, "that was his duty as captain's mate; as to losing a day and a half off the Isle of Elba, he was wrong, unless the ship wanted some repair."

"The ship was as sound as I am, and as I hope you are, M. Morrel, and this day and a half was wasted through sheer caprice, — for the pleasure of going ashore, and nothing else."

"Dantès!" said the ship-owner, turning towards the young man, "come this way!"

"In a moment, sir," answered Dantès, "I shall be at your service." Then calling to the crew, he said, "Let go!"

The anchor was instantly dropped, and the chain ran rattling through the port-hole. Dantès continued at his post in spite of the presence of the pilot until this manœuvre was completed, and then he added, "Lower the pennant to half-mast; put the ensign in a weft, and slope the yards!"

"You see," said Danglars, "he fancies himself captain already, upon my word."

"And so, in fact, he is," said the owner.

"Yes, wanting your signature and your partner's, M. Morrel."

"And why should he not have it?" asked the owner;

"he is young, it is true, but he seems to me a thorough seaman, and of full experience."

A cloud passed over Danglars's brow.

"Your pardon, M. Morrel," said Dantès, approaching; "the ship now rides at anchor, and I am at your service. You called me, did you not?"

Danglars retreated a step or two.

"I wished to inquire why you stopped at the Isle of Elba?"

"I do not know, sir; it was to fulfil a last instruction of Captain Leclere, who, when dying, gave me a packet for the Maréchal Bertrand."

"Did you see him, Edmond?"

"See whom?"

"The marshal."

"Yes."

Morrel looked around him, and then drawing Dantès on one side, he said suddenly, "And how is the emperor?"

"Very well, as far as I could judge from his appearance."

"You saw the emperor, then?"

"He entered the marshal's apartment while I was there."

"And you spoke to him?"

"Why, it was he who spoke to me, Monsieur," said Dantès, with a smile.

"And what did he say to you?"

"Asked me questions about the ship, — when she would leave for Marseilles, the course she had taken, and what was her cargo. I believe, if she had not been laden, and I had been her master, he would have bought her. But I told him I was only mate, and that she belonged to the firm of Morrel and Son. 'Ah, ah!' he said, 'I know them! The Morrels have been ship-owners from father to son; and there was a Morrel who served in the same regiment with me when I was in garrison at Valence.'"

"*Pardieu!* and that is true!" cried the owner, greatly delighted. "And that was Policar Morrel, my uncle, who was afterwards a captain. Dantès, you must tell my uncle that the emperor remembered him, and you will see it will bring tears into the old soldier's eyes. Come, come!" continued he, patting Edmond's shoulder kindly, "you did very right, Dantès, to follow Captain Leclere's instruction, and touch at the Isle of Elba, — although if it should become known that you had conveyed a packet to the marshal, and had conversed with the emperor, you might find yourself compromised."

"How could that compromise me, Monsieur?" asked Dantès. "I did not even know of what I was the bearer; and the emperor merely made such inquiries as he would of the first comer. But, your pardon, here are the officers of health and the customs coming alongside!" and the young man went to the gangway.

As he departed, Danglars approached, and said, —

"Well, it appears that he has given you satisfactory reasons for his landing at Porto Ferrajo?"

"Yes, most satisfactory, my dear Danglars."

"Well, so much the better," said the supercargo; "for it is always painful to see a comrade who does not do his duty."

"Dantès has done his," replied the owner, "and that is not saying much. It was Captain Leclere who gave orders for this delay."

"Talking of Captain Leclere, has not Dantès given you a letter from him?"

"To me? No; was there one?"

"I believe that besides the packet Captain Leclere had confided a letter to his care."

"Of what packet are you speaking, Danglars?"

"Why, that which Dantès left at Porto Ferrajo."

"How do you know he had a packet to leave at Porto Ferrajo?"

Danglars turned very red. "I was passing close to the door of the captain's cabin, which was half open, and I saw him give the packet and letter to Dantès."

"He did not speak to me of it," replied the ship-owner; "but if there be any letter he will give it to me."

Danglars reflected for a moment. "Then, M. Morrel, I beg of you," said he, "not to say a word to Dantès on the subject; I may have been mistaken."

At this moment the young man returned, and Danglars withdrew.

"Well, my dear Dantès, are you now free?" inquired the owner.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You have not been long detained."

"No. I gave the custom-house officers a copy of our bill of lading; and as to the other papers, they sent a man off with the pilot to whom I gave them."

"Then you have nothing more to do here?"

"No; all is arranged now."

"Then you can come and dine with me?"

"I beg you to excuse me, M. Morrel; but my first visit is due to my father. I am not the less grateful for the honor you have done me."

"Right, Dantès, quite right. I always knew you were a good son."

"And," inquired Dantès, with some hesitation, "do you know how my father is?"

"Well, I believe, my dear Edmond, though I have not seen him lately."

"Yes, he likes to keep himself shut up in his little room."

"That proves, at least, that he has wanted for nothing during your absence."

Dantès smiled. "My father is proud, sir; and if he had not a meal left, I doubt if he would have asked anything from any one, except God."

"Well, then, after this first visit has been made we rely on you."

"I must again excuse myself, M. Morrel, — for after this first visit has been paid I have another which I am most anxious to pay."

"True, Dantès, I forgot that there is at the Catalans some one who expects you no less impatiently than your father, — the lovely Mercédès."

Dantès blushed.

"Ah, ah!" said the ship-owner, "that does not astonish me, for she has been to me three times, inquiring if there were any news of the 'Pharaon.' *Peste!* Edmond, you have a very handsome mistress!"

"She is not my mistress," replied the young sailor, gravely; "she is my betrothed."

"Sometimes one and the same thing," said Morrel, with a smile.

"Not with us, Monsieur," replied Dantès.

"Well, well, my dear Edmond," continued the owner, "do not let me detain you. You have managed my affairs so well that I ought to allow you all the time you require for your own. Do you want any money?"

"No, Monsieur; I have all my pay to receive, — nearly three months' wages."

"You are a careful fellow, Edmond."

"Say that I have a poor father, Monsieur."

"Yes, yes, I know that you are a good son. Go, then, to see your father. I have a son too, and I should be very wroth with any one who should keep him from me after a three months' voyage."

"Then I have your leave, Monsieur?"

"Yes, if you have nothing more to say to me."

"Nothing."

"Captain Leclere did not, before he died, give you a letter for me?"

"He was unable to write, sir. But that reminds me that I must ask leave of absence for a fortnight."

"To get married?"

"Yes, first, and then to go to Paris."

"Very good; have what time you require, Dantès. It will take quite six weeks to unload the cargo, and we cannot get you ready for sea until three months after that; only be back again in three months, — for the 'Pharaon,'" added the owner, patting the young sailor on the back, "cannot sail without her captain."

"Without her captain!" cried Dantès, his eyes sparkling with animation; "pray mind what you say, for you are touching on the most secret wishes of my heart. Is it really your intention to make me captain of the 'Pharaon'?"

"If I were sole owner I would appoint you this moment, my dear Dantès, and say it is settled; but I have a partner, and you know the Italian proverb, — *Chi ha compagno ha padrone*, 'He who has a partner has a master.' But the thing is at least half done, since of the two votes you have already secured one. Rely on me to procure you the other; I will do my best."

"Ah, M. Morrel," exclaimed the young seaman, with tears in his eyes, and grasping the owner's hand, — "M. Morrel, I thank you in the name of my father and of Mercédès."

"Good, good, Edmond! Devil take it, there 's a God in heaven for good fellows! Go to your father; go and see Mercédès, and come to me afterwards."

"Shall I row you on shore?"

"No, I thank you; I shall remain and look over the accounts with Danglars. Have you been satisfied with him this voyage?"

"That is according to the sense you attach to the question, Monsieur. Do you mean, is he a good comrade? No, for I think he never liked me since the day when I was silly enough, after a little quarrel we had, to propose to him to stop for ten minutes at the Isle of Monte Cristo to settle the dispute, — a proposition which I was wrong to suggest, and he quite right to refuse. If your question refers to his conduct as supercargo, I believe there is nothing to say against him, and that you will be content with the way in which he has performed his duty."

"But tell me, Dantès, if you had the command of the 'Pharaon,' should you have pleasure in retaining Danglars?"

"Captain or mate, M. Morrel," replied Dantès, "I shall always have the greatest respect for those who possess our owner's confidence."

"Good, good, Dantès! I see you are at all points a good fellow. Let me detain you no longer. Go, for I see how impatient you are."

"Then I have leave?"

"Go, I tell you."

"May I have the use of your skiff?"

"Certainly."

"Then, for the present, M. Morrel, farewell, and a thousand thanks!"

"I hope soon to see you again, my dear Edmond. Good luck to you!"

The young sailor jumped into the skiff, and sat down in the stern, desiring to be put ashore at the Canebière. The two rowers bent to their work, and the little boat glided away as rapidly as possible in the midst of the

thousand vessels which choke up the narrow way which leads between the two rows of ships from the mouth of the harbor to the Quai d'Orléans.

The ship-owner, smiling, followed him with his eyes until he saw him spring out on the quay and disappear in the midst of the throng which from five o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night chokes up this famous street of La Canebière, of which the modern Phocéens are so proud that they say with all the gravity in the world, and with that accent which gives so much character to what is said, "If Paris had La Canebière, Paris would be a second Marseilles." On turning round, the owner saw Danglars behind him, who apparently awaited his orders, but in reality followed, as he did, the young sailor with his eyes; but there was a great difference in the expression of the two men who thus watched the movements of Edmond Dantès.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER AND SON.

We will leave Danglars struggling with the feelings of hatred, and endeavoring to insinuate in the ear of the ship-owner, Morrel, evil suspicions against his comrade, and follow Dantès, who, after having traversed the Canebière, took the Rue de Noailles, and entering into a small house situated on the left side of the Allées de Meillan, rapidly ascended four stories of a dark staircase, holding the baluster in one hand, while with the other he repressed the beatings of his heart; he paused before a half-opened door, which revealed the interior of a small apartment.

This apartment was occupied by Dantès's father. The news of the arrival of the "Pharaon" had not yet reached the old man, who, mounted on a chair, was amusing himself by staking with tremulous hand some nasturtiums, which, mingled with clematis, formed a kind of trellis at his window. Suddenly he felt an arm thrown round his body, and a well-known voice behind him exclaimed, "Father! dear father!"

The old man uttered a cry, and turned round; then, seeing his son, he fell into his arms, pale and trembling.

"What ails you, my dearest father? Are you ill?" inquired the young man, much alarmed.

"No, no, my dear Edmond — my boy — my son! no; but I did not expect you; and joy, the surprise of seeing

you so suddenly — Ah! I really feel as if I were going to die."

"Come, come; cheer up, my dear father! 'T is I, — really I! They say joy never hurts, and so I come to you without any warning. Come now, look cheerfully at me, instead of gazing as you do with wandering looks. Here I am back again, and we will now be happy."

"Yes, yes, my boy, so we will, — so we will," replied the old man; "but how shall we be happy? Will you never leave me again? Come, tell me all the good fortune that has befallen you."

"God forgive me," said the young man, "for rejoicing at happiness derived from the misery of others; but Heaven knows I did not seek this good fortune. It has happened, and I really cannot affect to lament it. The good Captain Leclere is dead, Father, and it is probable that, with the aid of M. Morrel, I shall have his place. Do you understand, Father? Only imagine me a captain at twenty, with a hundred-louis pay, and a share in the profits! Is this not more than a poor sailor like me could have hoped for?"

"Yes, my dear boy," replied the old man, — "yes, it is very fortunate."

"Well, then, with the first money I touch, I mean that you shall have a small house, with a garden in which to plant your clematis, your nasturtiums, and your honeysuckles. But what ails you, Father? Are you not well?"

"'T is nothing, nothing; it will soon pass away;" and as he said so the old man's strength failed him, and he fell backwards.

"Come, come," said the young man, "a glass of wine, Father, will revive you. Where do you keep your wine?"

"No, no, thank you. You need not look for it; I do not want it," said the old man.

"Yes, yes, Father; tell me where it is," and Dantès opened two or three cupboards.

"It is of no use," said the old man; "there is no wine."

"What! no wine?" said Dantès, turning pale, and looking alternately at the hollow cheeks of the old man and the empty cupboards, — "what! no wine? Have you wanted money, Father?"

"I want nothing since I see you," said the old man.

"Yet," stammered Dantès, wiping the perspiration from his brow, — "yet I gave you two hundred livres when I left, three months ago."

"Yes, yes, Edmond, that is true; but you forgot at that time a little debt to our neighbor Caderousse. He reminded me of it, telling me if I did not pay for you, he would apply to M. Morrel; and so, you see, lest he might do you an injury —"

"Well?"

"Why, I paid him."

"But," cried Dantès, "it was a hundred and forty livres I owed Caderousse."

"Yes," stammered the old man.

"And you paid him out of the two hundred livres I left you?"

The old man made a sign in the affirmative.

"So that you have lived for three months on sixty livres!" muttered the young man.

"You know how little I require," said the old man.

"Heaven pardon me!" cried Edmond, going on his knees before the old man.

"What are you doing?"

"You have wounded my very heart!"

"Never mind it, for I see you once more," said the old man; "and now all is forgotten, all is well again."

"Yes, here I am," said the young man, "with a happy prospect and a little money. Here, Father, here!" he said, "take this, — take it, and send for something immediately." And he emptied his pockets on the table, whose contents consisted of a dozen pieces of gold, five or six crowns, and some smaller coin. The countenance of old Dantès brightened.

"To whom does this belong?" he inquired.

"To me! to you! to us! Take it; buy some provisions. Be happy, and to-morrow we shall have more."

"Gently, gently," said the old man, with a smile; "and by your leave I will use your purse moderately, — for they would say, if they saw me buy too many things at a time, that I had been obliged to await your return in order to be able to purchase them."

"Do as you please; but first of all, pray have a servant, Father. I will not have you left alone so long. I have some smuggled coffee and capital tobacco in a small chest in the hold, which you shall have to-morrow. But hush! here comes somebody."

"'T is Caderousse, who has heard of your arrival, and no doubt comes to congratulate you on your fortunate return."

"Ah! lips that say one thing, while the heart thinks another," murmured Edmond. "But never mind, he is a neighbor who has done us a service on a time, so he 's welcome."

As Edmond finished his sentence in a low voice, there appeared at the door the black and shock head of Caderousse. He was a man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and held in his hand a piece of cloth, which in his capacity as a tailor he was about to turn into the lining of a coat.

"What! is it you, Edmond, returned?" said he, with

a broad Marseillaise accent, and a grin that displayed his teeth as white as ivory.

"Yes, as you see, neighbor Caderousse; and ready to be agreeable to you in any and every way," replied Dantès, hardly concealing his feelings under this appearance of civility.

"Thanks, thanks; but fortunately, I do not want for anything. It even happens sometimes that others have need of me." Dantès made a gesture. "I do not allude to you, my boy. No, no! I lent you money, and you returned it; that's like good neighbors, and we are quits."

"We are never quits with those who oblige us," was Dantès's reply, — "for when we do not owe them money, we owe them gratitude."

"What's the use of mentioning that? What is done is done. Let us talk of your happy return, my boy. I had gone on the quay to match a piece of mulberry cloth, when I met friend Danglars. 'What! you at Marseilles?' I exclaimed. 'Yes,' said he. 'I thought you were at Smyrna.' 'I was; but am now back again.' 'And where is the dear boy, our little Edmond?' 'Why, with his father, no doubt,' replied Danglars. And so I came," added Caderousse, "as fast as I could, to have the pleasure of shaking hands with a friend."

"Worthy Caderousse!" said the old man; "he is so much attached to us!"

"Yes, to be sure I am. I love and esteem you, because honest folks are so rare! But it seems you have come back rich, my boy," continued the tailor, looking askance at the handful of gold and silver which Dantès had thrown on the table.

The young man remarked the greedy glance which shone in the dark eyes of his neighbor. "Eh!" he said

negligently, "this money is not mine; I was expressing to my father my fears that he had wanted many things in my absence, and to convince me he emptied his purse on the table. Come, Father," added Dantès, "put this money back in your box, — unless neighbor Caderousse wants anything, and in that case it is at his service."

"No, my boy, no," said Caderousse. "I am not in any want, thank God! The State nourishes me. Keep your money, — keep it, I say. One never has too much; but I am as much obliged by your offer as if I took advantage of it."

"It was offered with good-will," said Dantès.

"No doubt, no doubt. Well, you stand well with M. Morrel, I hear, you insinuating dog, you!"

"M. Morrel has always been exceedingly kind to me," replied Dantès.

"Then you were wrong to refuse to dine with him."

"What! did you refuse to dine with him?" said old Dantès. "Did he invite you to dine?"

"Yes, my dear father," replied Edmond, smiling at his father's astonishment at the high honor paid to his son.

"And why did you refuse, my son?" inquired the old man.

"That I might the sooner see you again, my dear father," replied the young man. "I was most anxious to see you."

"But it must have vexed M. Morrel, good, worthy man," said Caderousse. "And when you are looking forward to be captain, it was wrong to annoy the owner."

"But I explained to him the cause of my refusal," replied Dantès; "and I hope he fully understood it."

"Yes, but to be captain one must give way a little to one's patrons."

"I hope to be captain without that," said Dantès.

"So much the better, — so much the better! Nothing will give greater pleasure to all your old friends; and I know one down there behind the citadel of St. Nicolas, who will not be sorry to hear it."

"Mercédès?" said the old man.

"Yes, my dear father, and with your permission, now that I have seen you and know you are well and have all you require, I will ask your permission to go and pay a visit to the Catalans."

"Go, my dear boy," said old Dantès; "and may God bless you in your wife as he has blessed me in my son!"

"His wife!" said Caderousse; "why, how fast you go on, Father Dantès; she is not his wife yet, it appears."

"No, but according to all probability she soon will be," replied Edmond.

"Yes, yes," said Caderousse; "but you were right to return as soon as possible, my boy."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because Mercédès is a very fine girl, and fine girls never lack lovers; she, particularly, has them by dozens."

"Really?" answered Edmond, with a smile which betrayed a slight uneasiness.

"Ah, yes," continued Caderousse, "and capital offers, too; but, you know, you will be captain, and who could refuse you then?"

"Meaning to say," replied Dantès, with a smile which did not hide his anxiety, "that if I were not a captain —"

"Eh, eh!" said Caderousse.

"Come, come," said the sailor, "I have a better opinion than you of women in general, and of Mercédès in particular; and I am certain that whether I am captain or not she will remain ever faithful to me."

"So much the better, — so much the better," said Cade-

rousse. "When one is going to be married, there is nothing like implicit confidence. But never mind that, my boy; go and announce your arrival, and let her share your hopes."

"I will go directly," was Edmond's reply. He embraced his father, made a farewell gesture to Caderousse, and left the apartment.

Caderousse lingered for a moment, then taking leave of old Dantès, he went downstairs to rejoin Danglars, who awaited him at the corner of the Rue Senac.

"Well," said Danglars, "did you see him?"

"I have just left him," answered Caderousse.

"Did he allude to his hope of being captain?"

"He spoke of it as a thing already decided."

"Patience!" said Danglars, "he is in too much hurry, it appears to me."

"Why, it seems M. Morrel has promised him the thing."

"So that he is quite elated about it?"

"He is actually insolent on the matter, has already offered me his patronage as if he were a grand personage, and proffered me a loan of money as though he were a banker."

"Which you refused?"

"Most assuredly; although I might easily have accepted it, for it was I who put into his hands the first silver he ever touched. But now M. Dantès has no longer any occasion for assistance; he is about to become a captain."

"Pooh!" said Danglars, "he is not one yet."

"*Ma foi!* and it will be as well he never should be," answered Caderousse, — "for if he should be, there will be really no speaking to him."

"If we choose," replied Danglars, "he will remain what he is, perhaps become even less than he is."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing; I was speaking to myself. And is he still in love with the beautiful Catalane?"

"Over head and ears; but unless I am much mistaken, there will be a storm in that quarter."

"Explain yourself."

"Why should I?"

"It is more important than you think, perhaps. You do not like Dantès?"

"I never like upstarts."

"Then tell me all you know relative to the Catalane."

"I know nothing for certain; only I have seen things which induce me to believe, as I told you, that the future captain will find some annoyance in the environs of the Vieilles Infirmeries."

"What do you know? Come, tell me!"

"Well, every time I have seen Mercédès come into the city, she has been accompanied by a tall strapping black-eyed Catalan, with a red complexion, brown skin, and fierce air, whom she calls cousin."

"Really! and do you then think this cousin pays her attentions?"

"I only suppose so. What else can a strapping chap of twenty-one mean with a fine wench of seventeen?"

"And you say Dantès has gone to the Catalans?"

"He started before I came down."

"Let us go the same way; we will stop at La Réserve, and while we drink a glass of La Malgue, we will wait for news."

"Come along," said Caderousse; "but mind you pay the shot."

"Certainly," replied Danglars; and going quickly to the spot alluded to, they called for a bottle of wine and two glasses.

Père Pamphile had seen Dantès pass not ten minutes before. Assured that he was at the Catalans, they sat down under the budding foliage of the planes and sycamores, in the branches of which a lively chorus of birds were celebrating one of the first fine days of spring.

CHAPTER III.

THE CATALANS.

About a hundred paces from the spot where the two friends, with their looks fixed on the distance and their ears attentive, imbibed the sparkling wine of La Malgue, behind a bare and weather-worn wall was the village of the Catalans. One day a mysterious colony quitted Spain, and settled on the tongue of land on which it remains to this day. It arrived from no one knew where, and spoke an unknown tongue. One of its chiefs, who understood Provençal, begged the commune of Marseilles to give them this bare and barren promontory, on which, like the sailors of the ancient times, they had run their boats ashore. The request was granted; and three months afterwards, around the twelve or fifteen small vessels which had brought these gypsies of the sea, a small village sprang up. This village, constructed in a singular and picturesque manner, half Moorish, half Spanish, is that which we behold at the present day, inhabited by the descendants of those men, who speak the language of their fathers. For three or four centuries they have loyally clung to this small promontory, on which they had settled like a flight of sea-birds, without mixing with the Marseillaise population, intermarrying among themselves and preserving their original customs and the costume of their mother-country, as they have preserved its language.

Our readers will follow us along the only street of this

little village, and enter with us one of the houses, on the outside of which the sun had stamped that beautiful color of the dead leaf peculiar to the buildings of the country, and which, within, was coated with limewash, of that white tint which forms the only ornament of Spanish *posadas*. A young and beautiful girl, with hair as black as jet, her eyes as velvety as the gazelle's, was leaning with her back against the wainscot, rubbing in her slender fingers, moulded after the antique, a bunch of heath-blossoms, the flowers of which she was picking off and strewing on the floor; her arms, bare to the elbow, embrowned, and resembling those of the Venus at Arles, moved with a kind of restless impatience, and she tapped the earth with her pliant and well-formed foot so as to display the pure and full shape of her well-turned leg, in its red cotton stocking with gray and blue clocks. At three paces from her, seated in a chair which he balanced on two legs, leaning his elbow on an old worm-eaten table, was a tall young man of twenty or two-and-twenty, who was looking at her with an air in which vexation and uneasiness were mingled. He questioned her with his eyes, but the firm and steady gaze of the young girl controlled his look.

"You see, Mercédès," said the young man, "here is Easter come round again; tell me, is it not a good time for a wedding?"

"I have answered you a hundred times, Fernand; and really you must be your own enemy to ask me again."

"Well, repeat it, — repeat it, I beg of you, that I may at last believe it! Tell me for the hundredth time that you refuse my love, which had your mother's sanction. Make me fully comprehend that you are trifling with my happiness, that my life or death are immaterial to you. Ah! to have dreamed for ten years of being your hus-

band, Mercédès, and to lose that hope, which was the sole aim of my existence!"

"At least it was not I who ever encouraged you in that hope, Fernand," replied Mercédès; "you cannot reproach me with the slightest coquetry. I have always said to you, 'I love you as a brother; but do not ask from me more than sisterly affection, for my heart is another's.' Have I not always told you that, Fernand?"

"Yes, I know it well, Mercédès," replied the young man. "Yes, you have been cruelly frank with me; but do you forget that it is among the Catalans a sacred law to intermarry?"

"You mistake, Fernand, it is not a law, but merely a custom; and, I pray of you, do not cite this custom in your favor. You are included in the conscription, Fernand, and are at liberty only on sufferance, liable at any moment to be called upon to take up arms. Once a soldier, what would you do with me, — a poor orphan, forlorn, without fortune, with nothing but a hut half in ruins, containing some ragged nets, a miserable inheritance left by my father to my mother, and by my mother to me? She has been dead a year, and you know, Fernand, I have subsisted almost entirely on public charity. Sometimes you pretend I am useful to you, and that is an excuse to share with me the produce of your fishing; and I accept it, Fernand, because you are the son of my father's brother, because we were brought up together, and still more because it would give you so much pain if I refused. But I feel very deeply that this fish which I go and sell, and with the produce of which I buy the flax I spin, — I feel very keenly, Fernand, that this is charity."

"And if it were, Mercédès, poor and lone as you are, you suit me as well as the daughter of the proudest ship-owner, or of the richest banker of Marseilles! What do

such as we desire but an honest woman and careful housekeeper; and where can I find any one better than you in both these particulars?"

"Fernand," answered Mercédès, shaking her head, "a woman may become a bad manager; and who shall say she will remain an honest woman when she loves another man better than her husband? Rest content with my friendship, for I repeat to you that it is all I can promise, and I will promise no more than I can bestow."

"I understand," replied Fernand; "you can endure your own wretchedness patiently, but you are afraid of mine. Well, Mercédès, beloved by you, I would tempt fortune; you would bring me good luck, and I should become rich. I could extend my occupation as a fisherman, might get a place as clerk in a warehouse, and become myself a dealer in time."

"You could do no such thing, Fernand; you are a soldier, and if you remain at the Catalans it is because there is no war. Continue, then, to be a fisherman; don't cherish dreams which will make the reality still more intolerable. Be content with my friendship, since I cannot give you more."

"Well, you are right, Mercédès. I will be a sailor; instead of the costume of our fathers, which you despise, I will wear a varnished hat, a striped shirt, and a blue jacket, with an anchor on the buttons. Would not that dress please you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mercédès, darting at him an angry glance, — "what do you mean? I do not understand you."

"I mean, Mercédès, that you are thus harsh and cruel with me because you are expecting some one who is thus attired; but perhaps he whom you await is inconstant, or if he is not, the sea is so to him."

"Fernand!" cried Mercédès, "I believed you were good-hearted, and I was mistaken! Fernand, you are wicked to call to your aid jealousy and the anger of God! Yes, I will not deny it, I do await, and I do love him to whom you allude; and if he does not return, instead of accusing him of the inconstancy which you insinuate, I shall maintain that he died loving me and me only."

The young Catalan made a gesture of rage.

"I understand you, Fernand: you would be revenged on him because I do not love you; you would cross your Catalan knife with his dirk. What end would that answer? You would lose my friendship if you were conquered, and would see that friendship changed into hate if you were conqueror. Believe me, to seek a quarrel with a man is a bad way to please the woman who loves that man. No, Fernand, you will not thus give way to evil thoughts. Unable to have me for your wife, you will content yourself with having me for your friend and sister; and besides," she added, her eyes troubled and moistened with tears, "wait, wait, Fernand! You said just now that the sea was treacherous, and he has been gone four months, and during these four months we have had some terrible storms."

Fernand made no reply, nor did he attempt to check the tears which flowed down the cheeks of Mercédès, although for each of these tears he would have shed his heart's blood; but these tears flowed for another. He arose, paced awhile up and down the hut, and then suddenly stopping before Mercédès, with his eyes glowing and his hands clinched, "Say, Mercédès," he said, "once for all, is this your final determination?"

"I love Edmond Dantès," the young girl calmly replied, "and none but Edmond shall be my husband."

"And you will always love him?"

"As long as I live."

Fernand lowered his head like a defeated man, heaved a sigh which resembled a groan, and then suddenly looking her full in the face, with clinched teeth and expanded nostrils, said, "But if he is dead — "

"If he is dead, I shall die too."

"If he has forgotten you — "

"Mercédès!" cried a voice, joyously, outside the house, "Mercédès!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the young girl, blushing with delight, and springing up with love, "you see he has not forgotten me, for here he is!" And rushing towards the door, she opened it, saying, "Here, Edmond, here I am!"

Fernand, pale and trembling, fell back, like a traveller at the sight of a serpent, and stumbling against his chair, dropped into it. Edmond and Mercédès were clasped in each other's arms. The burning sun of Marseilles, which penetrated the room by the open door, covered them with a flood of light. At first they saw nothing around them. Their intense happiness isolated them from all the rest of the world, and they spoke only in broken words, which are the tokens of a joy so extreme that they seem rather the expression of sorrow. Suddenly Edmond saw the gloomy countenance of Fernand, as it was defined in the shadow, pale and threatening; and by a movement for which he could scarcely account to himself, the young Catalan placed his hand on the knife at his belt.

"Ah! your pardon!" said Dantès, frowning in his turn; "I did not perceive that there were three of us." Then, turning to Mercédès, he inquired, "Who is this gentleman?"

"One who will be your best friend, Dantès, for he is my friend, my cousin, my brother; it is Fernand, — the

man whom, after you, Edmond, I love the best in the world. Do you not remember him?"

"Yes!" said Edmond, and without relinquishing Mercédès's hand, clasped in one of his own, he extended the other to the Catalan with a cordial air. But Fernand, instead of responding to this friendly gesture, remained silent and immovable as a statue. Edmond then cast his eyes scrutinizingly at Mercédès, agitated and embarrassed, and again on Fernand, gloomy and menacing. This look told him all, and his brow became suffused and angry.

"I did not know when I came with such haste to you that I was to meet an enemy here."

"An enemy!" cried Mercédès, with an angry look at her cousin. "An enemy in my house, do you say, Edmond? If I believed that, I would place my arm under yours and go with you to Marseilles, leaving the house to return to it no more."

Fernand's eye darted lightning.

"And should any misfortune occur to you, dear Edmond," she continued with the same calmness, which proved to Fernand that the young girl had read the very innermost depths of his sinister thought, — "if misfortune should occur to you, I would ascend the highest point of Cape Morgion, and cast myself headlong from it."

Fernand became deadly pale.

"But you are deceived, Edmond," she continued. "You have no enemy here — there is no one but Fernand, my brother, who will grasp your hand as a devoted friend."

And at these words the young girl fixed her imperious look on the Catalan, who, as if fascinated by it, came slowly towards Edmond, and offered him his hand. His hatred, like a powerless though furious wave, was broken against the strong ascendency which Mercédès exercised

over him. Scarcely, however, had he touched Edmond's hand when he felt that he had done all he could do, and rushed hastily out of the house.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, running like a madman, and plunging his hands into his hair, — "oh! who will deliver me from this man? Wretched, wretched that I am!"

"Holloa, Catalan! Holloa, Fernand! where are you going?" exclaimed a voice.

The young man stopped suddenly, looked around him, and perceived Caderousse sitting at table with Danglars under an arbor.

"Well," said Caderousse, "why don't you come? Are you really in such a hurry that you have no time to say 'Good-day' to your friends?"

"Particularly when they have still a full bottle before them," added Danglars.

Fernand looked at them both with a stupefied air, but did not say a word.

"He seems besotted," said Danglars, pushing Caderousse with his knee. "Are we mistaken, and is Dantès triumphant in spite of all we have believed?"

"Why, we must inquire into that," was Caderousse's reply; and turning towards the young man, he said, "Well, Catalan, can't you make up your mind?"

Fernand wiped away the perspiration streaming from his brow, and slowly entered the arbor, whose shade seemed to restore somewhat of calmness to his senses, and whose coolness refreshed his exhausted body.

"Good-day," said he. "You called me, didn't you?" And he fell, rather than sat down, on one of the seats which surrounded the table.

"I called you because you were running like a madman, and I was afraid you would throw yourself into the sea," said Caderousse, laughing. "The devil! when a

man has friends, they are not only to offer him a glass of wine, but, moreover, to prevent his swallowing three or four pints of water unnecessarily!"

Fernand gave a groan which resembled a sob, and dropped his head into his hands, his elbows leaning on the table.

"Well, Fernand, I must say," said Caderousse, beginning the conversation with that brutality of the common people in which curiosity destroys all diplomacy, "you look uncommonly like a rejected lover;" and he burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Bah!" said Danglars, "a lad of his make was not born to be unhappy in love. You are laughing at him, Caderousse!"

"No," he replied, "only listen to his sighs! Come, come, Fernand!" said Caderousse, "hold up your head, and answer us. It's not polite not to reply to friends who ask news of your health."

"My health is well enough," said Fernand, clinching his hands without raising his head.

"Ah! you see, Danglars," said Caderousse, winking at his friend, "this it is: Fernand, whom you see here, is a good and brave Catalan, one of the best fishermen in Marseilles, and he is in love with a very fine girl named Mercédès; but it appears, unfortunately, that the fine girl is in love with the second in command on board the 'Pharaon,' and as the 'Pharaon' arrived to-day — why, you understand!"

"No, I do not understand," said Danglars.

"Poor Fernand has been dismissed," continued Caderousse.

"Well, and what then?" said Fernand, lifting up his head, and looking at Caderousse like a man who looks for some one on whom to vent his anger. "Mercédès is not

accountable to any person, is she? Is she not free to love whomsoever she will?"

"Oh! if you take it in that sense," said Caderousse, "it is another thing! But I thought you were a Catalan, and they told me the Catalans were not men to allow themselves to be supplanted by a rival. It was even told me that Fernand, especially, was terrible in his vengeance."

Fernand smiled piteously. "A lover is never terrible," he said.

"Poor fellow!" remarked Danglars, affecting to pity the young man from the bottom of his heart. "Why, you see, he did not expect to see Dantès return so suddenly. He thought he was dead, perhaps; or perchance faithless! These things always come on us more severely when they come suddenly."

"Ah, *ma foi*, under any circumstances," said Caderousse, who drank as he spoke, and on whom the fumes of the wine of La Malgue began to take effect, — "under any circumstances Fernand is not the only person put out by the fortunate arrival of Dantès; is he, Danglars?"

"No, you are right; and I should say that would bring him ill luck."

"Well, never mind," answered Caderousse, pouring out a glass of wine for Fernand, and filling his own for the eighth or ninth time, while Danglars had merely sipped his. "Never mind; in the mean time he marries Mercédès, the lovely Mercédès, — at least, he returns to do that."

During this time Danglars fixed his piercing glance on the young man, on whose heart Caderousse's words fell like molten lead.

"And when is the wedding to be?" he asked.

"Oh, it is not yet fixed!" murmured Fernand.

"No, but it will be," said Caderousse, "as surely as

that Dantès will be captain of the 'Pharaon;' eh, Danglars?"

Danglars shuddered at this unexpected attack, and turned to Caderousse, whose countenance he scrutinized, to discover whether the blow was premeditated; but he read nothing but envy in a countenance already rendered brutal and stupid by drunkenness.

"Well," said he, filling the glasses, "let us drink to Capt. Edmond Dantès, husband of the beautiful Catalane!"

Caderousse raised his glass to his mouth with unsteady hand, and swallowed the contents at a gulp. Fernand dashed his on the ground.

"Eh, eh, eh!" stammered Caderousse. "What do I see down there by the wall in the direction of the Catalans? Look, Fernand! your eyes are better than mine. I believe I see double. You know wine is a deceiver; but I should say it was two lovers walking side by side, and hand in hand. Heaven forgive me! they do not know that we can see them, and they are actually embracing!"

Danglars did not lose one pang that Fernand endured.

"Do you know them, M. Fernand?" he said.

"Yes," was the reply, in a low voice. "It is M. Edmond and Mademoiselle Mercédès!"

"Ah! see there, now!" said Caderousse; "and I did not recognize them! Holloa, Dantès! holloa, lovely damsel! Come this way, and let us know when the wedding is to be, for M. Fernand here is so obstinate he will not tell us!"

"Hold your tongue, will you?" said Danglars, pretending to restrain Caderousse, who, with the tenacity of drunkards, leaned out of the arbor. "Try to stand upright, and let the lovers make love without interruption.

See, look at M. Fernand, and follow his example ; he is well-behaved ! "

Fernand, probably excited beyond bearing, pricked by Danglars, as the bull is by the *banderilleros,* was about to rush out ; for he had risen from his seat, and seemed to be collecting himself to dash headlong upon his rival, when Mercédès, smiling and graceful, lifted up her lovely head and showed her clear, bright eyes. At this Fernand recollected her threat of dying if Edmond died, and dropped again heavily on his seat. Danglars looked at the two men, one after the other, the one brutalized by liquor, the other overwhelmed with love.

" I shall extract nothing from these fools," he muttered ; " and I am very much afraid of being here between a drunkard and a coward. Yet this Catalan has eyes that glisten like the Spaniards, Sicilians, and Calabrians, who practise revenge so well. Unquestionably Edmond's star is in the ascendant, and he will marry the splendid girl ; he will be captain, too, and laugh at us all, unless — " a sinister smile passed over Danglars's lips — " unless I mingle in the affair," he added.

" Holloa ! " continued Caderousse, half rising, and with his fist on the table, — " holloa, Edmond ! do you not see your friends, or are you too proud to speak to them ? "

" No, my dear fellow," replied Dantès, " I am not proud, but I am happy ; and happiness blinds, I think, more than pride."

" Ah ! very well, that 's an explanation ! " said Caderousse. " Well, good-day, Madame Dantès ! "

Mercédès bowed gravely, and said, " That is not my name ; and in my country it bodes ill fortune, they say, to call a young girl by the name of her betrothed before he becomes her husband. Call me, then, Mercédès, if you please."

"We must excuse our worthy neighbor Caderousse," said Dantès, "he is so easily mistaken."

"So, then, the wedding is to take place immediately, M. Dantès," said Danglars, bowing to the young couple.

"As soon as possible, M. Danglars; to-day all preliminaries will be arranged at my father's, and to-morrow, or next day at latest, the wedding festival will take place here at La Réserve. My friends will be there, I hope; that is to say, you are invited, M. Danglars, and you, Caderousse."

"And Fernand," said Caderousse, with a chuckle, "Fernand, too, is invited?"

"My wife's brother is my brother," said Edmond; "and we, Mercédès and I, should be very sorry if he were absent at such a time."

Fernand opened his mouth to reply, but his voice died on his lips, and he could not utter a word.

"To-day the preliminaries, to-morrow or next day the ceremony! you are in a hurry, Captain!"

"Danglars," said Edmond, smiling, "I will say to you as Mercédès said just now to Caderousse, 'Do not give me a title which does not belong to me;' that may bring me bad luck."

"Your pardon," replied Danglars; "I merely said you seemed in a hurry. We have lots of time, — the 'Pharaon' cannot be ready to sail in less than three months."

"We are always in a hurry to be happy, M. Danglars, for when we have suffered a long time, we have great difficulty in believing in good fortune. But it is not selfishness alone that makes me thus in haste; I must go to Paris."

"To Paris? really! and will it be your first visit there, Dantès?"

"Yes."

"Have you business there?"

"Not of my own; the last commission of poor Captain Leclere. You know to what I allude, Danglars; it is sacred. Besides, I shall only take the time to go and return."

"Yes, yes, I understand," said Danglars; and then in a low tone he added, "To Paris, no doubt, to deliver the letter which the grand-marshal gave him. Ah! this letter gives me an idea, a capital idea! Ah, Dantès, my friend, you are not yet registered Number One on the good ship 'Pharaon;'" then turning towards Edmond, who was walking away, "*Bon voyage!*" he cried.

"Thank you," said Edmond, with a friendly nod; and the two lovers continued their route, calm and joyous.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSPIRACY.

DANGLARS followed Edmond and Mereédès with his eyes until the two lovers disappeared behind one of the angles of Fort St. Nicolas; then turning round, he perceived Fernand, who had fallen, pale and trembling, into his chair, while Caderousse stammered out the words of a drinking-song.

"Well, my dear sir," said Danglars to Fernand, "here is a marriage which does not appear to make everybody happy."

"It drives me to despair," said Fernand.

"Do you, then, love Mercédès?"

"I adore her!"

"Have you loved her long?"

"Ever since I have known her."

"And you sit there, tearing your hair, instead of seeking a remedy. The devil! I did not think that people of your race would act in this way."

"What would you have me do?" said Fernand.

"How do I know? Is it my affair? I am not in love with Mademoiselle Mercédès, — it is you. 'Seek,' says the Gospel, 'and you shall find.'"

"I have found already."

"What?"

"I would have stabbed the man, but the woman told me that if any misfortune happened to her betrothed she would kill herself."

"Pooh! women say those things, but never do them."

"You do not know Mercédès; what she threatens she will do."

"Idiot!" muttered Danglars; "whether she kill herself or not what matter, provided Dantès is not captain?"

"Rather than Mercédès should die," replied Fernand, with the accents of unshaken resolution, "I would die myself!"

"That's what I call love!" said Caderousse, with a voice more tipsy than ever. "That's love, or I don't know what love is."

"Come," said Danglars, "you appear to me a good sort of fellow, and the devil take me, I should like to help you, but —"

"Yes," said Caderousse, "but how?"

"My dear fellow," replied Danglars, "you are three parts drunk; finish the bottle, and you will be completely so. Drink, then, and do not meddle with what we are discussing, for that requires all one's wit and cool judgment."

"I drunk!" said Caderousse; "well, that's a good one! I could drink four more such bottles; they are no bigger than eau-de-cologne flasks. Père Pamphile, more wine!" and Caderousse rattled his glass upon the table.

"You were saying, Monsieur?" said Fernand, awaiting with great anxiety the end of the interrupted remark.

"What was I saying? I forget. This drunken Caderousse has made me lose the thread of my thoughts."

"Drunk, if you like; so much the worse for those who fear wine, for it is because they have some evil thought which they are afraid the liquor will extract from their hearts;" and Caderousse began to sing the last two lines of a song very popular at the time: —

"'All the wicked are drinkers of water;
That is well proved by the Deluge.'"

"You said, Monsieur, that you would like to help me, but —"

"Yes; but I was about to add, to help you it would be sufficient that Dantès did not marry her you love. And the marriage may easily be thwarted, methinks, and yet Dantès need not die."

"Death alone can separate them," remarked Fernand.

"You talk like a noodle, my friend," said Caderousse; "here is Danglars, who is a wide-awake, clever, deep fellow, who will prove to you that you are wrong. Prove it, Danglars. I have answered for you. Say there is no need that Dantès should die; it would, indeed, be a pity if he should. Dantès is a good fellow. I like Dantès; Dantès, your health!"

Fernand rose impatiently. "Let him run on," said Danglars, restraining the young man; "drunk as he is, he is not much out in what he says. Absence severs as well as death, and if the walls of a prison were between Edmond and Mercédès they would be as effectually separated as if he lay under a tombstone."

"Yes; but one gets out of prison," said Caderousse, who, with what sense was left him, listened eagerly to the conversation; "and when he gets out, if his name is Edmond Dantès, he revenges —"

"What matters that?" muttered Fernand.

"And why, I should like to know," persisted Caderousse, "should they put Dantès in prison? He has neither robbed nor killed nor murdered."

"Hold your tongue!" said Danglars.

"I won't hold my tongue!" replied Caderousse; "I say I want to know why they should put Dantès in prison. I like Dantès; Dantès, your health!" and he swallowed another glass of wine.

Danglars saw in the muddled look of the tailor the

progress of his intoxication, and turning towards Fernand, said, "Well, you understand there is no need to kill him."

"Certainly not, if, as you said just now, you have the means of having Dantès arrested. Have you that means?"

"It is to be found for the searching. But what in the devil have I to do with it? It is no affair of mine."

"I know not whether it is your affair," said Fernand, seizing his arm; "but this I know, you have some motive of personal hatred against Dantès, for he who himself hates is never mistaken in the sentiments of others."

"I? motives of hatred against Dantès? None, on my word! I saw you were unhappy, and your unhappiness interested me; that's all. But since you believe I act for my own account, adieu, my dear friend, get out of the affair as best you may;" and Danglars rose as if he meant to depart.

"No, no;" said Fernand, restraining him, "stay! It is of very little consequence to me at the end of the matter whether you have any angry feeling or not against Dantès. I hate him! I declare it openly. Do you find the means, I will execute it, — provided it is not to kill the man, for Mercédès has declared she will kill herself if Dantès is killed."

Caderousse, who had let his head drop on the table, now raised it, and looking at Fernand with his dull and fishy eyes, he said, "Kill Dantès! who talks of killing Dantès? I won't have him killed, — I won't! He's my friend, and this morning offered to share his money with me, as I shared mine with him. I won't have Dantès killed, — I won't!"

"And who has said a word about killing him, muddlehead?" replied Danglars. "We were merely joking;

drink to his health," he added, filling Caderousse's glass, "and do not interfere with us."

"Yes, yes, Dantès's good health!" said Caderousse, emptying his glass, "here 's to his health! his health! hurrah!"

"But the means, — the means?" said Fernand.

"Have you not hit upon any?"

"No; you undertook to do so."

"True," replied Danglars; "the French have the superiority over the Spaniards, that the Spaniards ruminate, while the French invent."

"Do you invent, then!" said Fernand, impatiently.

"Waiter," said Danglars, "pen, ink, and paper."

"Pen, ink, and paper!" muttered Fernand.

"Yes; I am a supercargo. Pen, ink, and paper are my tools, and without my tools I am fit for nothing."

"Pen, ink, and paper!" called Fernand, loudly.

"All you require is on that table," said the waiter, pointing to the writing materials.

"Bring them here." The waiter did as he was desired.

"When one thinks," said Caderousse, letting his hand drop on the paper, "that here there is what will kill a man more surely than if we waited at the corner of a wood to assassinate him! I have always had more dread of a pen, a bottle of ink, and a sheet of paper than of a sword or pistol."

"The fellow is not so drunk as he appears to be," said Danglars. "Give him some more wine, Fernand."

Fernand filled Caderousse's glass, who, toper as he was, lifted his hand from the paper and seized the glass. The Catalan watched him until Caderousse, almost overcome by this fresh assault on his senses, rested, or rather allowed his glass to fall upon the table.

"Well!" resumed the Catalan, as he saw the final glimmer of Caderousse's reason vanishing before the last glass of wine.

"Well, then, I should say, for instance," resumed Danglars, "that if after a voyage such as Dantès has just made, and in which he touched the Isle of Elba, some one were to denounce him to the *procureur du roi* as a Bonapartist agent —"

"I will denounce him!" exclaimed the young man, hastily.

"Yes, but they will make you then sign your declaration, and confront you with him you have denounced; I will supply you with the means of supporting your accusation, for I know the fact well. But Dantès cannot remain forever in prison, and one day or other he will leave it; and the day when he comes out, woe betide him who was the cause of his incarceration!"

"Oh, I should wish nothing better than that he would come and seek a quarrel with me."

"Yes, and Mercédès, — Mercédès, who will detest you if you have only the misfortune to scratch the skin of her dearly beloved Edmond!"

"True!" said Fernand.

"No, no!" continued Danglars; "if we resolve on such a step, it would be much better to take, as I now do, this pen, dip it into this ink, and write with the left hand (that the writing may not be recognized) the denunciation we propose." And Danglars, uniting practice with theory, wrote with his left hand and with a backward slant in a style wholly unlike his own, the following lines, which he handed to Fernand, and which Fernand read in an undertone: —

MONSIEUR, — The *procureur du roi* is informed by a friend of the throne and of religion, that one Edmond Dantès, mate

of the ship "Pharaon," who arrived this morning from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto Ferrajo, has been intrusted by Murat with a letter for the usurper, and by the usurper with a letter for the Bonapartist committee in Paris.

Proof of this crime will be found on arresting him, for the letter will be found upon him, or at his father's, or in his cabin on board the "Pharaon."

"Very good," resumed Danglars; "now your revenge looks like common-sense, for in no way can it fall back on yourself, and the matter will work its own way. There is nothing to do now but fold the letter as I am doing, and write upon it, 'To M. le Procureur Royal,' and that's all settled." And Danglars wrote the address as he spoke.

"Yes, and that's all settled!" exclaimed Caderousse, who, by a last effort of intellect, had followed the reading of the letter, and instinctively comprehended all the misery which such a denunciation must entail. "Yes, and that's all settled; only it will be an infamous shame;" and he stretched out his hand to reach the letter.

"Yes," said Danglars, taking it from beyond his reach; "and as what I say and do is merely in jest, and I, among the first and foremost, should be sorry if anything happened to Dantès, the worthy Dantès, look here!" and taking the letter, he squeezed it up in his hands and threw it into a corner of the arbor.

"All right!" said Caderousse. "Dantès is my friend, and I won't have him ill-used."

"And who in the devil thinks of using him ill? Certainly neither I nor Fernand!" said Danglars, rising and looking at the young man, who still remained seated, but whose eye was fixed on the denunciatory sheet of paper flung into the corner.

"In that case," replied Caderousse, "let's have some

more wine. I wish to drink to the health of Edmond and the lovely Mercédès."

"You have had too much already, drunkard," said Danglars; "and if you continue, you will be compelled to sleep here, because unable to stand on your legs."

"I?" said Caderousse, rising with all the offended dignity of a drunken man, "I can't keep on my legs? Why, I'll bet a wager I go up into the belfry of the Accoules, and without staggering, too!"

"Well done!" said Danglars, "I'll take your bet; but to-morrow, — to-day it is time to return. Give me your arm, and let us go."

"Very well, let us go," said Caderousse; "but I don't want your arm at all. Come, Fernand, won't you return to Marseilles with us?"

"No," answered Fernand; "I shall return to the Catalans."

"You're wrong. Come with us to Marseilles; come along."

"I will not."

"What do you mean? You will not? Well, just as you like, my prince; there's liberty for all the world. Come along, Danglars, and let the young gentleman return to the Catalans if he chooses."

Danglars took advantage of Caderousse's temper at the moment to take him off towards Marseilles by the Porte St. Victor, staggering as he went.

When they had advanced about twenty yards, Danglars looked back and saw Fernand stoop, pick up the crumpled paper, and put it into his pocket, then rush out of the arbor towards Pillon.

"Well," said Caderousse, "why, what a lie he told! He said he was going to the Catalans, and he is going to the city. Holloa, Fernand!"

"Oh, you see wrong," said Danglars; "he's gone right enough."

"Well," said Caderousse, "I should have said not; how treacherous wine is!"

"Come, come," said Danglars to himself, "now I think the affair is well launched, and there is nothing to do but to let it go on."

CHAPTER V.

THE MARRIAGE-FEAST.

THE morning's sun rose clear and resplendent, gilding the heavens and even the foamy waves, with its bright refulgent beams.

The plenteous feast had been prepared at La Réserve, with whose arbor the reader is already acquainted. The apartment destined for the purpose was spacious and lighted by a number of windows, over each of which was written in golden letters the name of one of the principal cities of France; beneath these windows a wooden balcony extended the entire length of the house. Although the entertainment was appointed to begin at twelve o'clock, an hour previous to that time the balcony was filled with impatient and expectant guests, consisting of the favored part of the crew of the "Pharaon," and other personal friends of the bridegroom, all of whom had arrayed themselves in their choicest costumes, in order to do greater honor to the day. Various rumors were afloat to the effect that the owners of the "Pharaon" had promised to attend the nuptial feast; but all seemed unanimous in doubting that an act of such rare and exceeding condescension could possibly be intended.

Danglars, however, who now made his appearance, accompanied by Caderousse, confirmed the report, stating that he had recently conversed with M. Morrel, who had himself assured him that he intended joining the festive party upon the occasion of their second officer's marriage.

In fact, a moment later M. Morrel made his appearance in the chamber, and was greeted by the sailors with a unanimous burst of applause. The presence of the ship-owner was to them a sure indication that the man whose wedding-feast he thus delighted to honor would ere long be first in command of the "Pharaon;" and as Dantès was universally beloved on board his vessel, the sailors put no restraint on their tumultuous joy at finding the opinion and choice of their superiors so exactly coincide with their wishes.

This noisy though hearty welcome over, Danglars and Caderousse were despatched to the residence of the bride-groom to convey to him the intelligence of the arrival of the important personage who had recently joined them, and to desire he would hasten to receive his honorable guest.

The above-mentioned individuals started off upon their errand at full speed; but ere they had gone many steps they perceived a group advancing towards them, composed of the betrothed pair, and a party of young girls in attendance on the bride, by whose side walked Dantès's father. Behind them came Fernand, whose lips wore their usual sinister smile.

Neither Mercédès nor Edmond observed the strange expression of his countenance; they were so happy that they had eyes only for each other and for the clear, beautiful sky above them.

Having acquitted themselves of their errand and exchanged a hearty greeting with Edmond, Danglars walked by the side of Fernand, and Caderousse joined the elder Dantès, who was the centre of general attention. The old man was attired in a suit of black, trimmed with steel buttons, beautifully cut and polished. His thin but still powerful legs were arrayed in a pair of richly embroi-

dered clocked stockings, evidently of English manufacture; from his three-cornered hat depended a long streaming knot of white and blue ribbons, and he supported himself on a curiously carved stick. By his side, as we have said, crept Caderousse, whose desire to partake of the good things provided for the wedding-party had induced him to become reconciled to the Dantès, father and son, and who still retained in his mind a faint and imperfect recollection of the events of the preceding night, — just as the brain retains on waking the dim and misty outline of a dream.

As Danglars approached the disappointed lover, he cast on him a look of deep meaning. Fernand, as he slowly paced behind the happy pair, who seemed in their own unmixed content to have entirely forgotten that such a being as himself existed, was pale and abstracted. Occasionally, however, a deep flush would overspread his countenance, and a nervous contraction distort his features, while with an agitated and restless gaze he would glance in the direction of Marseilles, like one who was expecting some striking event.

Dantès himself was simply though becomingly clad in the dress peculiar to the merchant service, — a costume somewhat between a military and a civil garb; and with his fine countenance, radiant with joy and happiness, a more perfect specimen of manly beauty could scarcely be imagined.

Lovely as the Greeks of Cyprus or Chios, Mercédès boasted the same bright flashing eyes of jet, and ripe round coral lips. She walked with the frank, free step of the Andalusians. One more practised in the arts of great cities would have hid her joy beneath a veil, or at least have cast down her thickly fringed lashes, so as to have concealed the liquid lustre of her animated eyes; but

Mercédès looked around her with a smile that plainly said, "If you are my friends rejoice with me, for in truth I am very happy."

As soon as the bridal *cortége* came in sight of La Réserve, M. Morrel came forth to meet it, followed by the soldiers and sailors there assembled, to whom he had repeated the promise already given, that Dantès should be the successor of the late Captain Leclere. Edmond, at the approach of his patron, placed the arm of his affianced bride within that of M. Morrel, who forthwith conducting her up the flight of wooden steps leading to the chamber in which the feast was prepared, was gayly followed by the guests, beneath whose thronging numbers the slight structure creaked and groaned as though alarmed at the unusual pressure.

"Father," said Mercédès, stopping when she had reached the centre of the table, "sit, I pray you, on my right hand; on my left I will place him who has ever been as a brother to me," she added with a gentle tenderness that went to the heart of Fernand like the stroke of a dagger. His lips became pale, and even beneath the dark hue of his complexion the blood might be seen retreating as though some sudden pang drove it back to the heart.

Meanwhile Dantès, at the opposite side of the table, had been occupied in similarly placing his most honored guests. M. Morrel was seated at his right hand, Danglars at his left; the rest of the company ranged themselves as they found it most agreeable.

And now began the work of devastation upon the many good things with which the table was loaded. Sausages of Arles, with their delicate seasoning and piquant flavor, lobsters in their dazzling red cuirasses, prawns of large size and brilliant color, the echinus, with its prickly outside

and dainty morsel within; the clovis, esteemed by the epicures of the South as more than rivalling the exquisite flavor of the oyster, — all these, in conjunction with the numerous delicacies cast up by the wash of waters on the sandy beach, and styled by the grateful fishermen "sea-fruits," served to furnish forth this marriage-table.

"A pretty silence truly!" said the old father of the bridegroom, as he carried to his lips a glass of wine of the hue and brightness of the topaz, and which had just been placed before Mercédès herself. "Now, would anybody think that there are here thirty persons who desire only to laugh?"

"Ah!" sighed Caderousse, "a husband is not always gay."

"The truth is," replied Dantès, "that I am too happy for noisy mirth; if that is what you meant by your observation, my worthy friend, you are right. Joy takes a strange effect at times; it seems to oppress us almost the same as sorrow."

Danglars looked towards Fernand, whose excitable nature received and betrayed each fresh impression.

"Why, what ails you?" asked he of Edmond. "Do you fear any approaching evil? I should say that you are the happiest man alive at this instant."

"And that is the very thing that alarms me," returned Dantès. "Man does not appear to me to be intended to enjoy felicity so unmixed. Happiness is like the enchanted palaces we read of in our childhood, where fierce fiery dragons defend the entrance and approach, and monsters of all shapes and kinds, requiring to be overcome ere victory is ours. I own that I am lost in wonder to find myself promoted to an honor of which I feel myself unworthy, — that of being the husband of Mercédès."

"The husband, the husband?" said Caderousse, laugh-

ing; "not yet, my captain. Attempt to play the husband a little, and see how you will be received."

Mercédès blushed. Fernand, restless and uneasy, started at the least noise, and from time to time wiped away large drops of sweat that appeared on his forehead, like the first drops of rain before a storm.

"Well, never mind that, neighbor Caderousse; it is not worth while to contradict me for such a trifle as that. 'T is true that Mercédès is not actually my wife; but," added he, drawing out his watch, "in an hour and a half she will be."

Every one uttered a cry of surprise, with the exception of the elder Dantès, whose laugh displayed the still perfect beauty of his large white teeth. Mercédès smiled, and no longer blushed. Fernand grasped the handle of his knife with a convulsive clutch.

"In an hour?" inquired Danglars, turning pale. "How is that, my friend?"

"Yes, my friends," replied Dantès; "thanks to the influence of M. Morrel, to whom, next to my father, I owe all the blessings I enjoy, every difficulty has been removed. We have purchased permission to waive the usual delay; and at half-past two o'clock the Mayor of Marseilles will be waiting for us at the Hôtel de Ville. Now, as a quarter-past one has already struck, I do not consider I have asserted too much in saying that in another hour and thirty minutes Mercédès will have become Madame Dantès."

Fernand closed his eyes, a burning sensation passed across his brow, and he was compelled to support himself by the table to keep from falling; but in spite of all his efforts, he could not refrain from uttering a deep groan, which, however, was lost amid the noisy felicitations of the company.

"Upon my word," cried the old man, "you make short work of it. Arrived here only yesterday morning, and married to-day at three o'clock! Commend me to a sailor for going the quick way to work!"

"But," asked Danglars, in a timid tone, "how did you manage about the other formalities, — the contract, the settlement?"

"Oh, bless you!" answered Dantès, laughingly, "our papers were soon drawn up. Mercédès has no fortune; I have none to settle on her. So, you see, our papers were quickly written out, and certainly do not come very expensive." This joke elicited a fresh burst of applause.

"So that what we presumed to be merely the betrothal feast turns out to be the actual wedding dinner?" said Danglars.

"No, no!" answered Dantès; "don't imagine I am going to put you off in that shabby manner. To-morrow morning I start for Paris. Four days to go, and the same to return, with one day to discharge the commission intrusted to me, and on the first of March I shall have returned; the next day I will give my real marriage-feast."

This prospect of fresh festivity redoubled the hilarity of the guests to such a degree that the elder Dantès, who, at the commencement of the repast had commented upon the silence that prevailed, now found it difficult amid the general din of voices to obtain a moment's tranquillity in which to drink to the health and prosperity of the bride and bridegroom.

Dantès, perceiving the affectionate eagerness of his father, responded by a look of grateful pleasure; while Mercédès, whose eyes had been constantly consulting the clock which adorned the chamber, made an expressive gesture to Edmond.

Around the festive board reigned that mirthful freedom

from all restraint which is usually found at the termination of social meetings, among those, at least, whose inferior station in the world gives them a happy dispensation from the frigid rules of etiquette. Those who were dissatisfied with their places at the table had sought out other neighbors. All spoke at once; and no one troubled himself to reply to what his interlocutor was saying, but each spoke to his own thoughts.

The paleness of Fernand appeared to have communicated itself to Danglars. As for Fernand himself, he seemed as though undergoing the tortures of the damned. Unable to rest, he was among the first to quit the table, and as though seeking to avoid the hilarious mirth that rose in such deafening sounds, he continued in utter silence to pace the farther end of the salon.

Caderousse approached him just as Danglars, whom Fernand seemed most anxious to avoid, had joined him in a corner of the room.

"Upon my word," said Caderousse, from whose mind the friendly treatment of Dantès, united with the effect of the excellent wine he had partaken of, had effaced every feeling of envy or jealousy at Dantès's good fortune, — "upon my word, Dantès is a downright good fellow, and when I see him sitting there beside his pretty wife that is so soon to be, I cannot help thinking it would have been a great pity to have served him that trick you were planning yesterday."

"Oh, there was no harm meant!" answered Danglars. "At first I certainly did feel somewhat uneasy as regarded what Fernand might be tempted to do; but when I saw how completely he had mastered his feelings, even so far as to be a groomsman at his rival's wedding, I knew there was no further cause for apprehension." Caderousse looked full at Fernand; he was ghastly pale.

"Certainly," continued Danglars, "the sacrifice was no trifling one, when the beauty of the bride is concerned. Upon my soul, that future captain of mine is a lucky dog! Gad! I only wish he would let me take his place."

"Shall we not set forth?" asked the sweet, silvery voice of Mercédès; "two o'clock has just struck, and you know we are expected at the Hôtel de Ville in a quarter of an hour."

"Yes, yes!" cried Dantès, eagerly quitting the table; "let us go directly!"

His words were re-echoed by the whole party, who rose with a simultaneous cheer, and began forming themselves into a procession.

At this moment Danglars, who had closely watched Fernand, saw him stagger and fall back with an almost convulsive spasm against a seat placed near one of the open windows. At the same instant was heard a noise on the stairs, followed by the measured tread of soldiery, with the clanking of swords and military accoutrements; then came a hum and buzz as of many voices, so as to deaden even the noisy mirth of the bridal party, which immediately gave place to an uneasy silence.

The noise approached. There were three knocks on the panel of the door. Every one looked at his neighbor with an air of astonishment.

"In the name of the law!" cried a resonant voice, to which there was no response. The door was opened, and a magistrate, wearing his official scarf, presented himself, followed by four soldiers and a corporal. Uneasiness now yielded to the most extreme dread on the part of those present.

"May I venture to inquire the reason of this unexpected visit?" said M. Morrel, addressing the magistrate, whom he evidently knew; "there is doubtless some mistake easily explained."

"If it be so, M. Morrel," replied the magistrate, "rely upon every reparation being made; meanwhile, I am the bearer of an order of arrest, and although I most reluctantly perform the task assigned me, it must nevertheless be fulfilled. Who among the persons here assembled answers to the name of Edmond Dantès?" Every eye was turned towards the young man, who, though much disturbed, advanced with dignity and said in a firm voice, "I am he; what is your pleasure with me?"

"Edmond Dantès," replied the magistrate, "I arrest you in the name of the law!"

"Me!" repeated Edmond, slightly changing color, "and wherefore, I pray?"

"I do not know, but you will be informed at your first examination."

M. Morrel felt that further resistance or remonstrance was useless. A commissary girt with the official scarf is no longer a man; he is a statue of the law, cold and dumb. But the elder Dantès hastened to the officer, — for there are some things that the heart of a father or of a mother cannot comprehend. He prayed and supplicated; and though his prayers and tears could avail nothing, his despair was so great that the commissary was moved to sympathy. "Monsieur," he said, "calm your apprehensions. Your son has probably neglected some prescribed form relating to the customs or to quarantine; and it is more than probable he will be set at liberty after answering a few questions."

"What is the meaning of all this?" inquired Caderousse, frowningly, of Danglars, who had assumed an air of surprise.

"How can I tell you?" replied he; "I am, like yourself, utterly bewildered by all that is going on, not a word of which do I understand." Caderousse then looked around for Fernand, but he had disappeared.

The scene of the previous night now came back to his mind with startling accuracy. The catastrophe he had just witnessed appeared to have rent away the veil which the intoxication of the evening before had placed between himself and his memory.

"So! so!" said he, in a hoarse and choking voice, to Danglars, "this, then, I suppose, is a part of the trick you were concerting yesterday? In that case, cursed be the performer of it! It is a bad action."

"Nonsense!" returned Danglars; "you know very well that I tore the paper to pieces."

"No, you did not!" answered Caderousse, "you merely threw it by. I saw it lying in a corner."

"Hold your tongue! You saw nothing. You were drunk!"

"Where is Fernand?" inquired Caderousse.

"How do I know?" replied Danglars; "looking after his own affairs, most likely. Never mind where he is; let us go and see what is to be done for our poor friends in this their affliction."

During this conversation, Dantès, after shaking hands with all his friends, had surrendered himself to the officer, saying, "Make yourselves quite easy; there is some little mistake to clear up, and very likely I may not have to go so far as the prison to effect that."

"Oh, to be sure!" responded Danglars, who had now approached the group; "nothing more than a mistake, I feel quite certain."

Dantès descended the staircase, preceded by the magistrate, and followed by the soldiers. A carriage awaited him at the door; he got in, followed by two soldiers and the commissary, and the vehicle drove off towards Marseilles.

"Adieu, adieu, dearest Edmond!" cried Mercédès, stretching out her arms to him from the balcony.

The prisoner heard that last cry, which came like a sob from the lacerated heart of his betrothed; he leaned from the coach and cried, "*Au revoir*, Mercédès," and the coach disappeared round one of the corners of Fort St. Nicolas.

"Wait for me here, all of you!" cried M. Morrel; "I will take the first conveyance I find and hurry to Marseilles, whence I will bring you word how all is going on."

"That's right!" exclaimed a multitude of voices; "go, and return as quickly as you can!"

This second departure was followed by a moment of stupor on the part of those who were left behind. The old father and Mercédès remained for some time apart, each absorbed in their separate griefs; but at length the two poor victims of the same blow raised their eyes, and with a simultaneous burst of feeling rushed into each other's arms.

Meanwhile Fernand made his reappearance, poured out for himself a glass of water with a trembling hand, then hastily swallowing it, went to sit down on the first vacant chair he perceived. By chance this was placed next to the seat on which Mercédès had fallen half-fainting, when released from the embrace of the old man. Instinctively Fernand drew back his chair.

"It is he!" whispered Caderousse, who had never taken his eyes off Fernand, to Danglars.

"I do not think so," answered the other; "he is too stupid to imagine such a scheme. I only hope the mischief will fall upon the head of whoever wrought it."

"You don't speak of him who planned it," said Caderousse.

"Ah, surely," said Danglars, "one can't be held responsible for everything he may speak into the air!"

"Yes, when that which is spoken into the air falls back point first."

Meantime the subject of the arrest was being canvassed in every different form.

"What think you, Danglars," said one of the party, "of this event?"

"I think," said Danglars, "that it is just possible Dantès may have been detected with some trifling article on board ship considered here as contraband."

"But how could he have done so without your knowledge, Danglars, who was the ship's supercargo?"

"Why, as for that, I could only know what I was told respecting the merchandise with which the vessel was laden. I know she was loaded with cotton, and that she took in her freight at Alexandria from the warehouse of M. Pastret, and at Smyrna from M. Pascal's; that is all I was obliged to know, and I beg I may not be asked for any further particulars."

"Now I recollect!" said the afflicted old father; "my poor boy told me yesterday he had a small case of coffee and another of tobacco for me!"

"There, you see!" exclaimed Danglars. "Now the mischief is out; depend upon it the custom-house people went rummaging about the ship in our absence, and discovered poor Dantès's hidden treasures."

Mercédès, however, paid no heed to this explanation of her lover's arrest. Her grief, which she had hitherto tried to restrain, now burst out in a violent fit of hysterical sobbing.

"Come, come," said the old man, "be comforted, my poor child; there is still hope!"

"Hope!" repeated Danglars.

"Hope!" Fernand tried to say, but the word was stifled; his lips moved, but no sound came forth.

"Good news! good news!" shouted one of the party stationed in the balcony. "Here comes M. Morrel. No doubt now we shall hear that our friend is released!"

Mercédès and the old man rushed to meet the ship-owner, and met him at the door. M. Morrel was very pale.

"What news?" exclaimed a general burst of voices.

"Alas, my friends," replied M. Morrel, with a mournful shake of his head, "the affair is more serious than we thought."

"Oh, indeed, indeed, sir, he is innocent!" sobbed Mercédès.

"That I believe!" answered M. Morrel; "but still he is charged —"

"With what?" inquired the elder Dantès.

"With being an agent of the Bonapartist faction!"

Many of my readers may be able to recollect how formidable such an accusation became in the period at which our story is dated. A despairing cry escaped the pale lips of Mercédès, while the heart-stricken father fell listlessly into a chair.

"Ah, Danglars!" whispered Caderousse, "you have deceived me, — the trick you spoke of last night has been played off, I see; but I cannot suffer a poor old man or an innocent girl to die of grief through your fault. I am determined to tell them all about it."

"Be silent, you simpleton!" cried Danglars, grasping him by the arm, "or I will not answer for your own safety. Who can tell whether Dantès be innocent or guilty? The vessel did touch at Elba, where he quitted it, and passed a whole day in the island. Now, should any letters or other documents of a compromising character be found upon him, it will be taken for granted that all who uphold him are his accomplices."

With the rapid instinct of selfishness, Caderousse perceived the solidity of this reasoning; he looked at Danglars with eyes dulled by fear and grief, and then for one forward step he had taken, he took two in retreat.

"We will wait, then," he murmured.

"To be sure!" answered Danglars. "Let us wait, by all means. If he be innocent, of course he will be set at liberty; if guilty, why, it is of no use to involve ourselves in his conspiracy."

"Then let us go. I cannot remain here any longer."

"With all my heart!" replied Danglars, but too pleased to find a partner in his retreat. "Let us take ourselves out of the way, and leave the rest to withdraw as they please."

After their departure, Fernand, who had now again become the protector of the young girl, took Mercédès by the hand and conducted her to the Catalans; while some friends of Dantès conveyed the heart-broken parent to his home.

The rumor of Edmond's arrest as a Bonapartist agent was not slow in circulating throughout the city.

"Could you ever have credited such a thing, my dear Danglars?" asked M. Morrel, as, on his return to the port for the purpose of gleaning fresh tidings of Dantès, he overtook his supercargo and Caderousse. "Could you have believed such a thing possible?"

"Why, you know I told you," replied Danglars, "that I considered the circumstance of his having anchored at the Isle of Elba to be very suspicious."

"And did you mention these suspicions to any person besides myself?"

"Certainly not!" returned Danglars, then added in a low whisper, "You understand that on account of your uncle, M. Policar Morrel, who served under the other

government, and who does not altogether conceal what he thinks on the subject, you are strongly suspected of regretting the abdication of Napoleon. I should have feared to injure both Edmond and yourself, had I divulged my own apprehensions to a soul. I am well aware that though a subordinate, like myself, is bound to acquaint the ship-owner with everything that occurs, there are many things he ought most carefully to conceal from all others."

"'T is well, Danglars; 't is well!" replied M. Morrel. "You are a worthy fellow; and I had already thought of your interests in the event of poor Edmond having become captain of the 'Pharaon.'"

"In what way, Monsieur?"

"Yes, I had previously inquired of Dantès what was his opinion of you, and if he should have any reluctance to continue you in your post, — for I have perceived a sort of coolness between you."

"And what was his reply?"

"That he certainly did think he had ground of complaint against you in an affair which he did not explain, but that whoever possessed the confidence of the ship's owners would have his also."

"The hypocrite!" murmured Danglars, between his teeth.

"Poor Dantès!" said Caderousse. "No one can deny his being a noble-hearted young fellow!"

"But in the midst of all our trouble," continued M. Morrel, "we must not forget that the 'Pharaon' has at present no captain."

"Oh!" replied Danglars, "since we cannot leave this port for the next three months, let us hope that ere the expiration of that period Dantès will be set at liberty."

"Of that I entertain no doubt; but in the mean time what are we to do?"

"Well, until then I am here, M. Morrel," answered Danglars. "You know that I am as capable of managing a ship as the most experienced captain in the service; and it will be advantageous to you to accept my services, since upon Edmond's release from prison no further change will be requisite on board the 'Pharaon' than for Dantès and myself each to resume our respective posts."

"Thanks, thanks! my good friend, for your excellent idea, — that will smooth all difficulties. I authorize you at once to assume the command of the 'Pharaon' and to superintend the unloading of her freight. Business must not be allowed to suffer, whatever may happen to individuals."

"Depend upon my zeal and attention, M. Morrel; but when do you think it likely we may be permitted to visit our poor friend in his prison?"

"I will let you know that as soon as I have seen M. de Villefort, whom I shall endeavor to interest in Edmond's favor. I am aware he is a furious Royalist; but, in spite of that and of his being the *procureur du roi*, he is a man like ourselves, and I fancy not a bad one!"

"Perhaps not," replied Danglars; "but I have heard that he is extremely ambitious, and ambition is a sore hardener of the heart!"

"Well, well!" returned M. Morrel, "we shall see! But now hasten on board; I will join you there." So saying, the worthy ship-owner quitted the two friends, and proceeded in the direction of the Palais de Justice.

"You see," said Danglars, addressing Caderousse, "the turn things have taken. Do you still feel any desire to stand up in his defence?"

"Not the slightest; but yet it seems to me a shock-

ing thing that a mere joke should lead to such frightful consequences."

"But who perpetrated that joke, let me ask? Neither you nor myself, but Fernand. You know very well that I threw the paper into a corner of the room, — indeed, I thought I had destroyed it."

"Oh, no!" replied Caderousse, "that I can answer for, you did not. I only wish I could see it now as plainly as I saw it lying all crushed and crumpled in a corner of the arbor."

"Well, then, if you did, depend upon it, Fernand picked it up, and either copied it or caused it to be copied; perhaps, even, he did not take the trouble of recopying it. And now I think of it, by Heaven! he has perhaps sent the letter itself! Fortunately for me, the handwriting was disguised."

"You knew, then, that Dantès was engaged in a conspiracy?"

"Not I. As I before said, I thought the whole thing was a joke, nothing more. It seems, however, that, like Harlequin, I have spoken the truth in jest."

"Still," argued Caderousse, "I would give a great deal if nothing of the kind had happened, or at least if I had had no hand in it. You will see, Danglars, that it will turn out an unlucky job for both of us."

"Nonsense! If any harm comes of it, it should fall on the guilty person; and that, you know, is Fernand. How can we be implicated in any way? All we have got to do is to keep our own counsel, and remain perfectly quiet, not breathing a word of all this; and you will see that the storm will pass away without in the least affecting us."

"Amen!" responded Caderousse, waving his hand in token of adieu to Danglars, and bending his steps towards

the Allées de Meillan, moving his head to and fro, and muttering as he went, after the manner of those who are absorbed in thought.

"So far, then," said Danglars to himself, "all has gone as I would have it. I am temporarily commander of the 'Pharaon,' with the certainty of being permanently so, if that fool of a Caderousse can be persuaded to hold his tongue. My only fear is that Dantès may be released. But, bah! he is in the hands of Justice; and," added he, with a smile, "she will take her own." So saying, he leaped into a boat, desiring to be rowed on board the "Pharaon," where M. Morrel had appointed to meet him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEPUTY PROCUREUR DU ROI.

In one of the large, aristocratic mansions situated in the Rue du Grand Cours opposite the fountain of Medusa, a second marriage-feast was celebrated, almost at the same hour with the ill-fated nuptial repast given by Dantès. But instead of sailors, soldiers, and those belonging to the humblest grade of life, the present *réunion* was composed of the very flower and *élite* of Marseilles society, — magistrates who had resigned their office during the usurper's reign; officers who, scorning to fight under his banners, had offered their services to foreign powers; and younger persons who had been brought up to execrate the man whom five years of exile would have converted into a martyr, and fifteen of restoration elevated to the rank of a demigod.

The guests were still at table, and the heated and energetic conversation that prevailed betrayed the violent and vindictive passions that then agitated the inhabitants of the South, where for five hundred years religious strife had given increased bitterness to the violence of party feeling.

The emperor, now king of the Isle of Elba, — after having held sovereign sway over one half of the world, reigning over five or six thousand souls, after having been accustomed to hear the "Vive Napoléons!" of one hundred and twenty million subjects, and in ten different languages, — was regarded in that company as being forever lost to France and to her throne.

The magistrates freely discussed their political views; the military part of the company talked of Moscow and Leipsic; the women, of the divorce of the Empress Josephine. That Royalist assembly, rejoicing and triumphing over, not the fall of a man, but the annihilation of a principle, believed that political prosperity was opening anew to them, and that they were leaving behind a painful dream.

An old man, decorated with the cross of Saint Louis, rose and proposed the health of King Louis XVIII. This aged individual was the Marquis de Saint-Méran. This toast, recalling at once the patient exile of Hartwell and the peace-loving King of France, excited universal enthusiasm; glasses were elevated in the air in the English manner, and the ladies, snatching bouquets from their fair bosoms, strewed the table with their floral treasures. In a word, an almost poetical fervor prevailed.

"Ah!" said the Marquise de Saint-Méran, a woman with a stern, forbidding eye, though still noble and elegant-looking, despite her having reached her fiftieth year, — "ah! these revolutionists, who have driven us from those very possessions they afterwards purchased for a mere trifle during the Reign of Terror, would be compelled to own, were they here, that all true devotion was on our side, since we were content to follow the fortunes of a falling monarch, while they, on the contrary, made their fortune by worshipping the rising sun; yes, yes, they could not help admitting that the king for whom we sacrificed rank, wealth, and station was truly our 'Louis the well-beloved,' while their wretched usurper has been and ever will be to them their evil genius, their 'Napoleon the accursed.' Am I not right, Villefort?"

"I beg your pardon, Madame. I really must pray you to excuse me, but — in truth — I was not attending to the conversation."

"Marchioness, Marchioness!" interposed the same elderly personage who had proposed the toast, "let the young people alone; let me tell you, on one's wedding day there are more agreeable subjects of conversation than dry politics."

"Never mind, dearest mother," said a young and lovely girl, with a profusion of light brown hair, and eyes that seemed to float in liquid crystal, "'t is all my fault for seizing upon M. de Villefort, and preventing his listening to what you said. But there — now take him — he is your own for as long as you like. M. de Villefort, I beg to remind you that my mother speaks to you."

"If Madame the Marchioness will deign to repeat the words I but imperfectly caught, I shall be delighted to answer," said M. de Villefort.

"Never mind, Renée," replied the marchioness, with such a look of tenderness as all were astonished to see upon her harsh, dry features; but, however all other feelings may be withered in a woman's nature, there is always one bright smiling spot in the maternal breast, — it is that which God has consecrated to maternal love, —"I forgive you. What I was saying, Villefort, was, that the Bonapartists had neither our sincerity, enthusiasm, nor devotion."

"They had, however, what supplied the place of those fine qualities," replied the young man; "and that was fanaticism. Napoleon is the Mahomet of the West, and is worshipped by his commonplace but ambitious followers, not only as a leader and lawgiver, but also as the personification of equality."

"He!" cried the marchioness, "Napoleon the type of equality! For mercy's sake, then, what would you call Robespierre? Come, come, do not strip the latter of his just rights to bestow them on the Corsican; there has been usurpation enough, it seems to me."

"Nay, Madame; I would place each of these heroes on his right pedestal, — that of Robespierre to be built where his scaffold was erected; that of Napoleon on the column of the Place Vendôme. The only difference consists in the opposite character of the equality supported by these two men, — the one advocates the equality that depresses, the other professes the equality that elevates; the one brings a king within reach of the guillotine, the other elevates the people to a level with the throne. Observe," said Villefort, smiling, "I do not mean to deny that both the individuals we have been referring to were revolutionary scoundrels, and that the 9th Thermidor and the 4th of April were lucky days for France, worthy of being gratefully remembered by every friend to monarchy and civil order; but that explains how it comes to pass that, fallen, as I trust he is, forever, Napoleon has still preserved a train of parasitical satellites. Still, Marchioness, it has been so with other usurpers, — Cromwell, for instance, who was not half so bad as Napoleon, had his partisans and advocates."

"Do you know, Villefort, that you are talking in a most dreadfully revolutionary strain? But I excuse it; it is impossible to expect the son of a Girondin to be free from a small spice of the old leaven."

A deep crimson suffused the countenance of Villefort. "'T is true, Madame," answered he, "that my father was a Girondin, but he was not among the number of those who voted for the king's death; he was an equal sufferer with yourself during the Reign of Terror, and had well-nigh lost his head on the same scaffold as your own father."

"True," replied the marchioness, without wincing in the slightest degree at the tragical remembrance thus called up; "but bear in mind, if you please, that our

respective parents underwent persecution and proscription from diametrically opposite principles. In proof of which I may remark that while my family remained among the stanchest adherents of the exiled princes, your father lost no time in joining the new government; and that after the Citizen Noirtier had become a Girondin, the Comte Noirtier appeared as a senator and statesman."

"Dear mother," interposed Renée, "you know very well it was agreed that all these disagreeable reminiscences should forever be laid aside."

"Madame," replied Villefort, "I unite with Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran in humbly requesting you to forget the past. What avails retrospection and recrimination touching circumstances wholly beyond recall? For my own part, I have laid aside even the name of my father, and altogether disown his political principles. He was — nay, probably still is — a Bonapartist, and is called Noirtier; I, on the contrary, am a stanch Royalist, and style myself Villefort. Let what may remain of revolutionary sap exhaust itself and die away with the old trunk, and condescend only to regard the young shoot which has started up at a distance from the parent tree, without having the power, any more than the wish, to separate entirely from the stock from which it sprung."

"Bravo, Villefort!" cried the marquis; "excellently well said! Come, now, I have hopes of obtaining what I have been for years endeavoring to persuade the marchioness to promise; namely, a perfect amnesty and forgetfulness of the past."

"With all my heart," replied the marchioness; "let the past be forever forgotten! I ask nothing better, and let it be so agreed; but at least, Villefort must be inflexible in the future. Remember, Villefort, that we have pledged ourselves to his Majesty for your fealty and strict

loyalty, and that at our recommendation the king consented to forget the past [and here she extended to him her hand] as I now do at your entreaty. But bear in mind that should there fall in your way any one guilty of conspiring against the Government, you will be the more bound to visit the offence with rigorous punishment, because it is known you belong to a suspected family."

"Alas, Madame!" returned Villefort, "my profession, as well as the times in which we live, compel me to be severe. I shall be so. I have already successfully conducted several public prosecutions, and brought the offenders to merited punishment. Unhappily, we have not yet reached the end."

"Do you, indeed, think so?" inquired the marchioness.

"I am, at least, fearful of it. Napoleon, in the island of Elba, is too near France, and his proximity keeps up the hopes of his partisans. Marseilles is filled with half-pay officers, who are daily, under one frivolous pretext or other, getting up quarrels with the Royalists; hence arise duels in the higher classes, and assassinations in the lower."

"You have heard, perhaps," said the Comte de Salvieux, one of M. de Saint-Méran's oldest friends, and chamberlain to the Comte d'Artois, "that the Holy Alliance purpose removing him?"

"Yes; they were talking about it when we left Paris," said M. de Saint-Méran; "and where will they send him?"

"To St. Helena."

"To St. Helena? Where is that?" inquired the marchioness.

"An island situated on the other side of the equator, at least two thousand leagues from here," replied the count.

"So much the better! As Villefort observes, it is a great act of folly to have left such a man between Corsica, where he was born, and Naples, of which his brother-in-law is king, and opposite Italy, the sovereignty of which he coveted for his son."

"Unfortunately," said Villefort, "we have the treaties of 1814, and we cannot move against Napoleon without breaking those treaties."

"Very well, they will be broken," said M. de Salvieux. "Shall we be so very precise in obligations concerning him who caused the unhappy Duc d'Enghien to be shot?"

"Well," said the marchioness, "it seems probable that by the aid of the Holy Alliance we shall be rid of Napoleon; and we must trust to the vigilance of M. de Villefort to purify Marseilles of his partisans. The king is either a king or no king; if he be acknowledged as sovereign of France, he should be upheld in peace and tranquillity. And this can best be effected by employing the most inflexible agents to put down every attempt at conspiracy, — 't is the best and surest means of preventing mischief."

"Unfortunately, Madame," answered Villefort, "the strong arm of the law is not called upon to interfere until the evil has taken place."

"Then all he has to do is to endeavor to repair it."

"Nay, Madame, the law is frequently powerless to effect this; all it can do is to avenge the wrong done."

"Oh, M. de Villefort!" cried a beautiful young creature, daughter to Comte de Salvieux, and the cherished friend of Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, "do try and get up some famous trial while we are at Marseilles. I never was in a law court; I am told it is so very amusing!"

"Amusing, certainly," replied the young man, "inas-

much as, instead of shedding tears as at the fictitious tale of woe produced at a theatre, you behold in a law court a case of real and genuine distress, — a drama of life. The prisoner whom you there see, pale, agitated, and alarmed, instead of — as is the case when the curtain falls on a tragedy — going home to sup peacefully with his family, and then retiring to rest that he may reassume his mimic woes on the morrow, is removed from your sight merely to be reconducted to his prison and delivered up to the executioner. I leave you to judge how far your nerves are calculated to bear you through such a scene. Of this, however, be assured, that should any favorable opportunity present itself, I will not fail to offer you the choice of being present at it."

"For shame, M. de Villefort!" said Renée, becoming quite pale; "don't you see how you are frightening us? and yet you laugh."

"What would you have? It is a duel. I have already recorded sentence of death five or six times for political or other offences; and who can say how many daggers may be ready sharpened, and only waiting a favorable opportunity to be buried in my heart?"

"Gracious heavens! M. de Villefort," said Renée, becoming more and more terrified; "you surely are not in earnest?"

"Indeed I am," replied the young magistrate, with a smile; "and in the interesting trial which that young lady desires to satisfy her curiosity, and which I myself desire to satisfy my ambition, the case would only be still more aggravated. Suppose, for instance, the prisoner to have served under Napoleon, — can you believe for an instant, that one accustomed at the word of his commander to rush fearlessly on the bayonets of his foe will scruple to drive a stiletto into the heart of one he knows

to be his personal enemy, more than he would to kill a Russian, an Austrian, or a Hungarian, whom he had never before seen? And besides, that antagonism, you see, is essential to the situation; without it our business would be without excuse. For my own part, when I see gleaming in the eye of the accused the clear light of anger, I feel encouraged, I am exhilarated. It is no longer a trial; it is a combat. I struggle against him, he returns the attack; I redouble my energy, and the combat ends, like all combats, in victory or defeat. That is what pleading is; therein lies the danger of eloquence. If an accused person should smile upon my words I should think that I had spoken badly, that what I had said was pale, without force, inadequate. Imagine, then, the sensation of pride experienced by an advocate convinced that the accused is guilty, when he sees him blanch and bend under the thunders of his eloquence! That head is bowed, it will fall —"

Renée uttered a slight cry.

"Bravo!" cried one of the guests; "that is what I call talking to some purpose."

"Just the person we require at a time like the present," said a second.

"What a splendid business that last cause of yours was, my dear Villefort!" remarked a third; "I mean the trial of the man for murdering his father. Upon my word, you killed him ere the executioner had laid his hand upon him."

"Oh! as for parricides, and such dreadful people as that," interposed Renée, "it matters very little what is done to them; but as regards poor unfortunate creatures whose only crime consists in having mixed themselves up in political intrigues —"

"Why, that is the very worst offence they could possi-

bly commit; for don't you see, Renée, the king is the father of his people, and he who shall plot or contrive aught against the life and safety of the parent of thirty-two million people is a parricide on a large scale?"

"I don't know anything about that," replied Renée, "but, M. de Villefort, you have promised me — have you not? — always to show mercy to those I plead for."

"Make yourself quite easy on that point," answered Villefort, with one of his sweetest smiles; "you and I will always consult upon our verdicts."

"My love," said the marchioness, "attend to your doves, your lap-dogs, and embroidery, but do not meddle with what you do not understand. Nowadays the military profession has rest, and the robe wins applause; there is a Latin saying about that, of profound depth."

"'*Cedant arma togæ*,'" said Villefort, bowing.

"I did not venture to speak Latin," replied the marchioness.

"Well," said Renée, "I cannot help regretting you had not chosen some other profession than your own, — that of a physician, for instance. The destroying angel, angel though he be, has always seemed terrible to me."

"Dear, good Renée!" whispered Villefort, as he gazed with unutterable tenderness on the lovely speaker.

"Let us hope, my child," cried the marquis, "that M. de Villefort may prove the moral and political physician of this province; if so, he will have achieved a noble work."

"And one which will go far to efface the recollection of his father's conduct," added the incorrigible marchioness.

"Madame," replied Villefort, with a mournful smile, "I have already had the honor to observe that my father has — at least I hope so — abjured his past errors, and

that he is at the present moment a firm and zealous friend to religion and order, — a better Royalist, possibly, than his son; for he has to atone for past dereliction, while I have no other impulse than warm, decided preference and conviction." Having made this well-turned speech, Villefort looked carefully round to mark the effect of his oratory, much as he would have done had he been addressing the bench in open court.

"Do you know, my dear Villefort," cried the Comte de Salvieux, "that is as nearly as possible what I myself said the other day at the Tuileries, when questioned by his Majesty's principal chamberlain touching the singularity of an alliance between the son of a Girondin and the daughter of an officer in the army of Condé; and I assure you he seemed fully to comprehend that this mode of reconciling political differences was based upon sound and excellent principles. Then the king, who, without our suspecting it had overheard our conversation, interrupted us by saying 'Villefort' — observe that the king did not pronounce the word 'Noirtier,' but on the contrary placed considerable emphasis on that of 'Villefort' — 'Villefort,' said his Majesty, 'is a young man of great judgment and discretion, who will be sure to make a figure in his profession; I like him much, and it gave me great pleasure to hear that he was about to become the son-in-law of M. le Marquis and Madame la Marquise de Saint-Méran. I should myself have recommended the match, had not the noble marquis anticipated my wishes by requesting my consent to it.'"

"Did the king say that, Count?" asked the enraptured Villefort.

"I give you his very words; and if the marquis chooses to be candid, he will confess that they perfectly agree with what his Majesty said to him, when he went six

months ago to consult him upon the subject of your espousing his daughter."

"Certainly," answered the marquis; "you state but the truth."

"How much do I owe this gracious prince! What is there I would not do to evince my earnest gratitude!"

"That is right," cried the marchioness. "I love to see you thus. Now, then, were a conspirator to fall into your hands, he would be most welcome."

"For my part, dear mother," interposed Renée, "I pray God he will not hear you, and that he will only permit petty offenders, poor debtors, and miserable cheats, to fall into M. de Villefort's hands; then I shall be contented."

"Just the same," said Villefort, laughing, "as though you prayed that a physician might only be called upon to prescribe for headaches, measles, and the stings of wasps, or any other slight affection of the epidermis. If you wish to see me the *procureur du roi*, you must desire for me some of those violent and dangerous diseases from the cure of which so much honor redounds to the physician."

At this moment, and as though the utterance of Villefort's wish had sufficed to effect its accomplishment, a servant entered the room and whispered a few words in his ear. Villefort immediately rose from the table and quitted the room upon the plea of urgent business; he soon however returned, his whole face beaming with delight. Renée regarded him with fond affection; and certainly his handsome features, lit up as they then were with more than usual fire and animation, seemed formed to excite the innocent admiration with which she gazed on her graceful and intelligent lover.

"You were wishing just now," said Villefort, address-

ing her, "that I were a doctor instead of a lawyer. Well, I at least resemble the disciples of Æsculapius in one thing, — that of not being able to call a day my own, not even that of my betrothal."

"And wherefore were you called away just now?" asked Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, with an air of slight uneasiness.

"Alas! for a patient who must be, if what is told me is true, in the last extremity. It is a serious case, and the malady touches the scaffold."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Renée, her cheeks, that were before glowing with emotion, becoming pale as marble.

"Is it possible?" burst simultaneously from all who were near enough to the magistrate to hear his words.

"Why, if my information prove correct, a sort of Bonapartist conspiracy has just been discovered."

"Can I believe my ears?" cried the marchioness.

"I will read you the letter containing the accusation, at least," said Villefort: —

"The *procureur du roi* is informed by a friend of the throne and of religion, that one Edmond Dantès, mate of the ship 'Pharaon,' who arrived this morning from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto Ferrajo, has been intrusted by Murat with a letter for the usurper, and by the usurper with a letter for the Bonapartist committee in Paris.

"Proof of this crime will be found on arresting him, for the letter will be found upon him, or at his father's, or in his cabin on board the 'Pharaon.'"

"But," said Renée, "this letter, which after all is but an anonymous scrawl, is not even addressed to you, but to the *procureur du roi*."

"True; but that gentleman being absent, his secretary, by his orders, opened his letters. Thinking this one of

importance, he sent for me, but not finding me, took it upon himself to give the necessary orders for arresting the accused party."

"Then the guilty person is absolutely in custody?" said the marchioness.

"That is to say, the accused," said Renée.

"He is in safe custody," answered Villefort; "and as I had the honor of saying just now to Mademoiselle Renée, if the letter in question can be found, the patient is a very sick man indeed."

"And where is the unfortunate being?" asked Renée.

"He is at my house."

"Come, come, my friend," interrupted the marchioness, "do not neglect your duty to linger with us. You are the king's servant, and must go whithersoever that service calls you."

"Oh, M. de Villefort!" cried Renée, clasping her hands, "be merciful on this the day of our betrothal."

The young man passed round to the side of the table where the fair pleader sat, and leaning over her chair said tenderly, —

"To give you pleasure, my sweet Renée, I promise to show all the lenity in my power; but if the charges brought against this Bonapartist hero prove correct, why, then, you really must give me leave to order his head to be cut off."

Renée, with an almost convulsive shudder, turned away her head, as though the very mention of killing a fellow-creature in cold blood was more than her tender nature could endure.

"Never mind that foolish girl, Villefort," said the marchioness; "she will soon get over these things." So saying, Madame de Saint-Méran extended her dry bony hand to Villefort, which he kissed, while looking at Renée and

saying with his eyes, "It is your hand that I kiss, or at least that I wish I were kissing, at this moment."

"These are mournful auspices to accompany a betrothal!" sighed poor Renée.

"Upon my word, child!" exclaimed the angry marchioness, "your folly exceeds all bounds. I should be glad to know what connection there can possibly be between your sickly sentimentality and the affairs of the State!"

"Oh, Mother!" murmured Renée.

"Nay, Madame, I pray you pardon this little traitor," said Villefort; "I promise you that to make up for her want of loyalty I will be most inflexibly severe." But while the magistrate addressed these words to the marchioness, the lover threw an expressive glance at his betrothed, which said, "Be tranquil, Renée; for the sake of your love I will be merciful." Renée answered that look with her sweetest smile, and Villefort went out with paradise in his heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXAMINATION.

No sooner had Villefort left the salon than he assumed the grave air of a man who holds the balance of life and death in his hands. Now, in spite of the mobility of his features, — a mobility which the deputy had cultivated often before the mirror, as a professional speaker should, — at this moment it required an effort for him to wrinkle his brows and assume a dignified sobriety. Except for the recollection of the line of politics his father had adopted, and which might interfere, unless he acted with the greatest prudence, with his own career, Villefort was as happy as a man could be. Already rich, he held a high official situation, though only twenty-seven. He was about to marry a young and charming woman, whom he loved not passionately but reasonably, as a deputy *procureur du roi* is able to love. Besides her beauty, which was remarkable, Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, his betrothed, belonged to one of the families in highest standing in the court of that period; and in addition to the political influence of her father and her mother, who having no other child could devote it entirely to their son-in-law, she brought to her husband a dowry of fifty thousand crowns, which might some day be increased to an inheritance of half a million. All these elements combined constituted for Villefort a ravishing sum of happiness; so that when with an inward view he contemplated steadily his interior life, it was as if he looked at spots on the sun.

At the door Villefort met the commissary of police, who was waiting for him. The sight of this officer recalled him from the third heaven to earth; he composed his face as we have before described, and said, "I have read the letter, Monsieur, and you have acted rightly in arresting this man; now inform me what you have discovered concerning him and the conspiracy."

"We know nothing as yet of the conspiracy, Monsieur; all the papers found have been sealed up and placed on your bureau. The prisoner himself is named Edmond Dantès, mate on board the three-master the 'Pharaon,' trading in cotton with Alexandria and Smyrna, and belonging to Morrel and Son of Marseilles."

"Before he entered the navy, had he ever served in the marines?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur; he is very young."

"How old?"

"Nineteen or twenty at the most."

At this moment, as Villefort arrived at the corner of the Rue des Conseils, a man who seemed to have been waiting for him approached; it was M. Morrel.

"Ah, M. de Villefort," cried he, "I am delighted to see you! Some of your people have committed the strangest mistake, — they have just arrested Edmond Dantès, the mate of my ship."

"I know it, Monsieur," replied Villefort, "and I am now going to examine him."

"Oh," said Morrel, carried away by his friendship for the young man, "you do not know him, and I do. He is the most estimable, the most trustworthy creature in the world, and I will venture to say there is not a better seaman in all the merchant-service. Oh, M. de Villefort, I beseech your indulgence for him!"

Villefort, as we have seen, belonged to the aristocratic

party at Marseilles, Morrel to the plebeian ; the first was a Royalist, the other suspected of Bonapartism. Villefort looked disdainfully at Morrel, and replied coolly, —

"You are aware, Monsieur, that a man may be estimable and trustworthy in private life, and the best seaman in the merchant-service, and yet be, politically speaking, a great criminal. Is it not true ?"

The magistrate laid emphasis on these words, as if he wished to apply them to the owner himself, while his eyes seemed to plunge into the heart of him who interceded for another when he ought to know that he himself had need of indulgence. Morrel reddened, for his own conscience was not quite clear in political matters ; besides, what Dantès had told him of his interview with the grand-marshal, and what the emperor had said to him, embarrassed him. He replied, however, in tones of deep interest, —

"I entreat you, M. de Villefort, be, as you always are, kind and equitable, and give him back to us soon."

This "give us "sounded revolutionary in the sub-prefect's ears. "Ah, ah !" murmured he, "is Dantès then a member of some Carbonari society, that his protector thus employs the collective form ? He was, if I recollect, arrested in a cabaret, in company with a great many others." Then he added, "Monsieur, you may rest assured I shall perform my duty impartially, and that if he be innocent you shall not have appealed to me in vain ; should he, however, be guilty, in this present epoch impunity would furnish a dangerous example, and I must do my duty."

As he had now arrived at the door of his own house, which adjoined the Palais de Justice, he entered after having saluted the ship-owner with icy politeness, who stood as if petrified on the spot where Villefort had left him. The ante-chamber was full of agents of police and

gendarmes, in the midst of whom, carefully watched but calm and smiling, stood the prisoner. Villefort traversed the ante-chamber, cast a side glance at Dantès, and taking a packet which a gendarme offered him, disappeared, saying, "Bring in the prisoner."

Rapid as had been Villefort's glance, it had served to give him an idea of the man he was about to interrogate. He had recognized intelligence in the high forehead, courage in the dark eye and bent brow, and frankness in the thick, half-open lips that showed a set of pearly teeth. Villefort's first impression was favorable; but he had been so often warned to mistrust first impulses that he applied the maxim to the impression, forgetting the difference between the two words. He stifled, therefore, the feelings of compassion that were rising, composed his features, and sat down at his bureau. An instant after Dantès entered. He was pale, but calm and smiling, and saluting his judge with easy politeness, looked round for a seat, as if he had been in the salon of M. Morrel. It was then that he encountered for the first time Villefort's look, — that look peculiar to justice, which while it seems to read the culprit's thoughts betrays nought of its own.

"Who and what are you?" demanded Villefort, turning over a pile of papers, containing information relative to the prisoner, that an agent of police had given to him on his entry.

"My name is Edmond Dantès," replied the young man, calmly; "I am mate of the 'Pharaon,' belonging to MM. Morrel and Son."

"Your age?" continued Villefort.

"Nineteen," returned Dantès.

"What were you doing at the moment you were arrested?"

"I was at the festival of my marriage, Monsieur," said

the young man, his voice slightly tremulous, so great was the contrast between that happy moment and the painful ceremony he was now undergoing; so great was the contrast between the sombre aspect of M. de Villefort and the radiant face of Mercédès.

"You were at the festival of your marriage?" said the deputy, shuddering in spite of himself.

"Yes, Monsieur, I am on the point of marrying a young girl I have been attached to for three years." Villefort, impassive as he was, was struck with this coincidence; and the tremulous voice of Dantès, surprised in the midst of his happiness, struck a sympathetic chord in his own bosom. He also was on the point of being married, and he was summoned from his own happiness to destroy that of another. "This philosophic reflection," thought he, "will make a great sensation at M. de Saint-Méran's;" and he arranged mentally, while Dantès awaited further questions, the antithesis by which orators often create a reputation for eloquence. When this speech was arranged, Villefort smiled at its probable effectiveness, and returned to Dantès.

"Continue, sir," said he.

"What would you have me continue?"

"To give all the information in your power."

"Tell me on which point you desire information, and I will tell all I know; only," added he, with a smile, "I warn you I know very little."

"Have you served under the usurper?"

"I was about to be incorporated in the royal marines when he fell."

"It is reported your political opinions are extreme," said Villefort, who had never heard anything of the kind, but was not sorry to make this inquiry as if it were an accusation.

"My political opinions! mine!" replied Dantès. "Alas, sir, I never had any opinions. I am hardly nineteen; I know nothing; I have no part to play. If I obtain the situation I desire, I shall owe it to M. Morrel. Thus all my opinions — I will not say political, but private — are confined to these three sentiments: I love my father, I respect M. Morrel, and I adore Mercédès. This, sir, is all I can tell you; and you see how uninteresting it is."

As Dantès spoke, Villefort gazed at his ingenuous and open countenance, and recollected the words of Renée, who without knowing who the culprit was, had besought his indulgence for him. With the deputy's knowledge of crime and criminals, every word the young man uttered convinced him more and more of his innocence. This lad, — for he was scarcely a man, — simple, natural, eloquent with that eloquence of the heart never found when sought for, full of affection for everybody because he was happy, and because happiness renders even the wicked good, extended his affection even to his judge, spite of Villefort's severe look and stern accent.

"*Pardieu!*" said Villefort, "he is a noble fellow! I hope I shall gain Renée's favor easily by obeying the first command she ever imposed on me. It will win me a pressure of the hand in public, and a sweet kiss in private." Full of this idea, Villefort's face became so joyous that when he turned to Dantès, the latter, who had watched the change on his physiognomy, was smiling also.

"Monsieur," said Villefort, "are you aware of having enemies?"

"I have enemies!" replied Dantès; "my position is not sufficiently elevated for that. As for my character, that is, perhaps, somewhat too hasty; but I have striven to repress it. I have ten or twelve sailors under me; and if

you question them, they will tell you that they love and respect me, not as a father, for I am too young, but as an elder brother."

"But instead of enemies you may have excited jealousy. You are about to become captain at nineteen, — an elevated post for one in your condition; you are about to marry a pretty girl who loves you, — a happiness rare in all conditions in the world. And these two pieces of good fortune may have excited the envy of some one."

"You are right. You know men better than I do, and what you say may possibly be the case, I confess; but if these envious ones should be among my friends, I prefer not knowing them to being forced to hate them."

"You are wrong; you should always strive to see clearly around you. You seem a worthy young man; I will depart from the strict line of my duty to aid you in discovering the author of this accusation. Here is the paper; do you know the writing?" As he spoke, Villefort drew the letter from his pocket and presented it to Dantès. Dantès read it. A cloud passed over his brow as he said, —

"No, Monsieur, I do not know the writing; it is disguised, and yet it is freely written. Whoever did it writes well. I am very fortunate," added he, looking gratefully at Villefort, "to be examined by such a man as you, — for this envious person is a real enemy." And by the rapid glance that the young man's eyes shot forth, Villefort saw how much energy lay hid beneath this mildness.

"Now," said the deputy, "answer me frankly, — not as a prisoner to a judge, but as a man in a false position to another who takes an interest in him, — what truth is there in the accusation contained in this anonymous letter?" And Villefort threw disdainfully on his bureau the letter Dantès had just given back to him.

"None at all. I will tell you the real facts. I swear by my honor as a sailor, by my love for Mercédès, by the life of my father — "

"Speak, Monsieur," said Villefort. Then, internally, "If Renée could see me, I hope she would be satisfied, and would no longer call me a decapitator."

"Well, when we quitted Naples, Captain Leclere was attacked with a brain fever. As we had no doctor on board, and he was so anxious to arrive at Elba that he would not touch at any other port, his disorder rose to such a height that at the end of the third day, feeling he was dying, he called me to him. 'My dear Dantès,' said he, 'swear to perform what I am going to tell you, for it is a matter of the deepest importance.'

"'I swear, Captain,' replied I.

"'Well, as after my death the command devolves on you as mate, assume the command, and bear up for the Isle of Elba; disembark at Porto Ferrajo, ask for the grand-marshal, give him this letter; perhaps they will give you another letter, and charge you with a commission. You will accomplish what I was to have done, and derive all the honor and profit from it.'

"'I will do it, Captain; but perhaps I shall not be admitted to the grand-marshal's presence as easily as you expect?'

"'Here is a ring that will obtain audience of him, and remove every difficulty,' said the captain. At these words he gave me a ring. It was time, — two hours after he was delirious; the next day he died."

"And what did you do then?"

"What I ought to have done, and what every one would have done in my place. Everywhere the last requests of a dying man are sacred; but with a sailor the last requests of his superior are commands. I sailed for

the Isle of Elba, where I arrived the next day; I ordered everybody to remain on board, and went on shore alone. As I had expected, I found some difficulty in obtaining access to the grand-marshal; but I sent the ring I had received from the captain to him, and was instantly admitted. He questioned me concerning Captain Leclere's death, and, as the latter had told me, gave me a letter to carry on to a person in Paris. I undertook it because it was what my captain had bade me do. I landed here, regulated the affairs of the vessel, and hastened to visit my affianced bride, whom I found more lovely and more loving than ever. Thanks to M. Morrel, all the forms were got over; in a word, I was, as I told you, at my marriage-feast. And I should have been married in an hour, and to-morrow I intended to start for Paris, when upon that denunciation, which you now seem to despise as much as I do, I was arrested."

"Ah!" said Villefort, "this seems to me the truth. If you have been culpable, it was imprudence, and this imprudence was legitimized by the orders of your captain. Give up this letter you have brought from Elba, and pass your word you will appear should you be required, and go and rejoin your friends."

"I am free, then, sir?" cried Dantès, joyfully.

"Yes; but first give me this letter."

"You have it already; for it was taken from me with some others which I see in that packet."

"Stop a moment," said the deputy, as Dantès took his hat and gloves. "To whom is it addressed?"

"To M. Noirtier, Rue Coq-Héron, Paris."

Had a thunderbolt fallen into the room, Villefort could not have been more stupefied. He sank into his seat, and hastily turning over the packet, drew forth the fatal letter, at which he glanced with an expression of terror.

"M. Noirtier, Rue Coq-Héron, No. 15," murmured he, growing still paler.

"Yes," said Dantès, astonished; "do you, then, know him?"

"No," replied Villefort; "a faithful servant of the king does not know conspirators."

"It is a conspiracy, then?" asked Dantès, who, after believing himself free, now began to feel a greater alarm than at first. "I have already told you, however, Monsieur, that I was ignorant of the contents of the letter."

"Yes, but you know the name of the person to whom it was addressed," said Villefort.

"I was obliged to read the address to know to whom to give it."

"Have you shown this letter to any one?" asked Villefort, becoming still more pale.

"To no one, on my honor."

"Everybody is ignorant that you are the bearer of a letter from the Isle of Elba, and addressed to M. Noirtier?"

"Everybody, except the person who gave it to me."

"This is too much," murmured Villefort. His brow darkened more and more; his white lips and set teeth filled Dantès with apprehension. After reading the letter, Villefort covered his face with his hands.

"Oh!" said Dantès, timidly, "what is the matter?" Villefort made no answer, but raised his head at the expiration of a few seconds, and again perused the letter.

"You give me your honor that you are ignorant of the contents of this letter?"

"I give you my honor, sir," said Dantès; "but what is the matter? You are ill. Shall I ring for assistance; shall I call?"

"No," said Villefort, rising hastily; "stay where you are. It is for me to give orders here, and not you."

"Monsieur," replied Dantès, proudly, "it was only to summon assistance for you."

"I want none; it was a temporary indisposition. Attend to yourself, and not to me; answer me."

Dantès waited, expecting a question, but in vain. Villefort fell back on his chair, passed his hand over his brow, moist with perspiration, and for the third time read the letter. "Oh, if he knows the contents of this," murmured he, "and that Noirtier is the father of Villefort, I am lost!" and he fixed his eyes upon Edmond as if he would have penetrated his thoughts.

"Oh! it is impossible to doubt it," cried he, suddenly.

"In Heaven's name," cried the unhappy young man, "if you doubt me, question me; I will answer you."

Villefort made a violent effort, and in a tone he strove to render firm, "Monsieur," said he, "very grave charges against you result from your examination. I am no longer able, as I had hoped, to restore you immediately to liberty. Before doing so, I must consult the judge of instruction; but you see how I behave towards you."

"Oh, Monsieur," cried Dantès, "you have been rather a friend than a judge."

"Well, I must detain you some time longer, but I will make it as short as possible. The principal charge against you is this letter, and you see —" Villefort approached the fire, cast it in, and waited until it was entirely consumed.

"You see I destroy it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dantès, "you are more than justice, you are goodness itself."

"Listen," continued Villefort; "you can now have confidence in me, after what I have done."

"Oh, order me, and I will obey!"

"Listen! this is not an order, but a counsel I give you."

"Speak, and I will follow your advice."

"I shall detain you until this evening in the Palais de Justice. Should any one else interrogate you, do not breathe a word of this letter."

"I promise."

It was Villefort who seemed to entreat, and the prisoner who reassured him. "You see," continued he, "the letter is destroyed; you and I alone know of its existence. Should you, therefore, be questioned, deny all knowledge of it."

"Fear nothing; I will deny it."

"It was the only letter you had?"

"It was."

"Swear it."

"I swear it."

Villefort rang. An agent of police entered. Villefort whispered some words in his ear, to which the officer replied by a motion of his head.

"Follow him," said Villefort to Danglès. Danglès saluted Villefort and retired. The door had hardly closed behind him when Villefort's strength gave way and he threw himself into a chair in a fainting condition.

Then, after a moment, "Oh, my God!" murmured he, "if the *procureur du roi* had been at Marseilles, if the judge of instruction had been called instead of me, I should have been ruined. This accursed letter would have plunged me into an abyss. Oh, my father, must your past career always interfere with my successes?" Suddenly a light passed over his face, a smile played round his mouth, his haggard eyes became fixed and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of an idea.

"This will do," said he; "and from this letter, which might have ruined me, I will make my fortune." And after having assured himself the prisoner was gone, the deputy *procureur* hastened to the house of his bride.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHÂTEAU D'IF.

THE commissary of police, as he crossed the ante-chamber, made a sign to two gendarmes, who placed themselves one on Dantès's right and the other on his left. A door that communicated with the Palais de Justice was opened, and they traversed a long range of gloomy corridors, whose appearance might have made even the boldest shudder. The Palais de Justice communicated with the prison, — a sombre edifice, that from its grated windows looks on the clock-tower of the Accoules. After numberless windings, Dantès saw an iron door. The commissary knocked thrice, every blow seeming to Dantès as if struck on his heart. The door opened, the two gendarmes gently pushed him forward, and the door closed with a loud sound behind him. The air he inhaled was no longer pure, but thick and mephitic, — he was in prison. He was conducted to a tolerably neat chamber, but grated and barred, and its appearance therefore did not greatly alarm him ; besides, the words of Villefort, who seemed to interest himself so much, resounded still in his ears like a promise of freedom. It was four o'clock when Dantès was placed in this chamber. It was, as we have said, the 1st of March, and the prisoner was soon buried in darkness. The obscurity augmented the acuteness of his hearing. At the slightest sound he rose and hastened to the door, convinced that they were about to liberate him ; but the sound died away, and Dantès sank again into his seat.

At last, about ten o'clock, and just as Dantès began to despair, steps were heard in the corridor, a key turned in the lock, the bolts creaked, the massy oaken door flew open, and a flood of light from two torches pervaded the apartment. By the torchlight Dantès saw the glittering sabres and carbines of four gendarmes. He had advanced at first, but stopped at the sight of this fresh accession of force.

"Are you come to fetch me?" asked he.

"Yes," replied a gendarme.

"By the orders of the deputy of the *procureur du roi?*"

"I believe so."

"Very well," said Dantès, "I am ready to follow you."

The conviction that they came from M. de Villefort relieved all Dantès's apprehensions; he advanced calmly, and placed himself in the centre of the escort. A carriage waited at the door, the coachman was on the box, and an exempt seated behind him.

"Is this carriage for me?" said Dantès.

"It is for you," replied a gendarme.

Dantès was about to speak; but feeling himself urged forward, and having neither the power nor the intention to resist, he mounted the steps, and was in an instant seated inside between two gendarmes; the two others took their places opposite, and the carriage rolled heavily over the stones.

The prisoner glanced at the windows; they were grated. He had changed his prison for another that was conveying him he knew not whither. Through the grating, however, Dantès saw they were passing through the Rue Caisserie, and by the Quai St. Laurent and the Rue Taramis, to the port. Presently he perceived, shining upon him

through the grating of the windows, the light of the Consigne.

The carriage stopped, the exempt descended and approached the guard-house, a dozen soldiers came out and formed themselves in order; Dantès saw the reflection of their muskets by the light of the lamps on the quay.

"Can all this force be summoned on my account?" thought he.

The exempt opened the door, which was locked, and without speaking a word, answered Dantès's question, — for he saw between the ranks of the soldiers a passage formed from the carriage to the port. The two gendarmes who were opposite to him descended first, then he was ordered to alight, and the gendarmes on each side of him followed his example. They advanced towards a boat, which a custom-house officer held by a chain near the quay.

The soldiers looked at Dantès with an air of stupid curiosity. In an instant he was placed in the stern of the boat between the gendarmes, while the exempt stationed himself at the bow; a shove sent the boat adrift, and four sturdy oarsmen impelled it rapidly towards the Pilon. At a shout from the boat, the chain that closes the mouth of the port was lowered, and in a second they were outside the harbor.

The prisoner's first feeling was joy at again breathing the pure air, — for air is freedom; he inhaled with a full chest that lively breeze which bears upon its wings the unknown perfumes of the night and of the sea. But soon he breathed a sigh, for he passed before La Réserve, where he had that morning been so happy, and now through the open windows came the laughter and revelry of a ball. Dantès folded his hands, raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed.

The boat continued her voyage. They had passed the

Tête de Mort, were now in front of the light-house, and about to double the battery. This manœuvre was incomprehensible to Dantès.

"Whither are you taking me?" asked he.

"You will soon know."

"But still—"

"We are forbidden to give you any explanation."

Dantès knew that nothing would be more absurd than to question subordinates who were forbidden to reply, and remained silent.

The most vague and wild thoughts passed through his mind. The boat they were in could not make a long voyage; there was no vessel at anchor outside the harbor; he thought perhaps they were going to leave him on some distant point. He was not bound, nor had they made any attempt to handcuff him; this seemed a good augury. Besides, had not the deputy, who had been so kind to him, told him that provided he did not pronounce the dreaded name of Noirtier he had nothing to apprehend? Had not Villefort in his presence destroyed the fatal letter, the only proof against him? He waited silently, striving to pierce through the darkness.

They had left the island of Ratonneau, where the light-house stood, on the right, and were now opposite the Point des Catalans. It seemed to the prisoner that he could distinguish a female form on the beach, for it was there Mercédès dwelt. How was it that a presentiment did not warn Mercédès that her lover was near her?

One light alone was visible, and Dantès recognized it as coming from the chamber of Mercédès. In all that little colony Mercédès alone was still awake. A loud cry could be heard by her. He did not utter it. What would his guards think if they heard him shout like a madman?

He remained silent, his eyes fixed upon the light; the

boat went on, but the prisoner thought only of Mercédès. A rising ground hid the light. Dantès turned and perceived they had got out to sea. While he had been absorbed in thought, they had hoisted the sail.

In spite of his repugnance to address the guards, Dantès turned to the nearest gendarme, and taking his hand, —

"Comrade," said he, "I adjure you, as a Christian and a soldier, to tell me where we are going. I am Captain Dantès, a loyal Frenchman, though accused of treason; tell me where you are conducting me, and I promise you on my honor I will submit to my fate."

The gendarme looked irresolutely at his companion, who returned for answer a sigh that said, "I see no great harm in telling him now," and the gendarme replied, —

"You are a native of Marseilles and a sailor, and yet you do not know where you are going?"

"On my honor, I have no idea."

"That is impossible."

"I swear to you it is true. Tell me, I entreat."

"But my orders."

"Your orders do not forbid your telling me what I must know in ten minutes, in half an hour, or an hour. Spare me meanwhile ages of uncertainty. See, I ask it of you as if you were my friend. I have no wish to resist or to escape; besides, I am not able. Whither are we going?"

"Unless you are blind or have never been outside the harbor, you must know."

"I do not."

"Look round you, then."

Dantès rose and looked forward, when he saw rise within a hundred yards of him the black and frowning rock on which stands the Château d'If. This gloomy fortress, which has for more than three hundred years furnished food for so many wild legends, appearing thus

suddenly to Dantès had upon him the effect which a view of the scaffold has upon one condemned to death.

"The Château d'If?" cried he; "what are we going there for?"

The gendarme smiled.

"I am not going there to be imprisoned," said Dantès; "it is only used for political prisoners. I have committed no crime. Are there any magistrates or judges at the Château d'If?"

"There are only," said the gendarme, "a governor, a garrison, turnkeys, and good thick walls. Come, come, do not look so astonished, or you will make me think you are laughing at me in return for my good-nature."

Dantès pressed the gendarme's hand as though he would crush it.

"You think, then," said he, "that I am conducted to the château to be imprisoned there?"

"It is probable; but there is no occasion to squeeze so hard."

"Without any formality?"

"All the formalities have been gone through."

"In spite of M. de Villefort's promises?"

"I do not know what M. de Villefort promised you," said the gendarme, "but I know we are taking you to the Château d'If. But what are you doing? Help, comrades, help!"

By a rapid movement which the gendarme's practised eye had perceived, Dantès sprang forward to precipitate himself into the sea; but four vigorous arms seized him as his feet quitted the flooring of the boat. He fell back foaming with rage.

"Good!" said the gendarme, placing his knee on his chest; "this is how you keep the word of a sailor! Believe soft-spoken gentlemen again! Hark ye, my friend!

I have disobeyed my first order, but I will not disobey the second; if you move, I will lodge a bullet in your brain." And he levelled his carbine at Dantès, who felt the muzzle touch his head.

For a moment he entertained the idea of making the forbidden movement, and so ending the evils that had suddenly overtaken him; but just because the evil was unexpected, Dantès thought that it could not be lasting. Then the remembrance of M. de Villefort's promises revived his hopes; and then death on the bottom of a boat at the hands of a gendarme seemed to him ugly and prosaic. He fell back, therefore, upon the seat, uttering a cry of rage and gnawing his hands with fury.

At this moment a violent shock made the bark tremble. One of the sailors leaped on shore, a cord creaked as it ran through a pulley, and Dantès understood that they were at the end of the voyage.

His guardians, taking hold of his arms, forced him to rise, and dragged him towards the steps that led to the gate of the fortress, while the exempt followed, armed with a carbine and bayonet.

Dantès made no resistance; he was like a man in a dream. He saw soldiers who stationed themselves on the sides; he was aware of stairs which obliged him to lift his feet; he perceived that he passed under a door, and that the door was closed behind him, but saw everything as in a mist, without distinguishing anything clearly. He no longer saw even the sea, — that spectacle so mournful to the captive, who looks into space with the painful reflection that he is powerless to traverse it.

They halted for a minute, during which he strove to collect his thoughts. He looked around; he was in a square court surrounded by high walls. He heard the measured

tread of sentinels, and as they passed before the light he saw the barrels of their muskets shine.

They waited upwards of ten minutes. Certain that Dantès could not escape, the gendarmes released him. They seemed awaiting orders. The orders arrived.

"Where is the prisoner?" said a voice.

"Here," replied the gendarmes.

"Let him follow me; I am going to conduct him to his room."

"Go!" said the gendarmes, pushing Dantès.

The prisoner followed his conductor, who led him into a room almost underground, whose bare and reeking walls seemed as though impregnated with tears; a lamp placed on a stool illumined the apartment faintly, and showed Dantès the features of his conductor, an under-jailer, ill-clothed, and of sullen appearance.

"Here is your chamber for to-night," said he. "It is late, and Monsieur the Governor is asleep. To-morrow, when he awakes and is informed of the orders concerning you, he will perhaps change your lodging. In the mean time there is bread, water, and fresh straw; and that is all a prisoner can wish for. Good-night." And before Dantès could open his mouth, before he had noticed where the jailer placed his bread or the water, before he had glanced towards the corner where the straw was, the jailer had disappeared, taking with him the lamp.

Dantès was alone in the darkness and the silence, dumb and still as those vaults whose icy atmosphere he felt upon his burning brow. With the first dawn of day the jailer returned with orders to leave Dantès where he was. He found the prisoner in the same position, as if fixed there, his eyes swollen with weeping. He had passed the night standing, and without sleep. The jailer

advanced; Dantès appeared not to perceive him. He touched him on the shoulder; Edmond started.

"Have you not slept?" said the jailer.

"I do not know," replied Dantès. The jailer stared.

"Are you hungry?" continued he.

"I do not know."

"Do you wish for anything?"

"I wish to see the governor."

The jailer shrugged his shoulders and left the chamber.

Dantès followed him with his eyes, and stretched forth his hands towards the open door; but the door closed. All his emotion then burst forth: he cast himself on the ground, weeping bitterly, and asking himself what crime he had committed that he should be thus punished.

The day passed thus; he scarcely tasted food, but walked round and round the cell like a wild beast in its cage. One thought in particular tormented him; namely, that during his journey hither when, not knowing whither they were conducting him, he had remained so calm and inactive, he might a dozen times have plunged into the sea, and thanks to his powers of swimming, for which he was famous, have gained the shore, concealed himself until the arrival of a Genoese or Spanish vessel, escaped to Spain or Italy, where Mercédès and his father could have joined him. He had no fears as to how he should live; good seamen are welcome everywhere. He spoke Italian like a Tuscan, and Spanish like a Castilian. He would then have been happy, whereas he was now confined in the Château d'If, ignorant of the future destiny of his father and Mercédès; and all this because he had trusted to Villefort's promise. The thought was maddening, and Dantès threw himself furiously down on his straw. The next morning the jailer made his appearance.

"Well," said the jailer, "are you more reasonable to-day?" Dantès made no reply.

"Come, take courage; do you want anything in my power to do for you?"

"I wish to see the governor."

"Eh!" said the jailer, impatiently, "I have already told you it is impossible."

"Why so?"

"Because it is not allowed by the rules."

"What is allowed, then?"

"Better fare, if you pay for it; books, and leave to walk about."

"I do not want books, I am satisfied with my food, and I do not care to walk about; but I wish to see the governor."

"If you worry me by repeating the same thing, I will not bring you any more to eat."

"Well, then," said Edmond, "if you do not, I shall die of hunger, — that is all."

The tone in which Dantès uttered these words showed the jailer that his prisoner was quite willing to die; and therefore, since every prisoner is worth ten sous a day to his jailer, he replied in a more subdued tone, "What you ask is impossible; but if you are very well-behaved you will be allowed to walk about, and some day you will meet the governor; and if he chooses to reply, that is his affair."

"But," asked Dantès, "how long shall I have to wait?"

"Ah! a month — six months — a year."

"It is too long a time. I wish to see him at once."

"Ah," said the jailer, "do not brood always over what is impossible, or you will be mad in a fortnight."

"You think so?"

"Yes, mad; madness always begins in that way. We have an instance of it here. It was by offering continually a million of livres to the governor for his liberty that an abbé became mad who was in this chamber before you."

"How long since he left it?"

"Two years."

"Was he liberated then?"

"No; he was put in a dungeon."

"Listen," said Dantès: "I am not an abbé, I am not mad; perhaps I shall be, but at present unfortunately I am not. I will make you another proposition."

"What is that?"

"I do not offer you a million, because I have n't it to give; but I will give you a hundred crowns if the first time you go to Marseilles you will seek out a young girl named Mercédès, at the Catalans, and give her two lines from me."

"If I took them, and were detected, I should lose my place, which is worth two thousand livres a year; I should be a great fool to run such a risk for three hundred."

"Well," said Dantès, "mark this: if you refuse to carry two lines to Mercédès, or at least to tell her that I am here, I will some day hide myself behind the door, and when you enter I will dash out your brains with this stool."

"Threats!" cried the jailer, retreating and putting himself on the defensive; "you are certainly going mad. The abbé began like you, and in three days you will want a strait-waistcoat, like him; but fortunately there are dungeons here." Dantès seized the stool and whirled it round his head.

"Good!" said the jailer, "very good! Since you will have it so, I will go and notify the governor."

"That is right," returned Dantès, dropping the stool

and sitting on it with drooping head and haggard eyes, as if he were indeed becoming insane. The jailer went out, and returned in an instant with a corporal and four soldiers.

"By the governor's orders," said he, "conduct the prisoner to the story beneath."

"To the dungeon, then," said the corporal.

"Yes; we must put the madman with the madmen." The soldiers seized Dantès, who fell into a sort of atony, and went with them without resistance.

He descended fifteen steps, the door of a dungeon was opened, and he entered, murmuring, "He is right; the mad should be placed with the mad." The door closed, and Dantès advanced with outstretched hands until he touched the wall; he then sat down in the corner until his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. The jailer was right; Dantès wanted but little of being utterly mad.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EVENING OF THE BETROTHAL.

VILLEFORT had, as we have said, hastened back to the Place du Grand Cours, and on entering the house found that the guests whom he had left at table had passed into the salon. Renée, with all the rest of the company, was anxiously awaiting him, and on his entrance he was greeted by a general exclamation.

"Well, decapitator, guardian of the State, Brutus, what is the matter?" said one.

"Are we threatened with a fresh Reign of Terror?" asked another.

"Has the Corsican ogre broken loose?" cried a third.

"Madame the Marchioness," said Villefort, approaching his future mother-in-law, "I request your pardon for thus leaving you. Monsieur the Marquis, honor me by a few moments' private conversation!"

"Ah! this affair is really serious, then?" asked the marquis, remarking the cloud on Villefort's brow.

"So serious that I must take leave of you for a few days; so," added he, turning to Renée, "judge for yourself if it be not important."

"You are going to leave us?" cried Renée, unable to hide her emotion.

"Alas!" returned Villefort, "I must!"

"Where, then, are you going?" asked the marchioness.

"That, Madame, is the secret of justice; but if you

have any commissions for Paris, a friend of mine is going there to-night." The guests looked at each other.

"You wish to speak to me alone?" said the marquis.

"Yes, let us go into your cabinet." The marquis took his arm and left the salon.

"Well!" asked he, as soon as they were in his closet, "tell me, what is it?"

"An affair of the greatest importance, that demands my immediate presence in Paris. Now, excuse the indiscretion, Marquis, but have you any property in state securities?"

"All my fortune is in the Funds, — seven or eight hundred thousand livres."

"Then sell out; sell out, Marquis, as soon as you can."

"Eh! how can I sell out here?"

"You have a broker, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Then give me a letter to him, and tell him to sell out without an instant's delay; perhaps even now I shall arrive too late."

"The devil!" said the marquis, "let us lose no time, then!"

And, sitting down, he wrote a letter to his broker, ordering him to sell out at any price.

"Now, then," said Villefort, placing the letter in his pocket-book, "write another!"

"To whom?"

"To the king."

"I dare not write to his Majesty."

"I do not ask you to write to his Majesty; but ask M. de Salvieux to do so. I want a letter that will enable me to reach the king's presence without all the formalities of demanding an audience; that would occasion a loss of precious time."

"Address yourself to the keeper of the seals; he has the right of entry, and can procure you audience."

"Doubtless; but there is no occasion to divide the merit of my discovery with him. The keeper would leave me in the background, and take all the honor to himself. I tell you, Marquis, my career is assured if I only reach the Tuileries the first, for I shall have rendered the king a service which he cannot forget."

"In that case make your preparations; I will call Salvieux and have him write the letter you require."

"Be as quick as possible, I must be *en route* in a quarter of an hour."

"Make your carriage stop at the door."

"You will present my excuses to the marchioness and Mademoiselle Renée, whom I leave on such a day with great regret."

"They are both in my room; you can say all this for yourself."

"A thousand thanks; busy yourself with the letter."

The marquis rang, a servant entered.

"Inform the Comte de Salvieux I am waiting for him."

"Now, then, go!" said the marquis.

"Yes, but I shall return immediately."

Villefort hastily quitted the apartment, but reflecting that the sight of the deputy *procureur* walking precipitately would be enough to throw the whole city into confusion, he resumed his ordinary pace, which was altogether magisterial. At his door he perceived a figure in the shadow that seemed to wait for him. It was Mercédès, who hearing no news of her lover, had come herself to learn the cause of his arrest.

As Villefort drew near, she advanced and stood before him. Dantès had spoken of his bride, and Villefort instantly recognized her. Her beauty and high bearing

surprised him, and when she inquired what had become of her lover, it seemed to him that she was the judge, and he the accused.

"The young man you speak of," said Villefort, abruptly, "is a great criminal, and I can do nothing for him, Mademoiselle." Mercédès burst into tears, and as Villefort strove to pass her, again addressed him.

"But at least tell me where he is, that I may learn if he is alive or dead," said she.

"I do not know; he is no longer in my hands," replied Villefort.

And desirous of putting an end to the interview, he pushed by her and closed the door, as if to exclude the pain he felt. But remorse is not thus banished; like the fatal shaft of which Virgil speaks, the wounded man carried it with him. He entered and closed the door, but having reached his salon, his strength gave way; he gave vent to a sigh which was like a sob, and sank into a chair.

Then, at the bottom of that diseased heart was produced the first germ of a mortal ulcer. The man he sacrificed to his ambition, that innocent victim he made pay the penalty of his father's faults, appeared to him pale and threatening, leading his affianced bride by the hand, pale like himself, and bringing with him remorse, — not such as the ancients figured, furious and terrible, but that slow and consuming agony whose pangs increase until the end of life. Then he had a moment's hesitation. He had frequently called for capital punishment on criminals, and owing to his irresistible eloquence they had been condemned; and yet the slightest shadow of remorse had never clouded Villefort's brow, because they were guilty, — at least, he believed so. But now the affair was very different. He had doomed an innocent man to the hor-

rors of perpetual imprisonment, — an innocent man who was on the threshold of happiness; in this case he was not the judge, but the executioner.

As he thus reflected, he felt the sensation we have described, and which had hitherto been unknown to him, rise in his bosom, and it filled him with vague apprehensions. It is thus that a wounded man trembles instinctively at the approach of the finger to his wound until it be healed. But Villefort's was one of those that never close, or if they do, only close to reopen more agonizing than ever. If at this moment the sweet voice of Renée had sounded in his ears pleading for mercy, or the fair Mercédès had entered and said, "In the name of God, I conjure you to restore me my affianced husband!" his cold and trembling hands would have signed his release, at the risk of whatever consequences might ensue. But no voice broke the stillness of the chamber, and the door was opened only by Villefort's valet, who came to tell him the travelling-carriage was in readiness.

Villefort rose, or rather sprang from his chair like a man who has triumphed in an internal struggle, hastily opened one of the drawers of his *secrétaire*, emptied all the gold it contained into his pocket, stood motionless an instant, his hand pressed to his head, muttered a few inarticulate sounds, and then perceiving that his servant had placed his cloak on his shoulders, he sprang into the carriage, ordering the postilions to go to Rue du Grand Cours, to the house of M. de Saint-Méran.

So the unhappy Dantès was condemned.

As the marquis had promised, Villefort found the marchioness and Renée in the cabinet. He started when he saw Renée, for he fancied she was again about to plead for Dantès. Alas! she was only thinking of Villefort's departure.

She loved Villefort, and he was leaving her at the moment he was about to become her husband. Villefort knew not when he should return, and Renée, far from pleading for Dantès, hated the man whose crime separated her from her lover.

What, then, had Mercédès to say? She had met Fernand at the corner of the Rue de la Loge; she had returned to the Catalans, and had despairingly cast herself on her couch. Fernand, kneeling by her side, took her hand, and covered it with kisses that Mercédès did not even feel. She passed the night thus. The oil in the lamp burned out, but she did not notice the darkness, and when the day returned she was not aware of its light. Grief had made her blind to all but one object; that was Edmond.

"Ah, you are there!" said she, at length.

"I have not quitted you since yesterday," returned Fernand, sorrowfully.

M. Morrel had not given up the battle. He had learned that Dantès had been conducted to prison, and he had gone to all his friends, and to the influential persons of the city; but the report was already in circulation that Dantès was arrested as a Bonapartist agent, and as the most sanguine looked upon any attempt of Napoleon to remount the throne as madness, he met with nothing but refusal, and had returned home in despair.

Caderousse also was restless and uneasy, but instead of seeking to aid Dantès, he had shut himself up with two bottles of wine, in the hope of drowning reflection. But he did not succeed, and became too intoxicated to fetch any more wine, and yet not so intoxicated as to forget what had happened.

Danglars alone was neither troubled nor uneasy; he was even joyous, — he had got rid of an enemy and pre-

served his situation on board the "Pharaon." Danglars was one of those men of calculation who are born with a pen behind the ear, and an inkstand in place of a heart. Everything with him was multiplication or subtraction; and he estimated the life of a man as less precious than a figure, when that figure could increase, and that life would diminish, the total of the amount.

Villefort, after having received M. de Salvieux's letter, embraced Renée, kissed the marchioness's hand, and shaken hands with the marquis, started for Paris.

The father of Dantès was dying with grief and anxiety.

CHAPTER X.

THE SMALL CABINET OF THE TUILERIES.

We will leave Villefort on the road to Paris, travelling with all speed, will cross two or three apartments, and enter the small cabinet of the Tuileries with the arched window, so well known as having been the favorite cabinet of Napoleon and of Louis XVIII., — as it is also to-day that of Louis Philippe.

There, in this cabinet, seated before a walnut-tree table he had brought with him from Hartwell, and to which, through one of those fancies not uncommon to great people, he was particularly attached, the king, Louis XVIII., was carelessly listening to a man of fifty or fifty-two years of age, with gray hairs, aristocratic bearing, and exceedingly gentlemanly attire, while he was making a note in a volume of Horace, Gryphius's edition, which was much indebted to the sagacious philological observations of his Majesty.

"You say, sir — " said the king.

"That I am exceedingly disquieted, Sire."

"Really? Have you had a dream of the seven fat kine and seven lean kine?"

"No, Sire, for that would only betoken for us seven years of plenty and seven years of scarcity; and with a king as full of foresight as your Majesty, scarcity is not a thing to be feared."

"Then of what other scourge are you afraid, my dear Blacas?"

"Sire, I have every reason to believe that a storm is brewing in the South."

"Well, my dear duke," replied Louis XVIII., "I think you are wrongly informed, and I know positively that on the contrary it is very fine weather in that direction." Man of ability as he was, Louis XVIII. liked a pleasant jest.

"Sire," continued M. de Blacas, "if it only be to reassure a faithful servant, will your Majesty send into Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné, trusty men who will bring you back a faithful report as to the feeling in these three provinces?"

"*Canimus surdis*," replied the king, continuing the annotations in his Horace.

"Sire," replied the courtier, laughing, in order that he might seem to comprehend the quotation, "your Majesty may be perfectly right in relying on the good feeling of France, but I fear I am not altogether wrong in dreading some desperate attempt."

"By whom?"

"By Bonaparte, or at least his party."

"My dear Blacas," said the king, "you with your alarms prevent me from working."

"And you, Sire, with your security prevent me from sleeping."

"Wait, my dear sir, wait a moment, — for I have such a delightful note on the *Pastor quum traheret*, — wait, and I will listen to you afterwards."

There was a brief pause, during which Louis XVIII. wrote in a hand as small as possible another note on the margin of his Horace; and then, looking at the duke with the self-satisfied air of a man who thinks he has an idea of his own while he is but commenting upon the idea of another, he said, —

"Go on, my dear duke, go on; I listen."

"Sire," said Blacas, who had had for a moment the hope of confiscating Villefort to his own profit, "I am compelled to tell you that these are not mere rumors destitute of foundation which thus disquiet me; but a reflective man deserving all my confidence, and charged by me to watch over the South [the duke hesitated as he pronounced these words], has arrived in haste to tell me a great peril threatens the king, and then I hasten to you, Sire."

"*Mala ducis avi domum*," continued Louis XVIII., still annotating.

"Does your Majesty wish me not to continue this subject?"

"By no means, dear duke; but reach out your hand."

"Which?"

"Whichever you please; there, to the left."

"Here, Sire?"

"I tell you to the left, and you seek on the right. I mean on my left, — yes, there; you will find yesterday's report of the minister of police. But here is M. Dandré himself;" and M. Dandré, announced by the chamberlain-in-waiting, entered.

"Come in," said Louis XVIII., with an imperceptible smile, — "come in, Baron, and tell the duke all you know, — the latest news of M. de Bonaparte. Do not conceal anything, however serious; let us see, the island of Elba is a volcano, and we may expect to have issuing thence flaming and bristling war, — *bella, horrida bella.*" M. Dandré leaned very respectfully on the back of a chair with his two hands, and said, —

"Has your Majesty perused yesterday's report?"

"Yes, yes; but tell the duke himself, who cannot find it, what the report contains. Give him the particulars of what the usurper is doing in his islet."

"Monsieur," said the baron to the duke, "all the servants of his Majesty should be gratified by the latest intelligence which we have from the island of Elba. Bonaparte," M. Dandré looked at Louis XVIII., who, employed in writing a note, did not even raise his head, — "Bonaparte," continued the baron, "is mortally wearied, and passes whole days in watching his miners at work at Porto Longone."

"And scratches himself for amusement," added the king.

"Scratches himself?" inquired the duke, "what does your Majesty mean?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear duke. Do you forget that this great man, this hero, this demigod, is attacked with a malady of the skin which worries him to death, *prurigo?*"

"And moreover, Monsieur the Duke," continued the minister of police, "we are almost assured that in a very short time the usurper will be insane."

"Insane?"

"Insane to a degree; his head becomes weaker. Sometimes he weeps bitterly, sometimes laughs boisterously; at other times he passes hours on the sea-shore, flinging stones in the water, and when the flint makes 'duck-and-drake' five or six times, he appears as delighted as if he had gained another Marengo or Austerlitz. Now, you must agree these are indubitable symptoms of weakness."

"Or of wisdom, Monsieur the Baron, — or of wisdom," said Louis XVIII., laughing. "The greatest captains of antiquity amused themselves with casting pebbles into the ocean; see Plutarch's Life of Scipio Africanus."

M. de Blacas pondered deeply on this blind repose of monarch and minister. Villefort, who did not choose to reveal the whole secret, lest another should reap all the benefit of the disclosure, had yet communicated enough to cause him the greatest uneasiness.

"Well, well, Dandré," said Louis XVIII., "Blacas is not yet convinced; proceed, therefore, to the usurper's conversion." The minister of police bowed.

"The usurper's conversion?" murmured the duke, looking at the king and Dandré, who spoke alternately, like Virgil's shepherds. "The usurper converted!"

"Decidedly, my dear duke."

"In what way converted?"

"To good principles. Explain it, Baron."

"Why, this it is, Monsieur the Duke," said the minister, with the gravest air in the world: "Napoleon lately had a review, and as two or three of his old veterans showed a desire to return to France, he gave them their dismissal, and exhorted them to 'serve their good king.' These were his own words, Monsieur the Duke, I am certain of that."

"Well, Blacas, what do you think of it?" inquired the king triumphantly, and neglecting for a moment the voluminous scholiast before him.

"I say, Sire, that Monsieur the Minister of Police is greatly deceived, or I am; and as it is impossible it can be the minister of police, since he has the guardianship of the safety and honor of your Majesty, it is probable I am in error. However, Sire, if I might advise, your Majesty will interrogate the person of whom I spoke to you, and I will urge your Majesty to do him this honor."

"Most willingly, Duke; under your auspices I will receive any person you please, but with arms in hand. Monsieur the Minister, have you any report more recent than this? This is dated February 20, and we have reached the 3d of March."

"No, Sire, but I am hourly expecting one; it may have arrived since I left my office this morning."

"Go thither, and if there be none — well, well," con-

tinued Louis XVIII., "make one; that is the usual way, is it not?" and the king laughed facetiously.

"Oh, Sire," replied the minister, "we have no occasion to invent any; every day our desks are loaded with most circumstantial denunciations coming from crowds of individuals who hope for some return for services which they do not render, but would like to. They trust to fortune, and hope that some unexpected event will give a kind of reality to their predictions."

"Well, sir, go," said Louis XVIII., "and remember that I am waiting for you."

"I will but go and return, Sire; I shall be back in ten minutes."

"And I, Sire," said M. de Blacas, "will go and find my messenger."

"Wait, sir, wait," said Louis XVIII. "Really, Blacas, I must change your armorial bearings; I will give you an eagle with outstretched wings, holding in its claws a prey which tries in vain to escape, and bearing this device, — *Tenax.*"

"Sire, I listen," said M. de Blacas, biting his nails with impatience.

"I wish to consult you on this passage, '*Molli fugiens anhelitu;*' you know it refers to a stag flying from a wolf. Are you not a sportsman and a great wolf-hunter? Well, then, what do you think of the *molli anhelitu?*"

"Admirable, Sire; but my messenger is like the stag you refer to, for he has posted two hundred and twenty leagues in little more than three days."

"Which is undergoing great fatigue and anxiety, my dear duke, when we have a telegraph which takes only three or four hours, and that without putting it in the least in the world out of breath."

"Ah, Sire, you recompense but badly this poor young

man, who has come so far, and with so much ardor, to give your Majesty useful information. If only for the sake of M. de Salvieux, who recommends him to me, I entreat your Majesty to receive him graciously."

"M. de Salvieux, my brother's chamberlain?"

"Yes, Sire."

"He is at Marseilles."

"And writes me thence."

"Does he speak to you of this conspiracy?"

"No; but strongly recommends M. de Villefort, and begs me to present him to your Majesty."

"M. de Villefort!" cried the king, "is the messenger's name M. de Villefort?"

"Yes, Sire."

"And he comes from Marseilles?"

"In person."

"Why did you not mention his name at once?" replied the king, betraying some uneasiness.

"Sire, I thought his name was unknown to your Majesty."

"No, no, Blacas; he is a man of strong and elevated understanding, ambitious too, and, *pardieu!* you know his father's name."

"His father?"

"Yes, Noirtier."

"Noirtier the Girondin? Noirtier the senator?"

"He himself."

"And your Majesty has employed the son of such a man?"

"Blacas, my friend, you have but limited comprehension. I told you Villefort was ambitious; to win success Villefort would sacrifice everything, even his father."

"Then, Sire, may I present him?"

"This instant, Duke! Where is he?"

"Waiting below, in my carriage."

"Go for him at once."

"I will do so."

The duke left the royal presence with the speed of a young man; his really sincere royalism made him youthful again. Louis XVIII. remained alone, and turning his eyes on his half-opened Horace, muttered, "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*"

M. de Blacas returned with the same rapidity he had descended, but in the ante-chamber he was forced to appeal to the king's authority. Villefort's dusty garb, his costume, which was not of courtly cut, excited the susceptibility of M. de Brézé, who was all astonishment at finding that this young man had the pretension to enter before the king in such attire. The duke, however, removed all difficulties with a word, — his Majesty's order; and in spite of the observations which the master of the ceremonies made for the honor of his office and principles, Villefort was introduced.

The king was seated in the same place where the duke had left him. On opening the door, Villefort found himself facing him, and the young magistrate's first impulse was to pause.

"Come in, M. de Villefort," said the king, "come in." Villefort bowed, and advancing a few steps, waited until the king should interrogate him.

"M. de Villefort," said Louis XVIII., "the Duc de Blacas assures me you have some important information to communicate."

"Sire, the duke is right; and I believe your Majesty will recognize its importance."

"In the first place, and before everything else, sir, is the evil as great in your opinion as they wish to make me believe?"

"Sire, I believe the evil to be great, but I hope, thanks to the speed I have used, that it is not irreparable."

"Speak as fully as you please, sir," said the king, who began to give way to the emotion which had showed itself in Blacas's face and affected Villefort's voice. "Speak, sir, and pray begin at the beginning; I like order in everything."

"Sire," said Villefort, "I will render a faithful report to your Majesty, but I must entreat your forgiveness if my anxiety creates some obscurity in my language." A glance at the king after this discreet and subtle exordium assured Villefort of the benignity of his august auditor, and he continued, —

"Sire, I have come as rapidly to Paris as possible, to inform your Majesty that I have discovered in the exercise of my duties, not a commonplace and insignificant plot, such as is every day got up in the lower ranks of the people and in the army, but an actual conspiracy, — a storm which menaces even the throne of your Majesty. Sire, the usurper is arming three ships; he meditates some project, which, however mad, may yet be terrible. At this moment he will have left Elba, to go — whither? I know not, but assuredly to attempt a landing either at Naples, or on the coast of Tuscany, or perhaps on the shore of France. Your Majesty is well aware that the sovereign of the Isle of Elba has maintained his relations with Italy and France?"

"I am, Monsieur," said the king, much agitated; "and recently we have had information of Bonapartist *réunions* in the Rue St. Jacques. But proceed, I beg of you. How did you obtain these details?"

"Sire, they are the results of an examination which I have made of a man of Marseilles, whom I have watched for some time, and arrested on the day of my departure.

This person, a sailor of turbulent character, and whom I suspected of Bonapartism, has been secretly to the Isle of Elba. There he saw the grand-marshal, who charged him with a verbal mission to a Bonapartist in Paris, whose name I could not extract from him; but this mission was to prepare men's minds for a return (it is the man who says this, Sire), — a return which will soon occur."

"And where is this man?"

"In prison, Sire."

"And the matter seems serious to you?"

"So serious, Sire, that when this event surprised me in the midst of a family festival, on the very day of my betrothal, I left my bride and friends, postponing everything that I might hasten to lay at your Majesty's feet the fears which impressed me, and the assurance of my devotion."

"True," said Louis XVIII.; "was there not a marriage engagement between you and Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran?"

"Daughter of one of your Majesty's most faithful servants."

"Yes, yes; but let us talk of this plot, M. de Villefort."

"Sire, I fear it is more than a plot; I fear it is a conspiracy."

"A conspiracy in these times," said Louis XVIII., smiling, "is a thing very easy to meditate, but more difficult to conduct to success, inasmuch as, re-established so recently on the throne of our ancestors, we have our eyes open at once upon the past, the present, and the future. For the last ten months my ministers have redoubled their vigilant watch of the shore of the Mediterranean, although it is well guarded. If Bonaparte landed at Naples, the whole coalition would be on foot before he could even reach Piombino; if he land in Tuscany, he will be

in an unfriendly territory; if he land in France, it must be with a handful of men, and the result of that is easily foretold, execrated as he is by the population. Take courage, sir; but at the same time rely on our royal gratitude."

"Ah, here is M. Dandré!" cried Blacas. At this instant the minister of police appeared at the door, pale, trembling, and as if ready to faint. Villefort was about to retire, but M. de Blacas, taking his hand, restrained him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OGRE OF CORSICA.

At the sight of this agitation Louis XVIII. violently pushed away the table at which he was writing.

"What ails you, Monsieur the Baron?" he exclaimed. "You appear quite aghast. This trouble, this hesitation, — have they anything to do with what M. de Blacas has told me, and M. de Villefort has just confirmed?"

M. de Blacas moved suddenly towards the baron, but the fright of the courtier dominated the triumph of the statesman; and besides, as matters were, it was much more to his advantage that the prefect of police should triumph over him than that he should humiliate the prefect.

"Sire — " stammered the baron.

"Well, what is it?" asked Louis XVIII. The minister of police, giving way to an impulse of despair, was about to throw himself at the feet of Louis XVIII., who retreated a step and frowned.

"Will you speak?" he said.

"Oh, Sire, what a dreadful misfortune! I am indeed to be pitied. I can never forgive myself!"

"Monsieur," said Louis XVIII., "I command you to speak!"

"Well, Sire, the usurper left Elba on the 26th of February, and landed on the 1st of March."

"And where, — in Italy?" asked the king, eagerly.

"In France, Sire; at a small port, near Antibes, in the Gulf of Juan."

"The usurper landed in France near Antibes, in the Gulf of Juan, two hundred and fifty leagues from Paris, on the 1st of March, and you acquired this information only to-day, the 4th of March! Well, sir, what you tell me is impossible. You must have received a false report, or you have gone mad."

"Alas, Sire, it is but too true!"

Louis made a gesture of indescribable anger and alarm, and then drew himself up as if this sudden blow had struck him at the same moment in heart and countenance.

"In France!" he cried, "the usurper in France! Then they did not watch over this man. Who knows? they were perhaps in league with him!"

"Oh, Sire!" exclaimed the Duc de Blacas, "M. Dandré is not a man to be accused of treason! Sire, we have all been blind, and the minister of police has shared the general blindness, — that is all."

"But —" said Villefort, and then suddenly checked himself. "Your pardon, Sire," he said, bowing; "my zeal carried me away. Will your Majesty deign to excuse me?"

"Speak, sir, speak boldly," replied Louis. "You alone forewarned us of the evil; advise us now while we look for the remedy!"

"Sire," said Villefort, "the usurper is detested in the South; and it seems to me that if he ventures thither, it will be easy to raise Languedoc and Provence against him."

"Yes, assuredly," replied the minister; "but he is advancing by Gap and Sisteron."

"Advancing! he is advancing!" said Louis XVIII. "Is he then advancing on Paris?"

The minister of police kept a silence which was equivalent to a full admission.

"And Dauphiné, Monsieur?" inquired the king, of Villefort. "Do you think it possible to rouse that as well as Provence?"

"Sire, I am sorry to tell your Majesty a cruel fact; but the feeling in Dauphiné is far from resembling that of Provence or Languedoc. The mountaineers are Bonapartists, Sire."

"Then," murmured Louis, "he was well informed. And how many men had he with him?"

"I do not know, Sire," answered the minister of police.

"What! you do not know? Have you neglected to obtain information of this circumstance? It is true this is of small importance," he added with a withering smile.

"Sire, it was impossible to learn; the despatch simply stated the fact of the landing and the route taken by the usurper."

"And how did this despatch reach you?" inquired the king.

The minister bowed his head, and while a deep color overspread his cheeks, he stammered out, "By the telegraph, Sire."

Louis XVIII. advanced a step, and folded his arms over his chest as Napoleon would have done. "So, then," he exclaimed, turning pale with anger, "seven allied armies overthrew that man. A miracle of Heaven replaced me on the throne of my fathers after twenty-five years of exile. I have, during those five and twenty years, studied, sounded, analyzed the men and things of that France which was promised to me; and when I have attained the end of all my wishes, the power I hold in my hands bursts and shatters me to atoms!"

"Sire, it is fatality!" murmured the minister, feeling

that such a pressure, however light for destiny, was sufficient to overwhelm a man.

"What our enemies say of us is then true: we have learned nothing, forgotten nothing! If I were betrayed as he was, I would console myself; but to be in the midst of persons elevated by myself to dignities, who ought to watch over me more carefully than over themselves, — for my fortune is theirs; before me they were nothing, after me they will be nothing, — and perish miserably from incapacity, ineptitude! Oh, yes, Monsieur, you are right, — it is fatality!"

The minister was bowed beneath this crushing sarcasm. M. de Blacas wiped the moisture from his brow. Villefort smiled within himself, for he perceived his increased importance.

"To fall!" continued King Louis, who at the first glance had sounded the abyss over which the monarchy hung suspended, — "to fall, and learn that fall by telegraph! Oh! I would rather mount the scaffold of my brother, Louis XVI., than thus descend the staircase of the Tuileries driven away by ridicule. Ridicule, Monsieur! why you know not its power in France, and yet you ought to know it!"

"Sire, Sire," murmured the minister, "for pity's —"

"Approach, M. de Villefort," resumed the king, addressing the young man, who, motionless and breathless, was listening to a conversation on which depended the destiny of a kingdom, — "approach, and tell Monsieur that it was impossible to know beforehand all that he has not known."

"Sire, it was really impossible to learn secrets which that man concealed from all the world."

"Really impossible! Yes; that is a great word, Monsieur. Unfortunately, there are great words, as there are

great men; I have measured them. Really impossible for a minister who has an office, agents, spies, and fifteen hundred thousand francs for secret-service money, to know what is going on at sixty leagues from the coast of France! Well, then, see; here is a gentleman who had none of these resources at his disposal, — a gentleman, only a simple magistrate, who learned more than you with all your police, and who would have saved my crown, if, like you, he had the power of directing a telegraph."

The look of the minister of police was turned with an expression of concentrated hatred on Villefort, who bent his head with the modesty of triumph.

"I do not mean that for you, Blacas," continued Louis XVIII.; "for if you have discovered nothing, at least you have had the good sense to persevere in your suspicions. Any other than yourself would have considered the disclosure of M. de Villefort as insignificant, or else dictated by a venal ambition."

These words were meant to allude to those which the minister of police had uttered with so much confidence an hour before. Villefort understood the drift of the king's remarks. Any other person would perhaps have been too much overcome by the intoxication of praise; but he feared to make for himself a mortal enemy of the police minister, although he perceived that Dandré was irrevocably lost. In fact, the minister, who in the plenitude of his power had been unable to penetrate Napoleon's secret, might in the convulsions of his dying throes penetrate his (Villefort's) secret, for which end he had but to interrogate Dantès. He therefore came to the rescue of the crest-fallen minister, instead of aiding to crush him.

"Sire," said Villefort, "the rapidity of the event must prove to your Majesty that God alone can prevent it, by raising a tempest; what your Majesty is pleased to attri-

bute to me as profound perspicacity is simply owing to chance, and I have profited by that chance like a good and devoted servant, — that 's all. Do not attribute to me more than I deserve, Sire, that your Majesty may never have occasion to recall the first opinion you have been pleased to form of me."

The minister of police thanked the young man by an eloquent look, and Villefort understood that he had succeeded in his design; that is to say, that without forfeiting the gratitude of the king he had made a friend of one on whom, in case of necessity, he might rely.

"'T is well!" resumed the king. "And now, gentlemen," he continued, turning towards M. de Blacas and the minister of police, "I have no further occasion for you, and you may retire; what now remains to do must be done through the department of the minister of war."

"Fortunately, Sire," said M. de Blacas, "we can rely on the army; your Majesty knows how every report confirms their loyalty and attachment."

"Do not mention reports, Monsieur, to me! for I know now what confidence to place in them. Yet, *à propos* of reports, Monsieur the Baron, what intelligence have you as to the affair in the Rue St. Jacques?"

"The affair in the Rue St. Jacques!" exclaimed Villefort, unable to repress an exclamation. Then, suddenly pausing, he added, "Your pardon, Sire, but my devotion to your Majesty has made me forget, not my respect towards you, for that is too deeply engraven in my heart, but the rules of etiquette."

"Say and act, sir!" replied the king; "you have acquired to-day the right to ask questions."

"Sire," replied the minister of police, "I came this moment to give your Majesty fresh information which I had obtained on this head, when your Majesty's attention

was attracted by this terrible affair of the gulf; and now these facts will cease to interest your Majesty."

"On the contrary, Monsieur, — on the contrary," said Louis XVIII., "this affair seems to me to have a decided connection with that which occupies our attention; and the death of General Quesnel will perhaps put us on the direct track of a great internal conspiracy."

At the name of General Quesnel, Villefort trembled.

"In fact, Sire," said the minister of police, "all evidence leads to the conclusion that this death is not the result of a suicide, as we at first believed, but of an assassination. General Quesnel had quitted, as it appears, a Bonapartist club when he disappeared. An unknown person had been with him that morning, and made an appointment with him in the Rue St. Jacques; unfortunately, the general's *valet-de-chambre*, who was dressing his hair at the moment when the stranger entered, though he heard the street mentioned, did not catch the number."

As the police minister related this to the king, Villefort, who followed the recital as if his very existence hung upon it, turned alternately red and pale. The king looked towards him.

"Do you not think with me, M. de Villefort, that General Quesnel, whom they believed attached to the usurper, but who was really entirely devoted to me, has perished the victim of a Bonapartist ambush?"

"It is probable, Sire," replied Villefort. "But is this all that is known?"

"They are on the traces of the man who appointed the meeting with him."

"On his traces?" said Villefort.

"Yes, the servant has given his description. He is a man of from fifty to fifty-two years of age, brown, with

black eyes covered with shaggy eyebrows, and a thick mustache. He was dressed in a blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, and wore at his button-hole the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor. Yesterday an individual was followed exactly corresponding with this description, but he was lost sight of at the corner of the Rue de la Jussienne and the Rue Coq-Héron."

Villefort leaned on the back of an armchair, for as the minister of police spoke he felt his legs bend under him; but when he learned that the unknown had escaped the vigilance of the agent who followed him, he breathed again.

"Continue to seek for this man, Monsieur," said the king to the minister of police; "for if, as all conspires to convince me, General Quesnel, who would have been so useful to us at this moment, has been murdered, his assassins, Bonapartists or not, shall be cruelly punished."

It required all Villefort's *sang-froid* not to betray the terror with which this declaration of the king inspired him.

"How strange!" continued the king, with some asperity. "The police thinks all is said when it says, 'A murder has been committed;' and particularly when it adds, 'We are on the trace of the guilty persons.'"

"Sire, your Majesty will, I trust, be amply satisfied on this point at least."

"We shall see. I will no longer detain you, Baron. M. de Villefort, you must be fatigued after so long a journey; go and rest yourself. Of course you stopped at your father's?"

A faintness came over Villefort. "No, Sire," he replied; "I alighted at the Hôtel de Madrid, in the Rue de Tournon."

"But you have seen him?"

"Sire, I went straight to M. le Duc de Blacas."

"But you will see him, then?"

"I think not, Sire."

"Ah, I forgot," said Louis, smiling in a manner which proved that all these questions were not made without a motive; "I forgot you and M. Noirtier are not on the best terms possible; that is another sacrifice made to the royal cause, and for which you should be recompensed."

"Sire, the kindness your Majesty deigns to evince towards me is a recompense which so far surpasses my utmost ambition that I have nothing more to request."

"Never mind, Monsieur, we will not forget you; make your mind easy. In the meanwhile [the king here detached the cross of the Legion of Honor which he usually wore over his blue coat near the cross of Saint Louis, above the order of Notre Dame du Mont Carmel and St. Lazare, and gave it to Villefort] — in the meanwhile take this cross."

"Sire," said Villefort, "your Majesty mistakes; this cross is that of an officer."

"*Ma foi!*" said Louis XVIII., "take it, such as it is, for I have not the time to procure you another. Blacas, let it be your care to see that the brevet is made out and sent to M. de Villefort."

Villefort's eyes were filled with tears of joy and pride; he took the cross and kissed it. "And now," he said, "may I inquire what are the orders with which your Majesty deigns to honor me?"

"Take what rest you require; and remember that, unable to serve me here in Paris, you may be of the greatest service to me at Marseilles."

"Sire," replied Villefort, bowing, "in an hour I shall have quitted Paris."

"Go, sir," said the king; "and should I forget you

(king's memories are short), do not be afraid to bring yourself to my recollection. Monsieur the Baron, send for the minister of war. Blacas, remain."

"Ah, sir," said the minister of police to Villefort, as they left the Tuileries, "you enter by the right door; your fortune is made."

"Will it continue?" muttered Villefort, saluting the minister, whose career was ended, and looking about him for a hackney-coach. One passed at the moment, which he hailed. He gave his address to the driver, and springing in, threw himself on the seat, and gave loose to dreams of ambition.

Ten minutes afterwards Villefort reached his hotel, ordered his horses in two hours, and desired to have his breakfast brought to him. He was about to commence his repast when the sound of the bell, rung by a free and firm hand, was heard. The valet opened the door, and Villefort heard his name pronounced.

"Who could know that I was here already?" said the young man.

The valet entered.

"Well," said Villefort, "what is it? Who rang? Who asked for me?"

"A stranger, who will not send in his name."

"A stranger who will not send in his name! What can he want with me?"

"He wishes to speak to you."

"To me?"

"Yes."

"Did he mention my name?"

"Yes."

"What sort of person is he?"

"Why, sir, a man of about fifty."

"Short or tall?"

"About your own height, sir."

"Dark or fair?"

"Dark, — very dark; with black eyes, black hair, black eyebrows."

"And how dressed?" asked Villefort, quickly.

"In a blue frock-coat, buttoned up close, decorated with the Legion of Honor."

"It is he!" said Villefort, turning pale.

"Eh, *pardieu!*" said the individual whose description we have twice given, entering the door, "what a great deal of ceremony! Is it the custom in Marseilles for sons to keep their fathers waiting in their ante-rooms?"

"Father!" cried Villefort, "then I was not deceived; I felt sure it must be you."

"Well, then, if you felt so sure," replied the new-comer, putting his cane in a corner and his hat on a chair, "allow me to say, my dear Gérard, that it was not very filial of you to keep me waiting at the door."

"Leave us, Germain," said Villefort. The servant quitted the apartment with evident signs of astonishment.

CHAPTER XII.

FATHER AND SON.

M. NOIRTIER — for it was indeed he who entered — followed with his eyes the servant until he had closed the door, and then, fearing, no doubt, that he might be overheard in the ante-chamber, he opened the door again; nor was the precaution useless, as appeared from the rapid retreat of Germain, who proved that he was not exempt from the sin which ruined our first parents. M. Noirtier then took the trouble to close carefully the door of the ante-chamber, then that of the bed-chamber, and then extended his hand to Villefort, who had followed all his motions with a surprise from which he had not yet recovered.

"Well, now, my dear Gérard," said the visitor to the young man, with a very significant look, "do you know, you seem as if you were not very glad to see me?"

"My dear father," said Villefort, "I am, on the contrary, delighted; but I so little expected your visit that it has somewhat overcome me."

"But, my dear fellow," replied M. Noirtier, seating himself, "I might say the same thing to you, when you announce to me your wedding for the 28th of February, and on the 4th of March are here in Paris."

"And if I have come, my dear father," said Gérard, drawing closer to M. Noirtier, "do not complain, for it is for you that I came, and my journey will perhaps be your salvation."

"Ah, indeed!" said M. Noirtier, stretching himself out at his ease in the chair. "Really, pray tell me all about it, Monsieur the Magistrate, for it must be interesting."

"Father, you have heard of a certain club of Bonapartists held in the Rue St. Jacques?"

"No. 53; yes, I am its vice-president."

"Father, your coolness makes me shudder."

"Why, my dear boy, when a man has been proscribed by the mountaineers, has escaped from Paris in a hay-cart, been hunted in the wilderness of Bordeaux by M. Robespierre's bloodhounds, he becomes accustomed to most things. But go on, what about the club in the Rue St. Jacques?"

"Why, they induced General Quesnel to go there; and General Quesnel, who quitted his own house at nine o'clock in the evening, was found the next day in the Seine."

"And who told you this fine story?"

"The king himself."

"Well, then, in return for your story," continued Noirtier, "I will tell you another."

"My dear father, I think I already know what you are about to tell me."

"Ah, you have heard of the landing of his Majesty the Emperor?"

"Not so loud, Father, I entreat of you, — for your own sake as well as mine. Yes, I heard this news, and knew it even before you could; for three days ago I posted from Marseilles to Paris with all possible speed, and half-desperate because I could not send with a wish two hundred leagues ahead of me the thought which was agitating my brain."

"Three days ago! You are crazy. Why, three days ago the emperor had not landed."

"No matter; I was aware of his project."

"How did you learn it?"

"By a letter addressed to you from the Isle of Elba."

"To me?"

"To you; and which I discovered in the pocket-book of the messenger. Had that letter fallen into the hands of another, you, my dear father, would probably ere this have been shot."

Villefort's father laughed. "Come, come," said he, "it appears that the Restoration has learned from the Empire the mode of settling affairs speedily. Shot, my dear boy! you go ahead with a vengeance. Where is this letter you talk about? I know you too well to suppose you would allow such a thing to pass you."

"I burned it, for fear that some fragment might remain, for that letter would have been your condemnation."

"And the destruction of your prospects," replied Noirtier; "yes, I can easily comprehend that. But I have nothing to fear while I have you to protect me."

"I do better than that, Monsieur; I save you!"

"You do? Why, really, the thing becomes more and more dramatic; explain yourself!"

"I must refer again to the club in the Rue St. Jacques."

"It appears that this club is rather a bore to the police. Why did n't they search more vigilantly? They would have found —"

"They have not found; but they are on the track."

"Yes, that 's the usual phrase; I know it well. When the police is at fault it declares that it is on the track, and the Government patiently awaits the day when it comes to say with a sneaking air that the track is lost."

"Yes, but they have found a corpse; General Quesnel has been killed, and in all countries they call that a murder."

"A murder, do you say? Why, there is nothing to prove that the general was murdered. People are found every day in the Seine, having thrown themselves in, or been drowned through not knowing how to swim."

"Father, you know very well that the general was not a man to drown himself in despair; and people do not bathe in the Seine in the month of January. No, no! do not mistake; this death was clearly a murder."

"And who thus designated it?"

"The king himself."

"The king! I thought he was philosopher enough to allow that there was no murder in politics. In politics, my dear fellow, you know as well as I do there are no men, but ideas; no feelings, but interests; in politics we do not kill a man, we remove an obstacle. Would you like to know what has really happened? Well, I will tell you. It was thought that reliance might be placed on General Quesnel; he was recommended to us from the Isle of Elba. One of us went to him and invited him to the Rue St. Jacques, where he would find some friends. He came there, and the plan was unfolded to him, — the departure from Elba, the projected landing, etc. When he had heard and comprehended all to the fullest extent, he replied that he was a Royalist. Then all looked at each other, — he was made to take an oath, and did so, but with such an ill grace that it was really tempting Providence to swear thus! And yet in spite of that, the general was allowed to depart free, — perfectly free. Yet he did not return home. What could that mean? Why, my dear fellow, only that on leaving us he lost his way. A murder! really, Villefort, you surprise me. You, a deputy *procureur*, to found an accusation on such bad premises! Did I ever say to you, when you were fulfilling your character as a Royalist, and cut off the head of

one of my party, 'My son, you have committed a murder'? No; I said, 'Very well, Monsieur, you have gained the victory; to-morrow, perchance, it will be our turn.'"

"But, Father, take care; when our turn comes, our revenge will be sweeping."

"I do not understand you."

"You rely on the usurper's return?"

"We do."

"You are mistaken; he will not advance two leagues into the interior of France without being followed, tracked, and caught like a wild beast."

"My dear fellow, the emperor is at this moment on the way to Grenoble; on the 10th or 12th he will be at Lyons, and on the 20th or 25th at Paris."

"The population will rise."

"Yes, to go to meet him."

"He has but a handful of men with him; and armies will be despatched against him."

"Yes, they will escort him into the capital. Really, my dear Gérard, you are but a child; you think yourself well informed because a telegraph has told you three days after the landing, 'The usurper has landed at Cannes with several men. He is pursued.' But where is he; what is he doing? You know nothing about it. He is pursued; that is all you know. Very well, in this way they will pursue him to Paris without drawing a trigger."

"Grenoble and Lyons are faithful cities, and will oppose to him an impassable barrier."

"Grenoble will open her gates to him with enthusiasm; all Lyons will hasten to welcome him. Believe me, we are as well informed as you; and our police is as good as your own. Would you like a proof of it? Well, you wished to conceal your journey from me; and yet I knew of your arrival half an hour after you had passed the barrier. You

gave your direction to no one but your postilion; yet I have your address, and in proof I am here the very instant you are going to sit at table. Ring, then, if you please, for a second knife, fork, and plate, and we will dine together."

"Indeed!" replied Villefort, looking at his father with astonishment, "you really do seem very well informed."

"Eh! the thing is simple enough. You who are in power have only the means that money produces; we who are in expectation have those which devotion prompts."

"Devotion?" said Villefort, smiling.

"Yes, devotion; that is, I believe, the word for hopeful ambition." And Villefort's father extended his hand to the bell-rope to summon the servant whom his son had not called. Villefort arrested his arm.

"Wait, my dear father," said the young man; "one other word."

"Say it."

"However ill-conducted is the Royalist police, they yet know one terrible thing."

"What is that?"

"The description of the man who, on the morning of the day when General Quesnel disappeared, presented himself at his house."

"Oh, the admirable police have found that out, have they? And what may be that description?"

"Brown complexion; hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, black; blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin; rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole; a hat with wide brim, and a Malacca cane."

"Ah, ah! they know that?" said Noirtier; "and why, then, have they not laid hands on the man?"

"Because yesterday, or the day before, they lost sight of him at the corner of the Rue Coq-Héron."

"Did n't I say your police was good for nothing?"

"Yes; but still it may lay hands on him."

"True," said Noirtier, looking carelessly around him, — "true, if this individual were not warned; but he is." And he added with a smile, "He will consequently change looks and costume." At these words he rose and put off his frock-coat and cravat, went towards a table on which lay his son's toilet articles, lathered his face, took a razor, and with a firm hand cut off the treacherous whiskers which gave the police so plain a mark of description. Villefort watched him with alarm not unmixed with admiration.

His whiskers cut off, Noirtier gave his hair a new turn, took, instead of his black cravat, a colored neckerchief which lay at the top of an open portmanteau, put on, in lieu of his blue and high-buttoned frock-coat, a coat of Villefort's of dark brown and sloped away in front, tried on before the glass a narrow-brimmed hat of his son's which appeared to fit him perfectly; and leaving his cane in the corner where he had deposited it, he made to whistle in his powerful hand a small bamboo switch, which the dandy deputy used when he walked, and which aided in giving him that easy swagger which was one of his principal characteristics.

"Well," he said, turning towards his wondering son when this disguise was completed, — "well, do you think your police will recognize me now?

"No, Father," stammered Villefort; "at least, I hope not."

"And now, my dear boy," continued Noirtier, "I rely on your prudence to remove all the things which I leave in your care."

"Oh, rely on me," said Villefort.

"Yes, yes! and now I believe you are right, and that

you have really saved my life; but be assured I will return the obligation to you very soon."

Villefort shook his head.

"You are not convinced yet?"

"I hope, at least, that you may be mistaken."

"Shall you see the king again?"

"Perhaps."

"Would you pass in his eyes for a prophet?"

"Prophets of evil are not in favor at the court, Father."

"True, but some day justice is done to them; and supposing a second restoration, you would then pass for a great man."

"Well, what should I say to the king?"

"Say this to him: 'Sire, you are deceived as to the feeling in France, as to the opinions of the towns and the prejudices of the army; he whom in Paris you call the ogre of Corsica, who at Nevers is styled the usurper, is already saluted as Bonaparte at Lyons, and emperor at Grenoble. You think he is tracked, pursued, captured; he is advancing as rapidly as his own eagles. The soldiers you believe dying with hunger, worn out with fatigue, ready to desert, increase like atoms of snow about the rolling ball which hastens onward. Sire, go! leave France to its real master, — to him who did not buy, but conquered it. Go, Sire! not that you incur any risk, — for your adversary is powerful enough to show you mercy, — but because it would be humiliating for a grandson of Saint Louis to owe his life to the man of Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz.' Tell him this, Gérard; or rather, tell him nothing. Keep your journey a secret; do not boast of what you have come to Paris to do, or have done. Return with all speed; enter Marseilles at night, and your house by the back-door, and there remain, quiet, submissive, secret, and,

above all, inoffensive, for this time, I swear to you, we shall act like powerful men who know their enemies. Go, my son; go, my dear Gérard; and through your obedience to my paternal orders — or, if you prefer it, friendly counsels — we shall be able to keep you in your place. This will be," added Noirtier, with a smile, "a means by which you may a second time save me if the political balance should one day place you high and me low. Adieu, my dear Gérard, and on your next journey alight at my door." Noirtier left the room when he had finished, with the same calmness that had characterized him during the whole of this remarkable and trying conversation. Villefort, pale and agitated, ran to the window, put aside the curtain, and saw him pass, cool and collected, by two or three ill-looking men at the corner of the street, who were there, perhaps, to arrest a man with black whiskers and a blue frock-coat and hat with broad brim.

Villefort stood watching, breathless, until his father had disappeared at the Rue Bussy. Then he turned to the various articles he had left behind him, put at the bottom of his portmanteau his black cravat and blue frock-coat, threw the hat into a dark closet, broke the cane into small bits and flung it in the fire, put on his travelling-cap, and calling his valet, checked with a look the thousand questions he was ready to ask, paid his bill, sprang into his carriage, which was ready, learned at Lyons that Bonaparte had entered Grenoble, and through the midst of the tumult which prevailed along the road, at length reached Marseilles, a prey to all the hopes and fears which enter into the heart of an ambitious man amid his first successes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

M. Noirtier was a true prophet, and things progressed rapidly, as he had predicted. Every one knows the history of the famous return from Elba, — that strange and wonderful return, which, without example in the past, will probably remain without imitation in the future.

Louis XVIII. made but a faint attempt to parry this unexpected blow. The monarchy which he had scarcely reconstructed tottered on its precarious foundation, and it needed but a sign of the emperor to hurl to the ground all this edifice incongruously constructed of ancient prejudices and new ideas. Villefort therefore gained nothing save the king's gratitude (which was rather likely to injure him at the present time) and the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had the prudence not to wear, although M. de Blacas had duly forwarded the brevet.

Napoleon would doubtless have deprived Villefort of his office had it not been for Noirtier, who was all-powerful at the court; and thus the Girondin of '93 and the senator of 1806 protected him who so lately had been his protector. All Villefort's power was devoted during that revival of the empire — of which, however, it was easy to foresee the second fall — to stifling the secret which Dantès had so nearly divulged. The *procureur du roi* alone was deprived of his office, being suspected of royalism.

However, scarcely was the imperial power re-estab-

lished, — that is, scarcely had the emperor re-entered the Tuileries and issued his numerous orders from that little cabinet into which we have introduced our readers, and on the table of which he found Louis XVIII.'s snuff-box half-full, — when Marseilles, notwithstanding the attitude of the magistrates, became aware that the embers of civil war (only partly extinguished in the South) were beginning to glow again; it would require but little to excite the populace to acts of more decided violence than the shouts and insults with which they assailed the Royalists whenever they ventured abroad.

Owing to this change, the worthy ship-owner became at that moment, we will not say all-powerful, because Morrel was a prudent and rather a timid man, — so much so that many of the most zealous partisans of Bonaparte accused him of "moderation," — but sufficiently influential to make his voice heard in the utterance of a demand; and that demand, we may easily divine, had Dantès for its subject.

Villefort retained his place notwithstanding the fall of his chief, but his marriage was put off until a more favorable opportunity. If the emperor remained on the throne, Gérard would need a different alliance to aid his career, and his father had undertaken to procure one for him; if Louis XVIII. should return to the throne, the influence of M. de Saint-Méran would be much increased, as well as his own, and the marriage would be more desirable than ever.

The deputy *procureur* was, then, the first magistrate of Marseilles, when one morning his door opened, and M. Morrel was announced. Any one else would have hastened to receive him; but Villefort was a man of ability, and he knew this would be a sign of weakness. He made Morrel wait in the ante-chamber, although he had no one

with him, for the simple reason that the *procureur du roi* always makes every one wait; and after a quarter of an hour passed in reading the papers, he ordered M. Morrel to be admitted.

Morrel expected Villefort would be dejected; he found him, as he had found him six weeks before, calm, firm, and full of that glacial politeness, the most insurmountable of all barriers, which separates the well-bred and the vulgar man. He had penetrated into Villefort's cabinet, convinced the magistrate would tremble at the sight of him; on the contrary, he felt a cold shudder all over him when he beheld Villefort seated, his elbow on his desk, and his head leaning on his hand. He stopped at the door. Villefort gazed at him as if he had some difficulty in recognizing him; then, after a brief interval, during which the honest ship-owner turned his hat in his hands, —

"M. Morrel, I believe?" said Villefort.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Come nearer," said the magistrate, with a patronizing wave of the hand, "and tell me to what circumstance I owe the honor of this visit."

"Do you not guess, Monsieur?" asked Morrel.

"Not in the least; but if I can serve you in any way I shall be delighted."

"Everything depends on you."

"Explain yourself, pray."

"Monsieur," said Morrel, recovering his assurance as he proceeded, "you recollect that a few days before the landing of his Majesty the Emperor I came to intercede for a young man, the mate of my ship, who was accused of having relations with the Isle of Elba. Those relations, which were then a crime, are to-day titles to favor. You then served Louis XVIII., and you showed no favor, — it was your duty; to-day you serve Napoleon, and you ought

to protect him, — it is equally your duty. I come, therefore, to ask what has become of that young man?"

Villefort made a violent effort over himself. "What is his name?" said he. "Tell me his name."

"Edmond Dantès."

Villefort would certainly have rather stood opposite the muzzle of a pistol at five and twenty paces than have heard this name pronounced; but he betrayed no emotion.

"Dantès?" repeated he, "Edmond Dantès?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

Villefort opened a large register, then went to a table, from the table turned to his registers, and then turning to Morrel, —

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken, Monsieur?" said he, in the most natural tone in the world.

Had Morrel been a more quick-sighted man, or better versed in these matters, he would have been surprised at the *procureur du roi* answering him on such a subject, instead of referring him to the governors of the prison or the prefect of the department. But Morrel, disappointed in his expectations of exciting fear, saw in its place only condescension. Villefort had calculated rightly.

"No," said Morrel, "I am not mistaken. I have known him ten years, and the last four he has been in my service. I came about six weeks ago, as you may remember, to beseech your clemency, as I come to-day to beseech your justice. You received me very coldly. Oh, the Royalists were very severe with the Bonapartists in those days."

"Monsieur," returned Villefort, "I was then a Royalist, because I believed the Bourbons not only the heirs to the throne, but the chosen of the nation. The miraculous return of Napoleon has proved that I was mistaken; the legitimate monarch is he who is loved by his people."

"That's right!" cried Morrel. "I like to hear you speak thus, and I augur well for Edmond from it."

"Wait a moment," said Villefort, turning over the leaves of a register; "I have it, — a sailor, who was about to marry a young Catalan girl. I recollect now, it was a very serious charge."

"How so?"

"You know that when he left here he was taken to the prison of the Palais de Justice."

"Well?"

"I made my report to the authorities at Paris; I sent the papers found upon him. That was my duty, as you must admit. A week later he was carried off."

"Carried off!" said Morrel. "What can they have done with the poor lad?"

"Oh, he has been taken to Fenestrelle, to Pignerol, or to the island of Ste. Marguerite. Some fine morning he will return to assume the command of your vessel."

"Come when he will, it shall be kept for him. But how is it he is not already returned? It seems to me the first care of Bonapartist justice should be to set at liberty those who have been imprisoned by Royalist injustice."

"Do not be too hasty, M. Morrel," replied Villefort. "We must in all things proceed according to law. The order of imprisonment came from high authority, and the order for his liberation must proceed from the same source; and as Napoleon has scarcely been reinstated a fortnight, the letters have not yet been forwarded."

"But," said Morrel, "is there no way of expediting these formalities, now that we have triumphed? I have a few friends and some influence; I can obtain a withdrawal of his arrest."

"There has been no arrest."

"Of his enrolment, then, on the prison register."

"In political matters there is no prison registry. It is sometimes essential to Government to cause a man's disappearance without leaving any traces. A registry might guide investigation."

"It was perhaps like that under the Bourbons, but at present — "

"It is always the same, my dear Morrel, since the reign of Louis XIV. The emperor is more strict in prison discipline than even Louis himself, and the number of prisoners whose names are not on the register is incalculable."

Had Morrel even any suspicions, so much kindness would have dispelled them. "Well, M. de Villefort, how would you advise me to act to hasten the return of poor Dantès?" asked he.

"Petition the minister."

"Oh, I know what that is; the minister receives two hundred every day, and does not read three."

"That is true; but he will read a petition countersigned and presented by me."

"And will you undertake to deliver it?"

"With the greatest pleasure. Dantès was then guilty, but now he is innocent; and it is as much my duty to free him as it was to condemn him."

In this way Villefort avoided the danger of an investigation — not very probable indeed, but possible — which would have ruined him.

"But how shall I address the minister?"

"Sit down there," said Villefort, giving up his place to Morrel, "and write what I dictate."

"Will you be so good?"

"Certainly. But lose no time; we have lost too much already."

"That is true. Let us remember that the poor young man is waiting, suffering, perhaps despairing."

Villefort shuddered at the idea of that prisoner cursing him in the silence and the darkness; but he had gone too far to recede, — Dantès must be crushed beneath the weight of Villefort's ambition.

Villefort dictated a petition in which with an excellent intention, no doubt, he exaggerated Dantès's patriotism and his services to the Bonapartist cause. In that petition Dantès appeared to have been one of the most active agents in the return of Napoleon. It was to be presumed that at the sight of this document the minister would instantly release him. The petition finished, Villefort read it aloud.

"That will do," said he; "leave the rest to me."

"Will the petition go soon?"

"To-day."

"Countersigned by you?"

"The best thing I can do will be to certify the truth of the contents of your petition." And sitting down, Villefort wrote the certificate at the bottom.

"What more is to be done?" asked Morrel.

"Wait," replied Villefort; "I will answer for everything."

This assurance charmed Morrel, who took leave of Villefort, and hastened to announce to old Dantès that he would soon see his son.

But Villefort, instead of sending it to Paris, carefully preserved the petition that so fearfully compromised Dantès, in case an event should occur that seemed not unlikely; that is, a second restoration.

So Dantès remained a prisoner lost in the depths of his dungeon; he heard nothing of the commotion attending the fall of Louis XVIII.'s throne, or of the disturbances even more terrible when the empire was overturned.

But Villefort had followed everything with a vigilant

watchfulness, and had listened to everything with an attentive ear. Twice during the Hundred Days had Morrel renewed his demand, and twice had Villefort soothed him with promises. At last there was Waterloo, and Morrel came no more; he had done all that was in his power, and any fresh attempt would only compromise him uselessly.

Louis XVIII. remounted the throne; Villefort, to whom Marseilles suggested too many remorseful remembrances, demanded and obtained the situation of *procureur du roi* at Toulouse, and a fortnight afterwards married Renée, whose father stood better at court than ever. Thus is explained how Dantès during the Hundred Days and after Waterloo remained in prison forgotten by God, if not by men.

Danglars comprehended the full extent of the wretched fate that overwhelmed Dantès, and like all men of small abilities he termed this *a decree of Providence.* But when Napoleon returned to Paris, Danglars's heart failed him, and he feared at every instant to behold Dantès eager for vengeance; he therefore informed M. Morrel of his wish to quit the sea, and obtained a recommendation from him to a Spanish merchant, into whose service he entered at the end of March, — that is, ten or twelve days after Napoleon's return. He then left for Madrid, and was no more heard of.

Fernand understood nothing except that Dantès was absent. What had become of him he cared not to inquire. Only, during the respite the absence of his rival afforded him, he reflected, partly on the means of deceiving Mercédès as to the cause of that absence, partly on plans of emigration and abduction, as from time to time he sat sad and motionless on the summit of Cape Pharo, at the spot whence Marseilles and the village of the Catalans are visible, watching for the apparition of a young and handsome

man, who was for him also the messenger of vengeance Fernand's mind was made up: he would shoot Dantès, and then kill himself. But Fernand was mistaken; he would not have killed himself, for he still cherished certain hopes.

During this time the empire made a last appeal, and all the men in France capable of bearing arms rushed to obey the summons of their emperor. Fernand departed with the rest, bearing with him the terrible thought that perhaps his rival would come in his absence, and would marry Mercédès. Had Fernand really meant to kill himself, he would have done so when he parted from Mercédès. His devotion, and the compassion he showed for her misfortunes produced the effect they always produce on noble minds; Mercédès had always had a sincere regard for Fernand, and this was now strengthened by gratitude.

"My brother," said she, as she placed his knapsack on his shoulders, "be careful of yourself, for if you are killed, I shall be alone in the world." These words infused a ray of hope into Fernand's heart. Should Dantès not return, Mercédès might one day be his.

Mercédès was left alone to gaze on this vast plain that had never seemed so barren, and the sea that had never seemed so vast. Bathed in tears, she might be seen wandering continually about the little village of the Catalans. Sometimes she stood mute and motionless as a statue, gazing towards Marseilles; at other times sitting by the shore she listened to the groanings of the sea, eternal like her sorrow, and asked herself whether it were not better to cast herself into the abyss of ocean than thus to suffer the cruel vicissitudes of a waiting without hope. It was not want of courage that prevented her putting this idea into execution; but her religious feelings came to her aid and saved her.

Caderousse was, like Fernand, enrolled in the army, but being married and eight years older, he was merely sent to the frontier. Old Dantès, who was only sustained by hope, lost all hope at Napoleon's downfall. Five months after he had been separated from his son, and almost at the very hour at which he had been arrested, he breathed his last in Mercédès's arms. M. Morrel paid the expenses of his funeral and a few small debts the poor old man had contracted.

There was more than benevolence in this action; there was courage, — for to assist even on his death-bed the father of so dangerous a Bonapartist as Dantès, was stigmatized as a crime.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TWO PRISONERS.

A YEAR after Louis XVIII.'s restoration, a visit was made to the Château d'If by the inspector-general of prisons. Dantès heard from the recesses of his cell the noises made by the preparations for receiving him, — sounds that at the depth where he lay would have been inaudible to any but the ear of a prisoner accustomed to hear in the silence of night the spider weave his web, and the periodic fall of the drop of water that formed every hour on the ceiling of his dungeon. He guessed something uncommon was passing among the living; he had so long ceased to have any intercourse with the world that he looked upon himself as dead.

The inspector visited the cells and dungeons, one after another, of several of the prisoners, whose good behavior or stupidity recommended them to the clemency of the Government; the inspector inquired how they were fed, and if they had anything to demand. The universal response was that the fare was detestable, and that they required their freedom. The inspector asked if they had anything else to demand. They shook their heads! What could they desire beyond their liberty? The inspector turned smilingly to the governor: —

"I do not know what reason Government can assign for these useless visits; when you see one prisoner, you see all, — always the same thing, ill fed and innocent. Are there any others?"

"Yes; the dangerous and mad prisoners are in the dungeons."

"Let us visit them," said the inspector, with an air of fatigue. "I must fulfil my mission. Let us descend."

"Let us first send for two soldiers," said the governor. "The prisoners sometimes, through mere uneasiness of life, and in order to be sentenced to death, commit acts of useless violence, and you might fall a victim."

"Take all needful precautions," replied the inspector.

Two soldiers were accordingly sent for, and the inspector descended a stair so foul, so humid, so dark that the mere descent through such a place affected painfully the eye, the smell, and the respiration.

"Oh!" cried the inspector, stopping midway, "what devil can be lodged here?"

"A most dangerous conspirator, a man we are ordered to keep the most strict watch over, as he is daring and resolute."

"He is alone."

"Certainly."

"How long has he been here?"

"About a year."

"Was he placed here when he first arrived?"

"No, not until he attempted to kill the turnkey."

"To kill the turnkey?"

"Yes; the very one who is lighting us. Is it not true, Antoine?" asked the governor.

"True enough; he wanted to kill me!" replied the turnkey.

"He must be mad," said the inspector.

"He is worse than that, — he is a devil!" returned the turnkey.

"Shall I complain of him?" demanded the inspector.

"Oh, no; it is useless. He is sufficiently punished

already. Besides, he is almost mad now, and in another year he will be quite so."

"So much the better for him, — he will suffer less," said the inspector. He was, as this remark shows, a man full of philanthropy, and in every way fit for his office.

"You are right, Monsieur," replied the governor; "and this remark proves that you have deeply considered the subject. Now, we have in a dungeon about twenty feet distant, and to which you descend by another stair, an abbé, ancient leader of a party in Italy, who has been here since 1811, and in 1813 went mad, and who from that time has undergone an astonishing change. He used to weep; he now laughs. He grew thin, he now grows fat. You had better see him rather than the other, for his madness is amusing."

"I will see them both," returned the inspector; "I must conscientiously perform my duty." This was the inspector's first visit; he wished to display his authority. "Let us visit this one first," added he.

"Willingly," replied the governor; and he signed to the turnkey to open the door. At the sound of the key turning in the lock, and the creaking of the hinges, Dantès, who was crouched in a corner of the dungeon, where he received with unspeakable happiness the slight ray of light that pierced through his grating, raised his head. At the sight of a stranger, lighted by two turnkeys, accompanied by two soldiers, and to whom the governor spoke bareheaded, Dantès, who guessed the truth, and that the moment to address himself to the superior authorities was come, sprang forward with clasped hands.

The soldiers presented their bayonets, for they thought he was about to attack the inspector, and the latter recoiled two or three steps. Dantès saw that he was represented as a dangerous prisoner. Then, uniting in the

expression of his features all that the heart of man can contain of gentleness and humility, and speaking with a sort of pious eloquence that astonished the attendants, he tried to touch the soul of the inspector.

The inspector listened attentively; then turning to the governor, observed, "He will become religious; he is already more gentle. He is afraid, and retreated before the bayonets; madmen are not afraid of anything. I made some curious observations on this at Charenton." Then turning to the prisoner, "What do you demand?" said he.

"I demand a knowledge of my crime; I demand to be brought to trial; I demand, in short, that I may be shot if I am guilty, and may be set at liberty if innocent."

"Are you well fed?" said the inspector.

"I believe so; I know not, but that matters little. What matters really, not only to me, an unhappy prisoner, but even more to the officers administering justice, and still more to the king who rules over us, is that an innocent man shall not be the victim of an infamous denunciation, and shall not die in prison cursing his executioners."

"You are very humble to-day," remarked the governor. "You are not so always; the other day, for instance, when you tried to kill the turnkey."

"It is true, sir, and I beg his pardon, for he has always been very good to me; but I was mad, I was furious."

"And you are not so any longer?"

"No; captivity has bent, broken, annihilated me. I have been here so long."

"So long? When were you arrested, then?" asked the inspector.

"The 28th of February, 1815, at half-past two in the afternoon."

"To-day is the 30th of June, 1816; why, it is but seventeen months."

"Only seventeen months!" replied Dantès. "Oh, you do not know what is seventeen months in prison! Seventeen ages rather, especially to a man who, like me, had arrived at the summit of his ambition; to a man who, like me, was on the point of marrying a woman he adored, who saw an honorable career open before him, and who loses all in an instant, — who from the enjoyment of a day the most beautiful falls into profoundest night; who sees his prospects destroyed, and is ignorant of the fate of his affianced wife, and whether his aged father be still living! Seventeen months' captivity to a man accustomed to the air of the sea, to the independence of a sailor's life, to space, to immensity, to infinity! Monsieur, seventeen months in prison is a greater punishment than is deserved by all the most odious crimes recognized in human speech. Have pity on me, then, and ask for me, not indulgence, but a trial. Monsieur, I ask only for judges; they cannot refuse judgment to one who is accused."

"We shall see," said the inspector; then turning to the governor, "On my word, the poor devil touches me. You must show me the register."

"Certainly; but you will find terrible notes against him."

"Monsieur," continued Dantès, "I know it is not in your power to release me, but you can plead for me, you can have me tried; and that is all I ask."

"Light me," said the inspector.

"Monsieur," cried Dantès, "I can tell by your voice you are touched with pity; tell me at least to hope."

"I cannot tell you that," replied the inspector; "I can only promise to examine into your case."

"Oh, I am free then! I am saved!"

"Who arrested you?"

"M. de Villefort. See him, and hear what he says."

"M. de Villefort is no longer at Marseilles; he is now at Toulouse."

"I am no longer surprised at my detention," murmured Dantès, "since my only protector is removed."

"Had he any cause of personal dislike to you?"

"None; on the contrary, he was very kind to me."

"I can, then, rely on the notes he has left concerning you, or which he may give me?"

"Entirely."

"That is well; wait patiently, then."

Dantès fell on his knees, and murmured a prayer in which he commended to God that man who had descended to his prison, like the Saviour going to deliver the souls in hell. The door closed; but now a new inmate was left with Dantès, — hope.

"Will you see the register at once," asked the governor, "or proceed to the other cell?"

"Let us visit them all," said the inspector. "If I once mounted the stairs, I should never have the courage to descend."

"Ah, this one is not like the other; and his madness is less affecting than the reason of his neighbor."

"What is his folly?"

"He fancies that he possesses an immense treasure. The first year he offered Government a million livres for his release; the second, two; the third, three; and so on progressively. He is now in his fifth year of captivity; he will ask to speak to you in private, and offer you five millions."

"Ah, that is indeed quite interesting. And what is the name of this millionnaire?"

"The Abbé Faria."

"No. 27," said the inspector.

"It is here; unlock the door, Antoine."

The turnkey obeyed, and the inspector gazed curiously into the chamber of "the mad abbé." In the centre of the cell, in a circle traced upon the floor with a fragment of plaster detached from the wall, sat a man whose tattered garments scarcely covered him. He was drawing in this circle geometrical lines, and seemed as much absorbed in his problem as Archimedes when the soldier of Marcellus slew him. He did not move at the sound of the door, and continued his problem until the flash of the torches lighted up with an unwonted glare the sombre walls of his cell; then, raising his head, he perceived with astonishment the number of persons in his cell. He hastily seized the coverlid of his bed, and wrapped it round him.

"What do you demand?" said the inspector.

"I, Monsieur!" replied the abbé, with an air of surprise, "I demand nothing."

"You do not understand," continued the inspector; "I am sent here by Government to visit the prisons, and hear the requests of the prisoners."

"Oh, that is different," cried the abbé; "and we shall understand each other, I hope."

"There, now," whispered the governor, "he begins just as I told you he would."

"Monsieur," continued the prisoner, "I am the Abbé Faria, born at Rome. I was for twenty years Cardinal Spada's secretary; I was arrested — why I know not — in 1811; since then I have demanded my liberty from the Italian and French governments."

"Why from the French Government?"

"Because I was arrested at Piombino; and I presume that, like Milan and Florence, Piombino has become the capital of some French department."

The inspector and the governor looked at each other with a smile.

"The devil! my good fellow," said the inspector, "your news from Italy is not fresh!"

"It dates from the day on which I was arrested," returned the Abbé Faria; "and as the emperor had created the kingdom of Rome for his infant son, I presume that he has realized the dream of Machiavel and Cæsar Borgia, which was to make Italy one solid kingdom."

"Monsieur," returned the inspector, "Providence has changed this gigantic plan which you advocate so warmly."

"It is the only means of rendering Italy happy and independent."

"Very possibly; but I have not come to take with you a course in ultramontane politics; I have come to ask you if you have any complaints to make in regard to food and lodging."

"The food is the same as in other prisons, — that is, very bad; the lodging is very unwholesome, but on the whole passable for a dungeon. No matter about that; what I would speak of is a secret which I have to reveal of the greatest importance."

"We are coming to the point," whispered the governor.

"It is for that reason I am delighted to see you," continued the abbé, "although you have disturbed me in a most important calculation, which if it succeeded would possibly change Newton's system. Could you allow me a few words in private?"

"What did I tell you?" said the governor.

"You knew him," returned the inspector.

"What you ask is impossible, Monsieur," continued he, addressing Faria.

"But," said the abbé, "I would speak to you of a large sum, amounting to five millions."

"The very sum you named," whispered, in his turn, the inspector.

"However," continued Faria, perceiving the inspector was about to depart, "it is not absolutely necessary we should be alone; Monsieur the Governor can be present."

"Unfortunately," said the governor, "I know beforehand what you are about to say; it concerns your treasures, does it not?"

Faria fixed his eyes on him with an expression that would have convinced any one else of his sanity. "Doubtless," said he; "of what else should I speak?"

"Monsieur the Inspector," continued the governor, "I can tell you the story as well, for it has been dinned in my ears for the last four or five years."

"That proves," returned the abbé, "that you are like those of whom the Bible speaks, who have eyes and see not, who have ears and hear not."

"The Government does not want your treasures," replied the inspector; "keep them until you are liberated."

The abbé's eyes glistened; he seized the inspector's hand. "But if I am not liberated," cried he, "if, contrary to all justice, I am kept in this dungeon, if I die here without having disclosed to any one my secret, that treasure will be lost! Would it not be better that the Government should get some profit from it, and myself also? I will go as far as six millions, Monsieur; yes, I will relinquish six millions, and content myself with what remains, if I may gain my liberty."

"On my word," said the inspector, in a low tone, "had I not been told beforehand this man was mad, I should believe what he says."

"I am not mad!" replied Faria, who, with that acuteness of hearing peculiar to prisoners, had not lost one of the inspector's words. "The treasure I speak of really exists; and I offer to sign a treaty with you in which I promise to lead you to the spot where you shall dig,

and if I deceive you, bring me here again, — I ask no more."

The governor laughed. "Is the spot far from here?"

"A hundred leagues."

"It is not a bad idea," said the governor. "If every prisoner took it into his head to travel a hundred leagues, and their guardians consented to accompany them, they would have a capital chance of escaping."

"The scheme is well known," said the inspector; "and Monsieur the Abbé has not even the merit of its invention." Then turning to Faria, "I inquired if you are well fed?" said he.

"Swear to me," replied Faria, "to free me, if what I tell you prove true, and I will stay here while you go to the spot."

"Are you well fed?" repeated the inspector.

"Monsieur, you run no risk, for, as I told you, I will stay here; so there is no chance of my escaping."

"You do not reply to my question," replied the inspector, impatiently.

"Nor you to mine," cried the abbé. "A curse upon you, then! as upon the other dolts who have refused to believe me. You will not accept my gold; I will keep it for myself. You refuse me my liberty; God will give it me. Go! I have nothing more to say." And the abbé, casting away his coverlid, resumed his place, and continued his calculations.

"What is he doing there?" said the inspector.

"Counting his treasures," replied the governor.

Faria replied to this sarcasm by a glance of profound contempt.

They went out, and the turnkey closed the door behind them.

"He has been wealthy once, perhaps," said the inspector.

"Or dreamed he was, and awoke mad."

"After all," said the inspector, with the naïveté of corruption, "if he had been rich, he would not have been here."

Thus ended the adventure for the Abbé Faria. He remained in his cell, and this visit only increased the belief of his insanity.

Caligula or Nero, those great treasure-seekers, those desirers of the impossible, would have accorded to the poor wretch in exchange for his wealth the liberty and the air he so earnestly prayed for. But the kings of modern ages, retained within the limits of probability, have no longer the courage of their desires. They fear the ear that hears their orders and the eye that scrutinizes their actions. Formerly kings believed themselves, or at least called themselves, sons of Jupiter, and retained in some degree the manners of the god their father. What takes place beyond the clouds is not readily controlled; but the kings of to-day hold themselves answerable to all persons.

It has always been against the policy of despotic governments to suffer the victims of their policy to reappear. As the Inquisition rarely suffered its victims to be seen with their limbs distorted and their flesh lacerated by torture, so madness is always concealed in its cell, or should it depart, it is conveyed to some gloomy hospital, where the doctor recognizes neither man nor mind in the deformed remnant of a human being which the jailer delivers to him. The very madness of the Abbé Faria, gone mad in prison, condemned him to perpetual captivity.

The inspector kept his word with Dantès. He examined the register, and found the following note concerning him:

EDMOND DANTÈS. { Violent Bonapartist; took an active part in the return from Elba. / The greatest watchfulness and care to be exercised.

This note was in a different hand from the rest, which proved it had been added since his confinement. The inspector could not contend against this accusation; he simply wrote, "Nothing to be done."

That visit had, so to speak, recalled Dantès to life. Since he had entered the prison he had forgotten to count the days; but the inspector had given him a new date, and he had not forgotten it. He wrote on the wall with a piece of plaster broken from the ceiling, "July 30, 1816," and from that time he made a mark every day, in order not to lose his reckoning again. Days and weeks passed away, then months; Dantès still waited. He at first expected to be freed in a fortnight; this fortnight expired. He then reflected that the inspector would do nothing until his return to Paris, and that he would not reach there until his circuit was finished; he therefore fixed upon three months. Three months passed away, then six more. During all these months no favorable change had taken place; and Dantès began to fancy the inspector's visit was but a dream, an illusion of the brain.

At the expiration of a year the governor was removed; he had obtained the government of Ham. He took with him several of his subordinates, and among them Dantès's jailer. A new governor arrived. It would have been too tedious to acquire the names of the prisoners; he learned their numbers instead. This horrible place consisted of fifty chambers; their inhabitants were designated by the number of their chamber. And the unhappy young man was no longer called Edmond Dantès; he was now "No. 34."

CHAPTER XV.

NO. 34 AND NO. 27.

DANTÈS passed through all the degrees of misfortune that prisoners forgotten in their dungeon suffer. He commenced with pride, — a natural consequence of hope and a consciousness of innocence; then he began to doubt his own innocence, — a doubt which justified in some measure the governor's belief in his mental alienation; and then he fell from the height of his pride, — he prayed, not yet to God, but to men. The unhappy man, who should begin by seeking the Lord, puts trust in him only after exhausting all other hopes.

Dantès prayed, then, that he might be removed from his present dungeon into another, — for a change, however disadvantageous, was still a change, and would afford him some distraction. He entreated to be allowed to walk about, to have books and instruments. Nothing was granted; no matter, he asked all the same. He accustomed himself to speak to his new jailer, although he was, if possible, more taciturn than the former; but still, to speak to a man, even though mute, was something. Dantès spoke for the sake of hearing his own voice; he had tried to speak when alone, but the sound of his voice terrified him. Often, before his captivity, Dantès's mind had revolted at the idea of those assemblages of prisoners, composed of thieves, vagabonds, and murderers. He now wished to be among them, in order to see some other face besides that of his jailer, who would not speak to him;

he sighed for the galleys, with their infamous costume, their chain, and the brand on the shoulder. The galley-slaves breathed the fresh air of heaven, and saw each other. They were very happy. He besought the jailer one day to let him have a companion, were it even the mad abbé.

The jailer, though rude and hardened by the constant sight of so much suffering, was yet a man. At the bottom of his heart he had often compassionated the unhappy young man who suffered thus; and he laid the request of No. 34 before the governor. But the latter, as prudent as if he had been a politician, imagined that Dantès wished to conspire or attempt an escape, and refused his request. Dantès had exhausted all human resources; he then turned to God.

All the pious ideas that had been so long forgotten returned. He recollected the prayers his mother had taught him, and discovered in them a meaning until then unknown to him; for in prosperity prayers seem but a mere assemblage of words, until the day when misfortune comes to explain to the unhappy sufferer the sublime language by which he invokes the pity of Heaven! He prayed, not with fervor, but with rage. He prayed aloud, no longer terrified at the sound of his voice. Then he fell into a species of trance. He saw God listening to every word he uttered; he laid every action of his life before the Almighty, proposed tasks to accomplish, and at the end of every prayer introduced the entreaty oftener addressed to man than to God, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Spite of his earnest prayers, Dantès remained a prisoner.

Then a gloomy feeling took possession of him. He was simple, and without education; he could not, therefore, in the solitude of his dungeon and of his own thoughts,

reconstruct the ages that had passed, reanimate the nations that had perished, and rebuild the ancient cities that imagination renders so vast and stupendous, and that pass before our eyes, illuminated by the fires of heaven, as in Martinn's pictures. He could not do this, his past life was so short, his present so melancholy, and his future so doubtful. Nineteen years of light to reflect upon in eternal darkness! No distraction could come to his aid; his energetic spirit, that would have exulted in thus revisiting the past, was imprisoned like an eagle in a cage. He clung to one idea, — that of his happiness, destroyed without apparent cause by an unheard-of fatality; he considered and reconsidered this idea, devoured it (so to speak) as Ugolino devours the skull of the Archbishop Roger in the Inferno of Dante.

Rage succeeded to asceticism. Dantès uttered blasphemies that made his jailer recoil with horror, dashed himself furiously against the walls of his prison; he turned his fury against everything around him, and especially against himself, against the least thing that annoyed him, — a grain of sand, a straw, or a breath of air. Then the letter of denunciation which Villefort had showed to him recurred to his mind, and every line seemed visible in fiery letters on the wall, like the *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* of Belshazzar. He said to himself that it was the enmity of man, and not the vengeance of Heaven, that had thus plunged him into the deepest misery. He devoted these unknown persecutors to the most horrible tortures he could imagine, and found them all insufficient, because after torture came death, and after death, if not repose, at least that insensibility that resembles it.

By dint of constantly dwelling on the idea that repose was death, and that in order to punish cruelly other tortures than death must be invented, he began to reflect

on suicide. Unhappy he who on the brink of misfortune broods over these ideas! The idea of suicide is one of those dead seas that seem clear and smooth to the eye; but he who unwarily ventures within its embrace finds himself entangled in a quagmire that attracts and swallows him. Once thus ensnared, unless the protecting hand of God snatch him thence, all is over, and his struggles but tend to hasten his destruction. This state of mental anguish is, however, less terrible than the sufferings that precede and the punishment that perhaps awaits it; it is a sort of consolation that points to the yawning abyss, at the bottom of which is darkness.

Edmond found some solace in this idea. All his sorrows, all his sufferings, with their train of gloomy spectres, fled from his cell when the angel of death seemed about to enter. Dantès reviewed with composure his past life, and looking forward with terror to his future, chose that middle line that seemed to afford him a refuge.

"Sometimes," said he, "in my voyages, when I was still a man, free and powerful, and commanded other men, I have seen the heavens become overcast, the sea rage and foam, the storm arise, and like a monstrous bird cover the sky with its wings. Then I felt that my vessel was a vain refuge, for like a feather in the hand of a giant, it trembled and shook before the tempest. Soon the fury of the waves and the sight of the sharp rocks announced the approach of death, and death then terrified me; and I used all my skill and intelligence as a man and a sailor in a struggle against the Almighty! I did so because I was happy; because a return to life was a return to enjoyment; because I had not courted that death, had not chosen it; because this repose on a bed of rocks and seaweed seemed terrible; because I was unwilling that I, a creature made in the image of God, should serve for

food to the gulls and ravens. But now it is different. I have lost all that bound me to life; death smiles and invites me to repose. I die after my own manner, I die exhausted and broken-spirited, as I fall asleep after one of those evenings of despair and rage when I have paced three thousand times round my cell."

No sooner had this idea taken possession of him than he became more composed; he arranged his couch to the best of his power, ate and slept little, and found this existence almost supportable, because he felt he could throw it off at pleasure, like a worn-out garment. He had two means of dying, — one was to hang himself with his handkerchief to the stanchions of the window; the other to refuse food and starve himself. But the former project was repugnant to him. Dantès had always entertained a horror of pirates, who are hung up to the yard-arm; he would not die by what seemed an infamous death. He resolved to adopt the second, and began that day to execute his resolve. Nearly four years had passed away; at the end of the second he had fallen again into ignorance of dates, from which the inspector had lifted him.

Dantès had said, "I wish to die," and had chosen the manner of his death; and fearful of changing his mind, he had taken an oath so to die. "When my morning and evening meals are brought," thought he, "I will cast them out of the window, and I shall be believed to have eaten them."

He kept his word; twice a day he cast out, by the barred aperture, the provisions his jailer brought him, — at first gayly, then with deliberation, and at last with regret. Nothing but the recollection of his oath gave him strength to proceed. Hunger rendered these viands, once so repugnant, appetizing to the eye and exquisite to the sense of smell; sometimes he held the plate in his

hand for an hour at a time, and gazed on the morsel of bad meat, of tainted fish, of black and mouldy bread. The deeper instincts of self-preservation yet strove within him, and occasionally vanquished his resolve; then his dungeon seemed less sombre, his condition less desperate. He was still young, — he was only four or five and twenty; he had nearly fifty years to live. In that vast space of time what unforeseen events might not open his prison door, and restore him to liberty? Then he raised to his lips the repast that, like a voluntary Tantalus, he had refused himself; but he thought of his oath, and that generous nature had too great fear of despising himself to be able to break his oath. He persisted, then, rigorous and pitiless, until at last he had not sufficient force to cast his supper out of the loophole. The next morning he could not see or hear; the jailer feared he was dangerously ill. Edmond hoped he was dying.

The day passed away thus. Edmond felt a species of stupor creeping over him; the gnawing pain at his stomach had ceased; his thirst had abated; when he closed his eyes he saw myriads of lights dancing before them, like the meteors that play about the marshes. It was the twilight of that mysterious country called Death!

Suddenly, about nine o'clock in the evening, Edmond heard a hollow sound in the wall against which he was lying.

So many loathsome animals inhabited the prison that their noise did not in general awake him; but now, whether abstinence had quickened his faculties, or whether the noise was really louder than usual, or whether in that supreme moment everything gained in significance, Edmond raised his head and listened. It was a continual scratching, as if made by a huge claw, a powerful tooth, or some iron instrument attacking the stones.

Although weakened, the young man's brain instantly recurred to the idea that haunts all prisoners, — liberty! It seemed to him that Heaven had at length taken pity on him, and had sent this noise to warn him on the very brink of the abyss. Perhaps one of those beloved ones he had so often thought of was thinking of him, and striving to diminish the distance that separated them.

No, no! doubtless he was deceived, and it was but one of those dreams that hover at the gate of death!

Edmond still heard the sound. It lasted about three hours; he then heard a noise of something falling, and all was silent.

Some hours afterwards it began nearer and more distinct; Edmond became already interested in that labor, which afforded him companionship. Suddenly the jailer entered.

During the week in which he was forming his resolution to die, and the four days since he began to put his resolve into execution, Edmond had not spoken to this man, had not answered him when he inquired what was the matter with him, and had turned his face to the wall when he looked too curiously at him; but now the jailer might hear this noise, and taking alarm, might put an end to it, thus destroying a ray of something like hope that soothed his last moments.

The jailer brought him his breakfast. Dantès raised himself up, and began to speak on all possible subjects, — on the bad quality of his food, on the coldness of his dungeon, grumbling and complaining in order to have an excuse for speaking louder, and wearying the patience of the jailer, who that very day had solicited some broth and white bread for his prisoner, and had brought it to him.

Fortunately the jailer fancied that Dantès was delirious; and placing his food on the rickety table, he with-

drew. Free at last, Edmond again eagerly listened. The noise began again, and was now so distinct that he could hear it without effort.

"There can be no doubt," thought he; "it is some prisoner who is striving to obtain his freedom. Oh, if I were with him how I would help!"

Suddenly a cloud darkened that dawn of hope in a mind so used to misfortune that it could scarcely understand hope; the idea possessed him that the noise arose from the workmen the governor had ordered to repair the neighboring dungeon.

It was easy to ascertain this; but how could he risk the question? It was easy to call his jailer's attention to the noise, and watch his countenance as he listened; but might he not by this means betray precious hopes for a short-lived satisfaction? Unfortunately, Edmond's brain was still so feeble that he could not bend his thoughts to anything in particular.

He saw but one means of restoring lucidity and clearness to his judgment. He turned his eyes towards the soup his jailer had brought him, rose, staggered towards it, raised the vessel to his lips, and drank off the contents with an indescribable sensation of comfort; then he had the courage to abstain. He had heard that shipwrecked persons had died through having eagerly devoured too much food. Edmond replaced on the table the bread he was about to devour, and returned to his couch; he no longer wished to die. He soon felt that his ideas became again collected; he could think, and strengthen his thoughts by reasoning. Then he said to himself, "I must put this to the test, but without compromising anybody. If it is a workman, I need but knock against the wall, and he will cease to work in order to find out who is knocking and why he does so; but as his occupation is

sanctioned by the governor, he will soon resume it. If, on the contrary, it is a prisoner, the noise I make will alarm him; he will cease, and not resume until he thinks every one is asleep."

Edmond rose again, but this time his legs did not tremble, and his eyes were free from mists; he advanced to a corner of his dungeon, detached a stone loosened by the moisture, and with it knocked against the wall at the place where the noise was most audible. He struck thrice; at the first blow the sound ceased, as if by magic.

Edmond listened intently. An hour passed, two hours passed, and no sound was heard from the wall, — all was silent there.

Full of hope, Edmond swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread, drank some water, and thanks to the excellence of his constitution, found himself well-nigh recovered.

The day passed away in utter silence; night came without the noise having recommenced.

"It is a prisoner!" said Edmond, joyfully.

The night passed in unbroken silence. Edmond did not close his eyes.

In the morning the jailer brought his rations — he had already devoured those of the previous day; he ate these, listening anxiously for the sound, walking round and round his cell, shaking the iron bars of the loophole, restoring by exercise vigor and agility to his limbs, and preparing himself thus for what might lie before him. At intervals he listened for a recurrence of the noise, and grew impatient at the prudence of the prisoner, who did not guess he had been disturbed by a captive as anxious for liberty as himself.

Three days passed, — seventy-two mortal hours, reckoned minute by minute!

At length, one evening just after the jailer's last visit,

as for the hundredth time Dantes placed his ear against the wall, he fancied that he heard an almost imperceptible movement among the stones. He recoiled from the wall, walked up and down his cell to collect his thoughts, and replaced his ear at the same spot.

There could be no doubt that something was taking place on the other side; the prisoner had discovered the danger, and to continue his work in greater security, had substituted the lever for the chisel.

Encouraged by this discovery, Edmond determined to assist the indefatigable laborer. He began by moving his bed, behind which it seemed to him the work of deliverance was going on, and sought with his eyes for something with which he might pierce the wall, penetrate the cement, and displace a stone.

He saw nothing. He had no knife or sharp instrument; the grating of his window alone was of iron, and he had too often assured himself of its solidity. All his furniture consisted of a bed, a chair, a table, a pail, and a jug. The bed had iron clamps; but they were screwed to the wood, and it would have required a screw-driver to take them off. The table and chair had nothing that would serve; the pail had had a handle, but that had been removed. There remained but one resource, which was to break the jug, and with one of the sharp fragments attack the wall. He let the jug fall on the floor, and it broke in pieces. He concealed two or three of the sharpest fragments in his bed, leaving the rest on the floor. The breaking of his jug was too natural an accident to excite suspicion. He had all the night to work in, but in the darkness he could not do much, and he soon perceived that his instrument was blunted against something hard; he pushed back his bed, and awaited the day. With hope, patience had returned to him.

All night he heard the subterranean workman, who continued to mine his way. The day came; the jailer entered. Dantès told him the jug had fallen from his hands in drinking, and the jailer went grumblingly to fetch another, without giving himself the trouble to remove the fragments of the broken one. He returned speedily, recommended the prisoner to be more careful, and departed.

Dantès heard joyfully the key grate in the lock; he listened until the sound of steps died away, and then, hastily displacing his bed, saw by the faint light that penetrated into his cell that he had labored uselessly the previous evening in attacking the stone instead of removing the plaster that surrounded it. The damp had rendered it friable, and he saw joyfully the plaster detach itself, — in small morsels, it is true; but at the end of half an hour he had scraped off a handful. A mathematician might have calculated that in two years, supposing that the rock was not encountered, a passage twenty feet long and two feet broad might be formed. The prisoner reproached himself with not having thus employed the hours which he had passed in prayers and despair. In the six years — as he reckoned — of his imprisonment, what might he not have accomplished?

In three days Dantès had succeeded, with the utmost precaution, in removing the cement and exposing the stone. The wall was formed of rough stones, to give solidity to which were imbedded at intervals blocks of hewn stone. It was one of these he had uncovered, and which he must remove from its sockets. He strove to do so with his nails, but they were too weak; the fragments of the jug, inserted in the opening, broke, and after an hour of useless toil he paused. Was he to be thus stopped at the beginning, and was he to wait inactive until his

neighbor, weary, perhaps, with toil, had accomplished everything? Suddenly an idea occurred to him; he smiled, and the perspiration dried on his forehead.

The jailer always brought Dantès's soup in an iron saucepan; this saucepan contained the soup of a second prisoner, — for Dantès had remarked that it was either quite full or half empty, according as the turnkey gave it to himself or his companion first. The handle of this saucepan was of iron; Dantès would have given ten years of his life in exchange for it.

The jailer poured the contents of this saucepan into Dantès's plate, who, after eating his soup with a wooden spoon, washed the plate, which thus served for every day. In the evening Dantès placed his plate on the ground near the door; the jailer, as he entered, stepped on it and broke it. This time he could not blame Dantès. He had done wrong in leaving it there, but the jailer was at fault in not noticing where he stepped.

The jailer therefore contented himself with grumbling. Then he looked about him for something to pour the soup into; Dantès's whole furniture consisted of one plate, — there was no alternative.

"Leave the saucepan," said Dantès; "you can take it away when you bring me my breakfast." This advice was to the jailer's taste, as it spared him the necessity of ascending, descending, and ascending again. He left the saucepan.

Dantès was beside himself with joy. He rapidly devoured his food, and after waiting an hour, lest the jailer should change his mind and return, he removed his bed, took the handle of the saucepan, inserted the point between the hewn stone and rough stones of the wall, and employed it as a lever. A slight oscillation showed Dantès that his plan was a good one. At the end of an hour the

stone was extricated from the wall, leaving a cavity of a foot and a half in diameter.

Dantès carefully collected the plaster, carried it into the corners of his cell, and covered it with earth. Then, wishing to make the best use of this night, in which chance, or rather his own stratagem, had placed so precious an instrument in his hands, he continued to work without ceasing. At the dawn of day he replaced the stone, pushed his bed against the wall, and lay down. The breakfast consisted of a piece of bread; the jailer entered and placed the bread on the table.

"Well, you do not bring me another plate," said Dantès.

"No," replied the turnkey, "you destroy everything. First you break your jug, then you make me break your plate; if all the prisoners followed your example the Government would be ruined. I shall leave you the saucepan and pour your soup into that; under that arrangement you will perhaps avoid breaking dishes."

Dantès raised his eyes to heaven and clasped his hands beneath the coverlid. He felt more gratitude for the possession of this piece of iron than he had ever felt for anything. He had however remarked that the prisoner on the other side had ceased to labor. No matter, this was a greater reason for proceeding; if his neighbor would not come to him, he would go to him. All day he toiled on untiringly, and by the evening he had succeeded in extracting ten handfuls of plaster and fragments of stone. When the hour for his jailer's visit arrived, Dantès straightened the handle of the saucepan and put that receptacle in its accustomed place. The turnkey poured into it the customary ration of soup and meat, or rather of soup and fish, for it was a fast day; three times a week the prisoners were made to fast. This would have been a

method of reckoning time, had not Dantès long ceased to do so. Having poured out the soup, the turnkey retired. Dantès wished to ascertain whether his neighbor had really ceased to work. He listened; all was silent, as it had been for the last three days. Dantès sighed; it was evident that his neighbor distrusted him. However, he toiled on all the night without being discouraged; but after two or three hours he encountered an obstacle. The iron made no impression, but glided on a smooth surface; Dantès touched it with his hands, and found it was a beam. This beam crossed, or rather blocked up, the hole Dantès had made; it was necessary, therefore, to dig above or under it. The unhappy young man had not expected this obstacle. "Oh, my God! my God!" murmured he, "I have so earnestly prayed to thee that I hoped my prayers had been heard. After having deprived me of my liberty, after having denied to me the repose of death, after having recalled me to existence, — my God! have pity on me, and do not let me die in despair!"

"Who talks of God and despair at the same time?" said a voice that seemed to come from beneath the earth, and deadened by the distance, sounded hollow and sepulchral in the young man's ears. Edmond's hair stood on end, and he recoiled on his knees.

"Ah!" said he, "I hear a human voice." He had not heard any one speak save his jailer for four or five years; and to a prisoner the jailer is not a man, — he is a living door added to his door of oak, a barrier of flesh and blood added to his barriers of iron.

"In the name of Heaven," cried Dantès, "speak again, though the sound of your voice terrifies me; who are you?"

"Who are you?" said the voice.

"An unhappy prisoner," replied Dantès, who made no hesitation in answering.

"Of what country?"

"A Frenchman."

"Your name?"

"Edmond Dantès."

"Your profession?"

"A sailor."

"How long have you been here?"

"Since the 28th of February, 1815."

"Your crime?"

"I am innocent."

"But of what are you accused?"

"Of having conspired to aid the emperor's return."

"What! the emperor's return? The emperor is no longer on the throne, then?"

"He abdicated at Fontainebleau in 1814, and was sent to the island of Elba. But how long have you been here that you are ignorant of all this?"

"Since 1811."

Dantès shuddered; this man had been four years longer than himself in prison.

"Do not dig any more," said the voice; "only tell me how high up is your excavation?"

"On a level with the floor."

"How is it concealed?"

"Behind my bed."

"Has your bed been moved since you have been a prisoner?"

"No."

"What does your chamber open on?"

"A corridor."

"And the corridor?"

"On the court."

"Alas!" murmured the voice.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Dantès.

"I am deceived; and the imperfection of my plans has ruined all. An error of a line in the plan has been equivalent to fifteen feet in reality, and I took the wall you are mining for the wall of the fortress."

"But then you would be close to the sea?"

"That is what I hoped."

"And supposing you had succeeded?"

"I should have thrown myself into the sea, gained one of the islands near here,— the Isle de Daume or the Isle de Tiboulen, — and then I should have been safe."

"Could you have swum so far?"

"Heaven would have given me strength; and now all is lost!"

"All?"

"Yes; stop up your excavation carefully. Do not work any more; and wait until you hear from me."

"Tell me, at least, who you are."

"I am — I am No. 27."

"You mistrust me, then?" said Dantès. He fancied he heard a bitter laugh proceed from the unknown.

"Oh, I am a Christian," cried Dantès, guessing instinctively that this man meant to abandon him. "I swear to you by Christ that I will let them kill me rather than suffer your executioners and mine to get a glimpse of the truth; but in the name of Heaven, do not deprive me of your presence, do not withdraw your voice from me, or I swear to you — for I have reached the end of my endurance — that I will dash my brains out against the wall, and you will have my death to reproach yourself with."

"How old are you? Your voice is that of a young man?"

"I do not know my age, for I have not counted the years I have been here. All I know is that I was just

nineteen when I was arrested, the 28th of February, 1815."

"Not quite twenty-six!" murmured the voice; "at that age one cannot be a traitor."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dantès. "I swear to you again, rather than betray you I will let them hew me to pieces!"

"You have done well to speak to me and entreat me, for I was about to form another plan, and leave you; but your age reassures me. I will come again to you. Expect me."

"When?"

"I must calculate our chances; I will give you the signal."

"But you will not leave me; you will come to me, or you will let me go to you. We will escape together, and if we cannot escape we will talk, — you of those whom you love, and I of those whom I love. You must love somebody?"

"No, I am alone in the world."

"Then you will love me. If you are young, I will be your comrade; if you are old, I will be your son. I have a father, who is seventy if he yet lives; I love only him and a young girl called Mercédès. My father has not yet forgotten me, I am sure; but God alone knows if she loves me still. I shall love you as I loved my father."

"It is well," returned the voice; "to-morrow."

These few words were uttered with an accent that left no doubt of his sincerity. Dantès rose, buried the fragments with the same precaution as before, and pushed back his bed against the wall. He then gave himself up to his happiness. He would no longer be alone; he was perhaps about to regain his liberty. At the worst, if he remained a prisoner, he would have a companion; and captivity that is shared is but half captivity.

All day Dantès walked up and down his cell, his heart bounding with joy. From time to time his joy stifled him; he sat down on his bed, pressing his hand on his breast. At the slightest noise he bounded towards the door. Once or twice the fear crossed his mind that he might be separated from this unknown, whom he loved already. In that case his resolution was formed: when the jailer moved his bed and stooped to examine the opening, he would kill him with his water-jug. He would be condemned to die, but he was already about to die of grief and despair when this miraculous noise recalled him to life.

The jailer came in the evening; Dantès was on his bed. It seemed to him that thus he better guarded the unfinished opening. Doubtless there was a strange expression in his eyes, for the jailer said, "Come, are you going mad again?"

Dantès did not answer; he feared that the emotion of his voice would betray him. The jailer retired, shaking his head. The night came; Dantès hoped that his neighbor would profit by the silence to address him, but he was mistaken. The next morning, however, just as he removed his bed from the wall, he heard three knocks; he threw himself on his knees.

"Is it you?" said he; "I am here."

"Is your jailer gone?"

"Yes," said Dantès; "he will not return until the evening. We have twelve hours of liberty."

"I can work, then?" said the voice.

"Oh, yes, yes; this instant, I entreat you!"

In an instant the portion of the floor on which Dantès (half-buried in the opening) was leaning his two hands, began to yield under him; he cast himself back, while a mass of stones and earth disappeared in a hole that opened

beneath the aperture he himself had formed. Then from the bottom of this passage, the depth of which it was impossible to measure, he saw appear, first the head, then the shoulders, and lastly the body of a man, who sprang lightly into his cell.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LEARNED ITALIAN.

DANTÈS received in his arms the friend so long and ardently desired, and drew him towards the window, in order to obtain a better view of his features by the aid of the imperfect light that struggled through the grating of the prison. He was a man of small stature, with hair blanched rather by suffering and sorrow than by years, with deep-set, penetrating eyes, almost buried beneath the thick gray eyebrows, and a long (and still black) beard reaching down to his breast. His worn countenance, deeply furrowed by care, joined to the bold outline of his strongly-marked features, announced a man more accustomed to exercise his moral faculties than his physical strength. Large drops of perspiration were now standing on his brow, while his garments hung about him in such rags as to render it useless to form a guess as to their primitive description.

The stranger might have numbered sixty or sixty-five years; but a certain vigor in his movements made it probable that he was aged more by long captivity than by mere lapse of years. He received the enthusiastic greeting of his young acquaintance with evident pleasure; his chilled affections seemed rekindled and invigorated by contact with that glowing soul. He thanked him with grateful cordiality for his kindly welcome, although his disappointment must have been severe on finding another dungeon where he had expected to find liberty.

"Let us first see," said he, "whether it is possible to remove the traces of my entrance here; all our security depends upon our jailers' being entirely ignorant of it." Advancing to the opening, he stooped and raised the stone as easily as though it had not weighed an ounce; then, fitting it into its place, he said, —

"You removed this stone very carelessly; but I suppose you had no tools to aid you."

"Why," exclaimed Dantès, with astonishment, "do you possess any?"

"I made myself some; and with the exception of a file, I have all that are necessary, — a chisel, pincers, and lever."

"Oh, I should like to see these products of your industry and patience!"

"Well, in the first place, here is my chisel." So saying, he displayed a sharp strong blade, with a handle made of beechwood.

"And with what did you contrive to make that?" inquired Dantès.

"With one of the clamps of my bedstead; and this very tool has sufficed me to hollow out the road by which I came hither, a distance of at least fifty feet."

"Fifty feet!" re-echoed Dantès, with a species of terror.

"Do not speak so loud, young man; don't speak so loud! It frequently occurs in a state prison like this that persons are stationed outside the doors of the cells purposely to overhear the conversation of the prisoners."

"But they believe I am shut up alone here."

"That makes no difference."

"And you say that you penetrated a length of fifty feet to arrive here?"

"I do; that is about the distance that separates your

chamber from mine. Only, unfortunately, I did not curve aright; for want of the necessary geometrical instruments to calculate my scale of proportion, instead of taking an ellipsis of forty feet, I have made fifty. I expected, as I told you, to reach the outer wall, pierce through it, and throw myself into the sea; I have, however, kept along the corridor, on which your chamber opens, instead of going beneath it. My labor is all in vain, for I find that the corridor looks into a courtyard filled with soldiers."

"That's true," said Dantès; "but the corridor you speak of bounds only *one* side of my cell; there are three others. Do you know anything of their situation?"

"This one is built against the solid rock; and it would take ten experienced miners, duly furnished with the requisite tools, as many years to penetrate it. This other wall adjoins the lower part of the governor's apartments, and were we to work our way through, we should only get into some lock-up cellars, where we must necessarily be recaptured. The fourth and last side of your cell faces — stop a minute; now what does it face?"

The side which thus excited curiosity was the one in which was fixed the loophole by which the light was admitted into the chamber. This loophole, which gradually diminished as it approached the outside, until there remained only an opening through which a child could not have passed, was for better security furnished with three iron bars, so as to quiet all apprehensions even in the mind of the most suspicious jailer as to the possibility of a prisoner's escape. As the stranger spoke, he dragged the table beneath the window. "Climb up," said he to Dantès.

The young man obeyed, mounted on the table, and divining the intentions of his companion, placed his back securely against the wall and held out both hands. The

stranger, whom as yet Dantès knew only by the number of his cell, sprang up with an agility by no means to be expected in a person of his apparent age, and with the easy movement of a cat or a lizard, climbed from the table to the outstretched hands of Dantès, and from them to his shoulders; then, bending himself almost double, — for the ceiling of the dungeon prevented his holding himself erect, — he managed to slip his head through the top bar of the window, so as to be able to command an unobstructed view from top to bottom.

An instant afterwards he hastily drew back his head, saying, "I thought so!" and sliding from the shoulders of Dantès as dexterously as he had ascended, he nimbly leaped from the table to the ground.

"What did you expect to find?" asked the young man, in an anxious tone, in his turn descending from the table.

The elder prisoner appeared to meditate. "Yes," said he at length, "it is so. This side of your chamber looks out upon a kind of open gallery, where patrols are continually passing, and sentries keep watch day and night."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Certain. I saw the soldier's shako and the top of his musket; that made me draw in my head so quickly, — for I was fearful he might also see me."

"Well?" inquired Dantès.

"You perceive then the utter impossibility of escaping through your dungeon?"

"Then?" pursued the young man, with a questioning accent.

"Then," answered the elder prisoner, "the will of God be done!" and as the old man slowly pronounced those words, an air of profound resignation spread itself over his care-worn countenance. Dantès gazed on the indi-

vidual who could thus philosophically resign hopes so long and ardently nourished, with an astonishment mingled with admiration.

"Tell me, I entreat you, who you are," said he, at length.

"Willingly," answered the stranger; "if indeed you feel any curiosity respecting me, now that I am powerless to aid you in any way."

"You can console and support me, — for you appear to me to be a strong man among the strong."

The stranger smiled sadly. "Then listen," said he, "I am the Abbé Faria, and have been imprisoned in this Château d'If since the year 1811; previously to which I had been confined for three years in the fortress of Fenestrelle. In the year 1811 I was transferred to Piedmont in France. At this period I learned that the destiny which seemed subservient to every wish formed by Napoleon had bestowed on him a son, named King of Rome even in his cradle. I was very far then from expecting the change of which you have just informed me; namely, that four years afterwards this colossus of power would be overthrown. Then who reigns in France at this moment, — Napoleon II.?"

"No, Louis XVIII."

"The brother of Louis XVI.! How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! For what great and mysterious purpose has it pleased Heaven to abase the man once so elevated, and raise up the individual so beaten down and depressed?"

Dantès's whole attention was riveted on a man who could thus forget his own misfortunes while occupying himself with the destinies of others.

"But so it was," continued he, "in England. After Charles I. came Cromwell; to Cromwell succeeded Charles

II., and then James II., who was succeeded by some son-in-law, some relative, some prince of Orange, — a stadtholder who made himself king ; and then, new concessions to the people, then a constitution, then liberty ! You will see that, young man," said he, turning towards Dantès with the kindling gaze of a prophet ; " you are still young enough, — you will see it."

" Yes, if ever I get out of prison ! "

" True," replied Faria, " we are prisoners ; but I forget this sometimes, and there are even moments when my mental vision transports me beyond these walls, and I fancy myself at liberty."

" But wherefore are you here? "

" Because in 1807 I meditated the very scheme Napoleon wished to realize in 1811 ; because, like Machiavel, I desired to alter the political face of Italy, and instead of allowing it to be split up into a number of petty principalities, each held by some weak or tyrannical ruler, I sought to form one large, compact, and powerful empire ; and lastly, because I fancied I had found my Cæsar Borgia in a crowned simpleton, who feigned to enter into my views only to betray me. It was projected equally by Alexander VI. and Clement VII. ; but it will never succeed now, for they attempted it fruitlessly, and Napoleon was unable to complete his work. Italy seems fated to be unlucky." The old man uttered these last words in a tone of deep dejection, and his head fell listlessly on his breast.

To Dantès all this was incomprehensible ; he did not understand how a man could risk his life for interests such as these. Napoleon, indeed, he knew something of, inasmuch as he had seen and spoken with him ; but Clement VII. and Alexander VI. he had never heard of.

" Are you not," said Dantès, beginning to partake of the jailer's opinion touching the state of the abbé's brain,

"the priest who is considered throughout the Château d'If to be — ill?"

"Mad, you mean, don't you?"

"I did not like to say so," answered Dantès, smiling.

"Well, then," resumed Faria, with a bitter smile, "let me answer your question in full, by acknowledging that I am the poor mad prisoner of the Château d'If, for many years permitted to amuse the different visitants to the prison with what is said to be my insanity; and in all probability I should be promoted to the honor of making sport for the children, if children could be found in an abode devoted like this to suffering and despair."

Dantès remained for a short time mute and motionless; at length he said, "Then you abandon all hope of flight?"

"I perceive its utter impossibility; and I consider it impious to attempt that which the Almighty evidently does not approve."

"Nay, be not discouraged. Would it not be expecting too much to hope to succeed in your first attempt? Why not try to find an opening in another direction?"

"But do you know what I have done, when you talk so lightly of beginning again? In the first place, I was four years making the tools I possess, and have been two years scraping and digging out earth, hard as granite itself; then I had to remove huge stones I should once have deemed impossible to loosen. Whole days have I passed in these titanic efforts, considering my labor well repaid if by night-time I had contrived to carry away a square inch of this hard-bound cement, changed by ages into a substance unyielding as the stones themselves. Then, to conceal the mass of earth and rubbish I dug up, I was compelled to break through a staircase, and throw the fruits of my labor into the hollow part of it; but the well

is now so completely choked up that I scarcely think it would be possible to add another handful of dust without leading to a discovery. Consider also that I fully believed I had accomplished the end and aim of my undertaking, for which I had so exactly husbanded my strength as to make it just hold out to the termination of my enterprise; and just at the moment when I reckoned upon success, my hopes are forever dashed from me. No, I repeat, nothing shall induce me to renew attempts evidently at variance with the Almighty's pleasure."

Dantès held down his head that his companion might not perceive how little of real regret at the failure of the scheme was expressed on his countenance; but in truth, the young man could entertain no other feeling than delight at finding his prison would be no longer solitary or uncheered by human participation.

The abbé rested upon Edmond's bed, while Edmond himself remained standing. Flight had never once occurred to him. There are indeed some things which appear so impossible that the mind does not dwell on them for an instant. To undermine the ground for fifty feet; to devote three years to a labor which if successful would conduct one to a precipice overhanging the sea; to plunge into the waves from a height of fifty or sixty or perhaps a hundred feet, at the risk of being dashed to pieces against the rocks, should the fugitive be fortunate enough to have escaped the balls from the sentinel's musket, and then, these perils past, to have to swim three miles, — these were difficulties so formidable that Dantès had never even dreamed of such a scheme, but had resigned himself to his fate. But the sight of an old man clinging to life with so desperate a courage gave a new direction to his ideas, and inspired him with courage and energy. Another man had attempted what he had not

even thought of trying; another man, not so young nor so strong nor so adroit as he, by the exercise of skill and patience had provided himself with all the tools necessary for that astonishing work, which an erroneous measurement only had brought to nought. Another man had done all that; nothing, then, was impossible to Dantès! Faria had made his way through fifty feet of the prison; Dantès resolved to penetrate through double that distance. Faria, at the age of fifty, had devoted three years to the task; he, who was but half as old, would sacrifice six. Faria, a churchman and philosopher, had not shrunk from risking his life by trying to swim a distance of three miles to reach the isles of Daume, Ratonneau, or Lemaire; should a hardy sailor, an experienced diver, like himself, shrink from a similar task; should he, who had so often for mere amusement's sake plunged to the bottom of the sea to fetch up the bright coral-branch, hesitate to swim a distance of three miles? He could do it in an hour, and how many times had he for pure pastime continued in the water for more than twice as long! At once Dantès resolved to follow the brave example of his energetic companion, and to remember that what has once been done may be done again.

After continuing some time in profound meditation, the young man suddenly exclaimed, "I have found what you were in search of!"

Faria started. "Have you, indeed?" cried he, raising his head with quick anxiety; "pray let me know what it is you have discovered."

"The corridor through which you have bored your way from the cell you occupy extends in the same direction as the outer gallery, does it not?"

"It does."

"And is not above fifteen steps from it?"

"About that."

"Well, then, I will tell you what we must do. We must make a way through the middle of the corridor, like the arm of a cross. This time you will make your measurements more accurately; we shall get out into the gallery you have described, kill the sentinel who guards it, and make our escape. All we require to insure success is courage, which you possess, and strength, in which I am not deficient; as for patience, you have abundantly proved yours, — you shall now see me prove mine."

"One instant, my dear friend," replied the abbé; "it is clear you do not understand the nature of the courage with which I am endowed, and what use I intend making of my strength. As for patience, I think I have abundantly exercised that in taking up again every morning the task of the previous night, and every night beginning again the task of the day. But then, young man, — listen to me, — then I thought I could not be doing anything displeasing to the Almighty in trying to set an innocent being at liberty, — one who had committed no offence and merited no condemnation."

"And have your notions changed?" asked Dantès. "Do you think yourself guilty since you have encountered me?"

"No; but I do not wish to become so. Hitherto I have fancied myself merely waging war against circumstances; now you propose an enterprise against men. I have been able to bore through a wall, or destroy a staircase; but I will not pierce a heart or take away a life."

A slight movement of surprise escaped Dantès. "Is it possible," said he, "that where your liberty is at stake you can be restrained by a scruple such as that?"

"Tell me," replied Faria, "what has hindered you from

knocking down your jailer with a piece of wood torn from your bedstead, dressing yourself in his clothes, and endeavoring to escape?"

"Simply that I never thought of such a scheme," answered Dantès.

"Because," said the old man, "the natural repugnance to the commission of such a crime prevented its bare idea from occurring to you. In all simple and allowable things our natural instincts keep us from deviating from the strict line of duty. The tiger, whose nature teaches him to delight in shedding blood, needs but the organ of smelling to know when his prey is within his reach; he springs upon his victim and tears it to pieces. That is his instinct, and he obeys it; man, on the contrary, shrinks from blood. Not social law only, but natural law is opposed to murder."

Dantès remained confused and silent by this explanation of the thoughts which had unconsciously been working in his mind, or rather soul; for there are thoughts that proceed from the head, and thoughts that emanate from the heart.

"Since my imprisonment," said Faria, "I have gone over in my mind all the most celebrated instances of escape from prison. Attempted escapes have succeeded but rarely. Those that have been crowned with full success have been long meditated upon and carefully arranged, — for instance, the escape of the Duc de Beaufort from the Château de Vincennes, that of the Abbé Dubuquoi from For l'Évêque, and Latude's from the Bastille. Chance frequently affords opportunities we should never ourselves have thought of. Let us, therefore, wait patiently for some favorable moment; rely upon it, you will not find me more backward than yourself in seizing it."

"Ah!" said Dantès, "you might well endure the

tedious delay; you were constantly employed in the task you set yourself, and when weary with toil, you had your hopes to refresh and encourage you."

"I assure you," replied the old man, "I did not turn to that source for recreation or support."

"What did you do, then?"

"I wrote or studied."

"Were you then permitted the use of pens, ink, and paper?"

"Oh, no!" answered the abbé; "I had none but what I made for myself."

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Dantès, "that you have made paper, pens, and ink?"

"Yes."

Dantès looked upon him with admiration; some doubt, however, still lingered in his mind, which was quickly perceived by the penetrating eye of the abbé.

"When you pay me a visit in my cell," said he, "I will show you an entire work, the fruits of the thoughts and reflections of my whole life, — formed in the ruins of the Coliseum of Rome, at the foot of St. Mark's column at Venice, and on the borders of the Arno at Florence. I did not anticipate that sometime my jailers would give me leisure to write them out within the walls of the Château d'If. The work I speak of is called 'A Treatise on the Practicability of forming Italy into one General Monarchy,' and will make one large quarto volume."

"And on what have you written all this?"

"On two of my shirts. I invented a preparation that makes linen as smooth and as easy to write on as parchment."

"You are, then, a chemist?"

"Somewhat; I knew Lavoisier, and was the intimate friend of Cabanis."

"But for such a work you must have needed books; had you any?"

"I possessed nearly five thousand volumes in my library at Rome; but after reading them over many times, I found out that with one hundred and fifty well-chosen books a man possesses a complete analysis of all human knowledge, or at least all that is either useful or desirable to be acquainted with. I devoted three years of my life to reading and studying these one hundred and fifty volumes, till I knew them nearly by heart; so that since I have been in prison, a very slight effort of memory has enabled me to recall their contents as readily as though the pages were open before me. I could recite to you the whole of Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, Titus Livius, Tacitus, Strada, Jornandès, Dante, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Spinosa, Machiavel, and Bossuet. I name only the most important writers."

"You must be acquainted, then, with several languages?"

"Yes, I speak five of the modern tongues; that is to say, German, French, Italian, English, and Spanish. By the aid of ancient Greek I learned modern Greek; I don't speak it so well as I could wish, but I am now studying it."

"You are studying it?" repeated Dantès.

"Yes, I made a vocabulary of the words I knew, turned, re-turned, and arranged them, so as to enable me to express my thoughts with them. I know about one thousand words, all that are absolutely necessary, although I believe there are nearly one hundred thousand in the dictionaries. I cannot hope to be very fluent, but I shall be able to make myself understood, and that is enough."

Stronger grew the wonder of Dantès, who almost fancied he had to do with one gifted with supernatural powers;

still, hoping to find some imperfection which might bring him down to a level with human beings, he added, "But if you were not furnished with pens, how did you manage to write the work you speak of?"

"I made myself some excellent ones, which would be universally preferred to all others if once known. You are aware what huge whitings are served to us on fast-days. Well, I selected the cartilages of the heads of these fishes, and you can scarcely imagine the delight with which I welcomed the arrival of each Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, as affording me the means of increasing my stock of pens, — for I will freely confess that my historical labors have been my greatest solace and relief. While retracing the past, I forget the present; and while coursing through history, free and independent, I remember no longer that I am a prisoner."

"But the ink," said Dantès, "how have you procured that?"

"I will tell you," replied Faria. "There was formerly a fireplace in my dungeon, but closed up long ere I became an occupant of this prison. Still, it must have been many years in use, for it was thickly covered with a coating of soot; this soot I dissolved in a portion of the wine brought to me every Sunday, and I assure you a better ink cannot be desired. For very important notes, intended to attract special observation, I have pricked one of my fingers, and written with my blood."

"And when," asked Dantès, "will you show me all this?"

"Whenever you please," replied the abbé.

"Oh, then let it be directly!" exclaimed the young man.

"Follow me, then," said the abbé, as he re-entered the subterranean passage, in which he soon disappeared. Dantès followed him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ABBÉ'S CHAMBER.

After having passed with tolerable ease through the subterranean passage, which, however, did not admit of their holding themselves erect, the two friends reached the farther end of the corridor, into which the cell of the abbé opened; from that point the opening became much narrower, barely permitting one to creep through on his hands and knees. The floor of the abbé's cell was paved, and it had been by raising one of the stones in the most obscure corner that Faria had been able to commence the laborious task of which Dantès had witnessed the completion. As he entered the chamber of his friend, Dantès cast around one eager and searching glance in quest of the expected marvels, but nothing more than common met his view.

"It is well," said the abbé; "we have some hours before us, — it is now just a quarter past twelve o'clock."

Instinctively Dantès turned round to observe by what watch or clock the abbé had been able so accurately to specify the hour.

"Look at this ray of light which enters by my window," said the abbé, "and then observe the lines traced on the wall. Well, by means of these lines, which are in accordance with the double motion of the earth, as well as the ellipse it describes round the sun, I am enabled to ascertain the precise hour with more minuteness than if I possessed a watch; for that might be broken or deranged

in its movements, while the sun and earth are never out of order."

This last explanation was wholly lost upon Dantès, who had always imagined, from seeing the sun rise from behind the mountains and set in the Mediterranean, that it moved, and not the earth. A double movement in the globe he inhabited, and of which he could feel nothing, appeared to him almost impossible; still, though unable to comprehend the full meaning of his companion's allusions, each word that fell from his lips seemed fraught with the wonders of science, as admirably deserving of being brought fully to light as were the glittering treasures he could just recollect having visited during his earliest youth in a voyage he made to Guzerat and Golconda.

"Come," said he to the abbé, "show me the wonderful inventions you told me of; I am all impatience to behold them."

The abbé smiled, and proceeding to the disused fireplace, raised by the help of his chisel a long stone, which had doubtless been the hearth, beneath which was a cavity of considerable depth, serving as a safe depository of the articles mentioned to Dantès.

"What do you wish to see first?" asked the abbé.

"Show me your great work on monarchy in Italy."

Faria then drew forth from his hiding-place three or four rolls of linen, laid one over the other, like the folds of papyrus found in mummy-cases. These rolls consisted of slips of cloth about four inches wide and eighteen long; they were all carefully numbered and closely covered with writing, so legible that Dantès could easily read it, as well as make out the sense, — it being in Italian, a language which he, as a Provençal, perfectly understood.

"There!" said he, "there is the work complete; I wrote the word 'finis' at the end of the sixty-eighth strip

about a week ago. I have torn up two of my shirts and all my handkerchiefs, to complete the precious pages. Should I ever get out of prison and find a printer courageous enough to publish what I have composed, my reputation is made."

"I see," answered Dantès. "Now let me behold the pens with which you have written your work."

"Look!" said Faria, showing to the young man a slender stick about six inches long, and much resembling in size the handle of a fine painting-brush, to the end of which was tied by a piece of thread one of those cartilages of which the abbé had before spoken to Dantès; it was pointed and divided at the nib like an ordinary pen. Dantès examined it and looked around for the instrument with which it had been shaped so correctly into form.

"Ah, yes," said Faria, "you are wondering where I found my penknife? It is my masterpiece; I made it, as well as this knife, out of an old iron candlestick." The penknife was sharp and keen as a razor; as for the other knife, it possessed the double advantage of being capable of serving either as a dagger or a knife.

Dantès examined the various articles shown to him with the same attention he had bestowed on the curiosities and strange tools exhibited in the shops at Marseilles as the works of the savages in the South Seas, whence they had been brought by the sea-captains.

"As for the ink," said Faria, "I told you how I managed to obtain that; I make it from time to time, as I require it."

"There is one thing that puzzles me still," observed Dantès, "and that is how you managed to do all this by daylight."

"I worked at night also," replied Faria.

"Night! are your eyes like cats', that you can see to work in the dark?"

"Indeed they are not; but God has supplied man with intelligence to supplement the poverty of the senses; I provided myself with light."

"You did? Pray tell me how!"

"I separated the fat from the meat served to me, melted it, and made a most capital oil; here is my lamp." So saying, the abbé exhibited a sort of vessel very similar to those employed upon the occasion of public illuminations.

"But how do you procure a light?"

"Oh, here are two flints and a morsel of burnt linen."

"And your matches?"

"Were easily prepared. I feigned a disorder of the skin, and asked for a little sulphur, which was readily supplied."

Dantès laid gently on the table the different things he had been looking at, and stood with his head drooping on his breast, overwhelmed by such perseverance and energy of character.

"You have not seen all yet," continued Faria, "for I did not think it wise to trust all my treasures in the same hiding-place. Let us close this."

Dantès helped him to replace the stone as they first found it; the abbé sprinkled a little dust over it to conceal the traces of its removal, rubbed his foot well on it to make it assume the same appearance as the other, and then going towards his bed, he removed it from the spot where it stood. Behind the head of the bed, and concealed by a stone fitting in so closely as to defy all suspicion, was a hollow space, and in this space a ladder of cords, between twenty-five and thirty feet in length. Dantès closely and eagerly examined it. He found it firm, solid, and compact enough to bear any weight.

"Who supplied you with the cord you needed in making this wonderful work?" asked Dantès.

"No one but myself. I tore up several of my shirts and unravelled the sheets of my bed during my three years' imprisonment at Fenestrelle; and when I was removed to the Château d'If, I managed to bring the ravellings with me, so that I have been able to finish my work here."

"And was it not discovered that your sheets were unhemmed?"

"Oh, no! for when I had taken out the thread I required, I hemmed the edges over again."

"With what?"

"With this needle," said the abbé, as opening his ragged vestments he showed Dantès a long sharp fish-bone, with a small perforated eye for the thread, a small portion of which still remained in it. "I once thought," continued Faria, "of removing these iron bars, and letting myself down from the window, which, as you see, is somewhat wider than yours, although I should have enlarged it still more preparatory to my flight; however, I discovered that I should merely have dropped into a sort of inner court, and I therefore renounced the project altogether as too full of risk and danger. Nevertheless, I carefully preserved my ladder against one of those unforeseen opportunities of which I spoke just now, and which sudden chance frequently brings about."

While affecting to be deeply engaged in examining the ladder, the mind of Dantès was in fact busily occupied by the idea that a person so intelligent, ingenious, and clear-sighted as the abbé might perhaps be able to clear up the mystery of his own misfortunes, which he had in vain endeavored to penetrate.

"What are you thinking of?" asked the abbé, smil-

ingly, imputing the deep abstraction in which his visitor was plunged to the excess of his awe and wonder.

"I was reflecting, in the first place," replied Dantès, "upon the enormous degree of intelligence and ability you must have employed to attain to these achievements. What would you not have accomplished had you been free?"

"Nothing, perhaps; the overflow of my brain would have evaporated in futilities. Trouble is needed to develop the mines of human intelligence. Pressure is required to ignite powder; captivity has collected into one single focus all the floating faculties of my mind. They have come into close contact in a narrow space; and, you know, from the collision of clouds comes electricity; from electricity, lightning; from lightning, illumination."

"No, I know nothing," said Dantès, humiliated by his ignorance. "Some of the words you have used are to me words without sense. You must be very happy in knowing so much."

The abbé smiled. "Well," said he, "but you had another subject for your thoughts besides admiration for me; did you not say so just now?"

"I did."

"You have told me as yet but one of them; let me hear the other."

"It was this: that while you have related to me your history, you are unacquainted with mine."

"Your life, my young friend, has not been of sufficient length to include any very important events."

"It includes an immense calamity," said Dantès, — "a calamity which I have not deserved; and that I may no longer curse God, as I sometimes have, I wish to refer my wretchedness to the men who are responsible for it."

"Then you profess to be innocent of the crime with which you are charged?"

"Entirely innocent; I swear by the two beings most dear to me upon earth, — my father and Mercédès."

"Come," said the abbé, closing his hiding-place and pushing the bed back to its original situation, "let me hear your story."

Dantès obeyed, and commenced what he called his history, which consisted only of the account of a voyage to India, and two or three in the Levant, until he arrived at the recital of his last cruise; the death of Captain Leclere; the receipt of a packet to be delivered by himself to the grand-marshal; his interview with that personage, and his receiving, in place of the packet brought, a letter addressed to M. Noirtier; his arrival at Marseilles and interview with his father; his love for Mercédès and their nuptial fête; his arrest and subsequent examination in the temporary prison of the Palais de Justice; and finally, his imprisonment in the Château d'If. From the period of his arrival all was a blank to Dantès; he knew nothing, not even the length of time he had been imprisoned. His recital finished, the abbé reflected long and earnestly.

"There is," said he, at the end of his meditations, "a clever maxim, which bears upon what I was saying to you a little while ago, and that is, that save where wickedness originates in a distorted organization, human nature revolts at crime. Still, from an artificial civilization have sprung wants, vices, and false tastes, which occasionally become so powerful as to stifle within us all good feelings, and ultimately to lead us into guilt and wickedness. Hence the maxim: If you wish to discover the author of any bad action, seek first to discover the person to whom the perpetration of that bad action might be profitable. To whom could your disappearance have been serviceable?"

"My God! to no one. I was so insignificant."

"Do not speak thus, for your reply lacks at the same time logic and philosophy. Everything is relative, my dear friend, from the king who is in the way of his successor to the employee who is in the way of his substitute. If the king dies, his successor inherits a crown; if the employee dies, the substitute steps into his shoes, and receives his salary of twelve thousand livres. Well, these twelve thousand livres are his civil list, and are as essential to him as the twelve millions to a king. Every individual, from the highest to the lowest degree, has his place in the ladder of social life, and around him are grouped a little world of interests, composed of vortices and hooked atoms, like the worlds of Descartes. But these worlds are always larger in proportion to their elevation. They constitute an inverted spiral, which rests on its point by a trick of equilibrium. But let us return to your world. You say you were on the point of being appointed captain of the 'Pharaon?'"

"I was."

"And about to become the husband of a young and lovely girl?"

"True."

"Now, could any one have had any interest in preventing the accomplishment of these two events? Was it for any one's interest that you should not be captain of the 'Pharaon'?"

"No; I was generally liked on board, and had the sailors possessed the right of selecting a captain themselves, I am sure they would have chosen me. There was only one man who had any feeling of ill-will towards me. I had quarrelled with him some time previously, and had even challenged him to fight me; but he had refused."

"Now we are getting on. And what was this man's name?"

"Danglars."

"What rank did he hold on board?"

"He was supercargo."

"And had you been captain, should you have retained him in his employment?"

"Not if the choice had remained with me, for I had frequently observed inaccuracies in his accounts."

"Good again! Now then, tell me, was any person present during your last conversation with Captain Leclere?"

"No, we were quite alone."

"Could your conversation be overheard by any one?"

"It might, for the cabin door was open, and — stay; now I recollect — Danglars himself passed by just as Captain Leclere was giving me the packet for the grand-marshal."

"That will do," cried the abbé; "now we are on the right scent. Did you take anybody ashore with you when you put into the port of Elba?"

"Nobody."

"Somebody there gave you a letter?"

"Yes; the grand-marshal did."

"And what did you do with that letter?"

"Put it into my pocket-book."

"You had your pocket-book with you, then? Now, how could a pocket-book, large enough to contain an official letter, find sufficient room in the pockets of a sailor?"

"You are right: my pocket-book was left on board."

"Then it was only on your return to the ship that you placed the letter in the pocket-book?"

"Yes."

"And what did you do with this letter while returning from Porto Ferrajo to your vessel?"

"I carried it in my hand."

"So that when you went on board the 'Pharaon,' everybody could perceive you held a letter in your hand?"

"To be sure they could."

"Danglars, as well as the rest?"

"Yes; he as well as others."

"Now, listen to me, and try to recall every circumstance attending your arrest. Do you recollect the words in which the information against you was couched?"

"Oh, yes! I read it over three times, and the words sank deeply into my memory."

"Repeat it to me."

Dantès paused a few instants, as though collecting his ideas, then said, "This is it, word for word: 'The *procureur du roi* is informed by a friend of the throne and of religion, that one Edmond Dantès, mate of the ship "Pharaon," who arrived this morning from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto Ferrajo, has been intrusted by Murat with a letter for the usurper, and by the usurper with a letter for the Bonapartist committee in Paris. Proof of this crime will be found on arresting him, for the letter will be found upon him, or at his father's, or in his cabin on board the "Pharaon."'"

The abbé shrugged his shoulders. "The thing is clear as day," said he; "and you must have had a very unsuspecting nature, as well as a good heart, not to have suspected the origin of the whole affair."

"Do you really think so? Ah, that would indeed be the treachery of a villain."

"How did Danglars usually write?"

"A handsome running hand."

"And how was the anonymous letter written?"

"With a backward slant."

Again the abbé smiled. "In fact, it was a disguised hand?"

"I don't know; it was very boldly written, if disguised."

"Stop a bit," said the abbé. He took up what he called his pen and after dipping it into the ink, wrote on a morsel of prepared linen with his left hand the first two or three words of the accusation. Dantès drew back, and gazed on the abbé with a sensation almost amounting to terror.

"How very astonishing!" cried he, at length. "Why, your writing exactly resembles that of the accusation!"

"Simply because that accusation had been written with the left hand; and I have always remarked one thing —"

"What is that?"

"That whereas all writings done with the right hand are dissimilar, those performed with the left hand invariably resemble each other."

"You have evidently seen and observed everything."

"Let us proceed."

"Oh, yes, yes! let us go on."

"Now as regards the second question. Was there any person who might be interested in preventing your marriage with Mercédès?"

"Yes, a young man who loved her."

"And his name was —"

"Fernand."

"That is a Spanish name."

"He was a Catalan."

"Do you think that he was capable of writing the letter?"

"Oh, no! he would more likely have got rid of me by sticking a knife into me."

"That is in strict accordance with the Spanish char-

acter; an assassination they will unhesitatingly commit, but an act of cowardice, never."

"Besides," said Dantès, "the various circumstances mentioned in the letter were wholly unknown to him."

"You had never spoken of them yourself to any one?"

"To no person whatever."

"Not even to your mistress?"

"No, not even to my betrothed bride."

"Then it is Danglars, beyond a doubt."

"I feel quite sure of it now."

"Wait a little. Was Danglars at all acquainted with Fernand?"

"No; yes, he was. Now I recollect —"

"What?" —

"I saw them both sitting at table together beneath an arbor at Père Pamphile's the evening before the day fixed for my wedding. They were in earnest conversation. Danglars was joking in a friendly way, but Fernand looked pale and agitated."

"Were they alone?"

"There was a third person with them whom I knew well, and who had in all probability made their acquaintance, — a tailor named Caderousse; but he was already quite intoxicated. Stay! stay! How strange that it should not have occurred to me before! On the table round which they were sitting were pens, ink, and paper. Oh, the heartless, treacherous scoundrels!" exclaimed Dantès, pressing his hand to his throbbing brows.

"Is there anything else you would like to know?" asked the abbé, smiling.

"Yes, yes," replied Dantès, eagerly; "I would beg of you, who see so completely to the depths of things, and to whom the greatest mystery seems but an easy riddle, to

explain to me why I had no second examination, why I was never brought to trial, and, above all, why I was condemned without process?"

"That is altogether a different and more serious matter," responded the abbé. "The ways of justice are frequently too dark and mysterious to be easily penetrated. All we have hitherto done in the matter has been child's play. If you wish me to enter upon the more difficult part of the business, you must assist me by the most minute information on every point."

"That I will gladly. So pray begin, my dear abbé, and ask me whatever questions you please; for in good truth you see more clearly into my life than I do myself."

"In the first place, then, who examined you, — the *procureur du roi*, his deputy, or a magistrate?"

"The deputy."

"Was he young or old?"

"About twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, I should say."

"To be sure," answered the abbé, — "not yet corrupt, but already ambitious. And how did he treat you?"

"With more of mildness than severity."

"Did you tell him your whole story?"

"I did."

"And did his conduct change at all in the course of your examination?"

"Yes; certainly he did appear much disturbed when he read the letter that had brought me into this scrape. He seemed quite overcome at the thoughts of the danger I was in."

"*You* were in?"

"Yes."

"Then you feel very sure that it was your misfortune that he regretted?"

"Why, he gave me one great proof of his sympathy, at least."

"And what was that?"

"He burned the sole proof that could at all have criminated me."

"Do you mean the letter of accusation?"

"Oh, no! the letter that I was intrusted to convey to Paris."

"Are you sure he burned it?"

"He did so before my eyes."

"Ay, indeed! that alters the case. That man might be a greater scoundrel than you think."

"Upon my word," said Dantès, "you make me shudder. Is the world indeed peopled by tigers and crocodiles?"

"Yes, but the two-legged tigers and crocodiles are more dangerous than others."

"Let us go on."

"With all my heart! You tell me he burned the letter in your presence?"

"He did, — saying at the same time, 'You see I thus destroy the only proof existing against you.'"

"This action is somewhat too sublime to be natural."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. To whom was this letter addressed?"

"To M. Noirtier, No. 13 Rue Coq-Héron, Paris."

"Now can you think of any interest that your deputy *procureur* could have had in the destruction of that letter?"

"Why, it is not altogether impossible he might have had, for he made me promise several times never to speak of that letter to any one, assuring me that he so advised me for my own interest; and more than this, he insisted on my taking a solemn oath never to utter the name written in the address."

"Noirtier!" repeated the abbé, — "Noirtier! I knew a person of that name at the court of the Queen of Etruria, — a Noirtier who had been a Girondin during the Revolution! What was the name of your deputy?"

"Villefort."

The abbé burst into a fit of laughter, while Dantès gazed on him in utter astonishment.

"What ails you?" said he, at length.

"Do you see this ray of light?"

"I do."

"Well! I see my way into the full meaning of all the proceedings against you more clearly than you even discern that sunbeam. Poor fellow! poor young man! And you tell me this magistrate expressed great sympathy and commiseration for you?"

"He did."

"And the worthy man destroyed your compromising letter?"

"He burned it before me."

"That honest purveyor for the scaffold made you swear never to utter the name of Noirtier?"

"Certainly."

"Why, you poor short-sighted simpleton, do you know who this Noirtier was?"

"Indeed, I do not!"

"That Noirtier was his father!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Dantès, or hell opened its yawning gulf before him, he could not have been more completely transfixed with horror than at the sound of words so wholly unexpected, revealing as they did the fiendish perfidy which had consigned him to wear out his days in the dark cell of a prison that was to him as a living grave. Starting up, he clasped his hands around his head as though to prevent his very brain from

bursting, as in a choked and almost inarticulate voice he exclaimed, "His father! his father!"

"His own father," replied the abbé, "whose name is Noirtier de Villefort."

At this instant, a bright light shot through the mind of Dantès, and cleared up all that had been dark and obscure before. The change that had come over Villefort during the examination, the destruction of the letter, the exacted promise, the almost supplicating tones of the magistrate, who seemed rather to implore mercy than denounce punishment, — all returned to his memory. A cry of mental agony escaped his lips, and he staggered against the wall almost like a drunken man; then, as the paroxysm passed away, he hurried to the opening conducting from the abbé's cell to his own, and said, "Oh! I must be alone to think over all this."

When he regained his dungeon, he threw himself on his bed, where the turnkey found him at his evening visit, sitting with fixed gaze and contracted features, still and motionless as a statue. During those hours of meditation, which to him had seemed but as minutes, he had formed a fearful resolution, and bound himself to its fulfilment by a solemn oath. Dantès was at length roused from his revery by the voice of Faria, who, having also been visited by his jailer, had come to invite his fellow-sufferer to share his supper. In his character as madman, and especially as an amusing madman, the abbé enjoyed certain privileges. He was supplied with bread of a finer, whiter description than the usual prison fare, and even regaled each Sunday with a small quantity of wine. The present day chanced to be Sunday; and the abbé came to invite his young companion to share his bread and wine. Dantès followed him with a firm and assured step. His features had lost their almost spasmodic contraction,

and now wore their usual expression; but he had acquired a certain rigidity and sternness which announced the forming of a deep and settled purpose. Faria bent on him his penetrating eye. "I regret now," said he, "having helped you in your late inquiries, or having given you the information I did."

"Why so?" inquired Dantès.

"Because it has instilled a new passion in your heart, — that of vengeance."

A bitter smile played over the features of the young man. "Let us talk of something else," said he.

Again the abbé looked at him, then mournfully shook his head; but in accordance with Dantès's request, he began to speak of other matters. The elder prisoner was one of those persons whose conversation, like that of all who have experienced many trials, contained many useful and important hints as well as sound information; but it was never egotistical, for the unfortunate man never alluded to his own sorrows. Dantès listened with admiring attention to all he said. Some of his remarks corresponded with what he already knew, or applied to the sort of knowledge his nautical life had enabled him to acquire; others related to things unknown to him, but like those auroræ boreales which serve to light the navigators in northern latitudes, they sufficed to open fresh views to the inquiring mind of the listener, and to give a glimpse of new horizons illumined by the wild meteoric flash. He justly estimated the delight an intelligent mind would have in following that lofty spirit along the moral, philosophical, or social heights where it found exercise.

"You must teach me a small part of what you know," said Dantès, "if only to prevent your growing weary of me. I can well believe that so learned a person as yourself would prefer absolute solitude to being tormented

with the company of one as ignorant and uninformed as myself. If you will only agree to my request, I promise you never to mention another word about escaping."

The abbé smiled. "Alas, my child!" said he, "human knowledge is confined within very narrow limits; and when I have taught you mathematics, physics, history, and the three or four modern languages with which I am acquainted, you will know as much as I do myself. Now, it will scarcely require two years for me to communicate to you the stock of learning I possess."

"Two years!" exclaimed Dantès; "do you really believe I can acquire all these things in so short a time?"

"Not their application, certainly, but their principles you may; to learn is not to know. There are the learned and the knowing. Memory makes the one, philosophy the other."

"But cannot one learn philosophy?"

"Philosophy is not to be learned; it is the combination of sciences acquired by the genius which applies them. Philosophy, — it is the dazzling cloud on which Christ placed his foot to mount into the heavens."

"Well, then," said Dantès, "what will you teach me first? I am eager to begin; I thirst for knowledge."

"Good!" said the abbé.

That very evening the prisoners sketched a plan of education to be entered upon the following day. Dantès possessed a prodigious memory combined with an astonishing quickness and readiness of conception. The mathematical turn of his mind rendered him apt at all kinds of calculation, while his imagination imbued with interest the dry reality of arithmetical computation or the rigid severity of lines. He already knew Italian, and had also picked up a little of the Romaic dialect on his voyages to the East; and by the aid of these two languages he easily compre-

hended the construction of all the others, so that at the end of six months he began to speak Spanish, English, and German. In strict accordance with the promise made to the abbé, Dantès never even alluded to flight. It might have been that the delight his studies afforded him supplied the place of liberty, or that the recollection of his pledged word (a point, as we have already seen, to which he paid a rigid attention) kept him from reverting to any plan for escape. The instructive days passed rapidly, and at the end of a year Dantès was a new man.

As to the Abbé Faria, Dantès remarked that spite of the relief his society afforded, he daily grew sadder; one thought seemed incessantly to harass and distract his mind. Sometimes he would fall into long reveries, sigh heavily and involuntarily, then suddenly rise, and with folded arms begin pacing the confined space of his dungeon. One day he stopped all at once in the midst of these so often-repeated promenades, and exclaimed, "Ah, if there were no sentinel!"

"There shall not be one a minute longer than you please," said Dantès, who had followed his thought through the covering of his brain as if through a crystal.

"Ah! I have already told you," answered the abbé, "that I revolt at murder."

"But this murder, if committed, will be for our safety, prompted by the instinct of self-defence."

"No matter; I could never agree to it."

"Still, you have thought of it?"

"Incessantly, alas!" cried the abbé.

"And you have discovered a means of regaining our freedom, have you not?" asked Dantès, eagerly.

"I have; if they should happen to place a blind and deaf sentinel in the gallery beyond us."

"He shall be blind, he shall be deaf!" replied the

young man, with an air of determined resolution that made his companion shudder.

"No, no!" cried the abbé; "it is impossible!" In vain did Dantès endeavor to renew the subject; the abbé shook his head and refused any further conversation respecting it.

Three months passed away.

"Do you feel yourself strong?" inquired the abbé of Dantès. The young man, in reply, took up the chisel, bent it into the form of a horseshoe, and then as readily straightened it.

"And will you engage not to do any harm to the sentry, except in the last extremity?"

"Yes, upon honor."

"Then," said the abbé, "we may hope to put our design into execution."

"And how long shall we be in accomplishing the necessary work?"

"At least a year."

"And shall we begin at once?"

"Directly."

"We have lost a year to no purpose!" cried Dantès.

"Do you consider the last twelve months as wasted?" asked the abbé, in a tone of mild reproach.

"Forgive me!" cried Edmond, blushing.

"Tut, tut!" answered the abbé; "man is but man at last, and you are about the best specimen of the genus I have ever known. Come, let me show you my plan." The abbé then showed Dantès a design which he had drawn. It consisted of a plan of his own cell and that of Dantès, with the corridor which united them. In this passage he proposed to form a tunnel, such as is employed in mines; this tunnel would conduct the two prisoners immediately beneath the gallery where the sentry kept watch. Once

there, a large excavation would be made, and one of the flag-stones with which the gallery was paved be so completely loosened that at the desired moment it would give way beneath the soldier's feet, who, falling into the excavation below, would be immediately bound and gagged ere, stunned by the effects of his fall, he had power to offer any resistance. The prisoners were then to make their way through one of the gallery windows, and to let themselves down from the outer walls by means of the abbé's ladder of cords. The eyes of Dantès sparkled with joy, and he rubbed his hands with delight at the idea of a plan so simple, yet apparently so certain to succeed.

That very day the miners commenced their labor, and with the more ardor because it succeeded to a long rest from fatigue, and was destined, in all probability, to fulfil their dearest wish. Nothing interrupted the progress of their work except the necessity of returning to their respective cells against the hour in which their jailer was in the habit of visiting them; they had learned to distinguish the almost imperceptible sound of his footsteps as he descended towards their dungeons, and happily, never failed being prepared for his coming. The fresh earth excavated during their present work, and which would have entirely blocked up the old passage, was thrown by degrees and with the utmost precaution, out of the window in either Faria's or Dantès's cell, the rubbish being first pulverized so finely that the night wind carried it far away without permitting the smallest trace to remain.

More than a year had been consumed in this undertaking, the only tools for which had been a chisel, a knife, and a wooden lever, — Faria still continuing to instruct Dantès by conversing with him, sometimes in one language, sometimes in another; at others, relating to him the history of nations and of the great men who from

time to time have left behind them one of those bright tracks called glory. The abbé was a man of the world, and had moreover mixed in the first society of the day; his appearance was impressed with that air of melancholy dignity which Dantès, thanks to the imitative powers bestowed on him by nature, easily acquired, as well as that elegant politeness which he had previously lacked, and which is seldom possessed except by those who have been placed in constant intercourse with persons of high birth and breeding.

At the end of fifteen months the tunnel was made and the excavation completed beneath the gallery, and the two workmen could distinctly hear the measured tread of the sentinel as he paced to and fro over their heads. Compelled as they were to await a night sufficiently dark to favor their flight, they were obliged to defer their final attempt till that auspicious moment should arrive. Their greatest dread now was lest the stone through which the sentry was doomed to fall should give way before its right time, and this they had in some measure provided against by placing under it, as a kind of a prop, a sort of bearer they had discovered among the foundations through which they had worked their way. Dantès was occupied in arranging this piece of wood when he heard Faria, who had remained in Edmond's cell for the purpose of cutting a peg to secure their rope-ladder, call to him in accents of distress. Dantès hastened to his dungeon, where he found him standing in the middle of the room, pale, his forehead streaming with perspiration, and his hands clinched tightly together.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Dantès, "what is the matter? what has happened?"

"Quick! quick!" returned the abbé, "listen to me!"

Dantès looked in fear and wonder at the livid counte-

nance of Faria, his eyes circled by a halo of a bluish cast, his white lips, his disordered hair, and terrified, let fall to the ground the chisel he was holding in his hand. "What, then, is it?" he cried.

"I am lost!" said the abbé. "Listen to me. I am seized with a terrible, perhaps mortal illness; I can feel that the paroxysm is fast approaching. I had a similar attack the year previous to my imprisonment. This malady admits of but one remedy; I will tell you what that is. Go into my cell as quickly as you can; lift one of the feet that support the bed. You will find it has been hollowed out for the purpose of containing a small phial you will see there half-filled with a red fluid. Bring it to me — or rather, no, no! I may be found here — help me back to my room while I have still some strength. Who knows what may happen while the fit continues?"

Spite of the magnitude of the misfortune which thus suddenly frustrated his hopes, Dantès did not lose his presence of mind, but descended into the corridor, dragging his unfortunate companion with him; then, half-carrying, half supporting him, he managed to reach the abbé's chamber, when he immediately laid the sufferer on his bed.

"Thanks!" said the poor abbé, shivering as though his veins were filled with ice. "I am seized with a fit of catalepsy; when it comes to its height, I shall perhaps lie still and motionless as though dead, uttering neither sigh nor groan. On the other hand, the symptoms may be much more violent, and cause me to fall into fearful convulsions, cover my lips with foaming, and force from me the most piercing shrieks. This last evil you must carefully guard against, for were my cries to be heard, it is more than probable I should be removed to another part of the prison, and we should be separated forever.

When I become quite motionless, cold, and rigid as a corpse, then, and not before, you understand, force open my teeth with a chisel, pour from eight to ten drops of the liquor contained in the phial down my throat, and perhaps I shall revive."

"Perhaps?" exclaimed Dantès, in grief-stricken tones.

"Help! help!" cried the abbé, "I — I — die — I —"

So sudden and violent was the fit that the unfortunate prisoner was unable to complete the sentence begun; a violent convulsion shook his whole frame, his eyes started from their sockets, his mouth was drawn on one side, his cheeks became purple, he struggled, foamed, dashed himself about, and uttered the most dreadful cries, which, however, Dantès prevented from being heard by covering his head with the blanket. The fit lasted two hours; then, more helpless than an infant, and colder and paler than marble, more crushed and broken than a reed trampled under foot, he stretched himself out in a last convulsion and became livid.

Edmond waited till life seemed extinct in the body of his friend, then, taking up the chisel, he with difficulty forced open the closely-fixed jaws, carefully poured the appointed number of drops down the rigid throat, and anxiously awaited the result. An hour passed away without the old man's giving the least sign of returning animation. Dantès began to fear he had too long delayed administering the remedy, and thrusting his hands into his hair, continued gazing on the lifeless features of his friend in an agony of despair. At length a slight color tinged the livid cheeks, consciousness returned to the dull, open eyeballs, a faint sigh issued from the lips, and the sufferer made a feeble effort to move.

"He is saved! he is saved!" cried Dantès, in a paroxysm of delight.

The sick man was not yet able to speak, but he pointed with evident anxiety towards the door. Dantès listened, and plainly distinguished the approaching steps of the jailer. It was therefore near seven o'clock; but Edmond's anxiety had put all thoughts of time out of his head. The young man sprang to the entrance, darted through it, carefully drawing the stone over the opening, and hurried to his cell. He had scarcely done so when the door opened, and disclosed to the jailer's inquisitorial gaze the prisoner seated as usual on the side of his bed. Almost before the key had turned in the lock, and before the departing steps of the jailer had died away in the long corridor he had to traverse, Dantès, whose restless anxiety concerning his friend left him no desire to touch the food brought him, hurried back to the abbé's chamber, and raising the stone by pressing his head against it, was soon beside the sick man's couch. Faria had now fully regained his consciousness, but he still lay helpless and exhausted on his miserable bed.

"I did not expect to see you again," said he, feebly, to Dantès.

"And why not?" asked the young man. "Did you expect, then, to die?"

"No, but all is ready for flight; and I thought you would escape."

The deep glow of indignation suffused the cheeks of Dantès. "And did you really think so meanly of me," cried he, "as to believe I would depart without you?"

"At least," said the abbé, "I now see that I was mistaken. Alas, alas! I am fearfully exhausted and debilitated by this attack."

"Be of good cheer," replied Dantès; "your strength will return." And as he spoke he seated himself on the bed beside Faria, and tenderly chafed his chilled hands.

The abbé shook his head. "The former of these fits," said he, "lasted but half an hour, at the termination of which I experienced no other feeling than a great sensation of hunger, and I rose from my bed without help; now I can neither move my right arm nor leg, and my head is confused, which indicates a rush of blood to the brain. The next of these fits will either carry me off or leave me paralyzed for life."

"No, no!" cried Dantès; "you are mistaken; you will not die! And your third attack (if indeed you should have another) will find you at liberty. We shall save you another time, as we have done this, only with a better chance, because we shall be able to command every requisite assistance."

"My good Edmond," answered the abbé, "be not deceived. The attack which has just passed away condemns me to perpetual imprisonment. None can escape but those who can walk."

"Well, we will wait a week, a month, two months, if necessary. In the mean time your strength will return; and as it only remains with us to fix the hour and minute, we will choose the first instant that you feel able to swim to execute our project."

"I shall never swim again," replied Faria. "This arm is paralyzed; not for a time, but forever. Lift it, and judge by its weight if I am mistaken."

The young man raised the arm, which fell back by its own weight, inanimate and helpless. A sigh escaped him.

"You are convinced now, Edmond, are you not?" asked the abbé. "Depend upon it, I know what I say. Since the first attack I experienced of this malady, I have continually reflected on it. Indeed, I expected it, for it is a family inheritance; both my father and grandfather

were taken off by it. The physician who prepared for me the remedy I have twice successfully taken was no other than the celebrated Cabanis; and he predicted a similar end for me."

"The physician may be mistaken!" exclaimed Dantès. "And as for your poor arm, what difference will that make in our escape? Never mind if you cannot swim; I can take you on my shoulders, and swim for both of us."

"My son," said the abbé, "you, who are a sailor and a swimmer, must know as well as I do that a man so loaded would sink ere he had advanced fifty yards in the sea. Cease, then, to deceive yourself with vain hopes that even your own excellent heart refuses to believe in. Here I shall remain till the hour of my deliverance arrives; and that, in all human probability, will be the hour of my death. As for you, who are young and active, delay not on my account, but fly — go! I give you back your promise."

"It is well," said Dantès. "And now hear my determination also." Then rising and extending his hand with an air of solemnity over the old man's head, he slowly added, "By the blood of Christ I swear that I will not leave you while you live!"

Faria looked at that young man, so noble, so simple, of so lofty a spirit, and read in his honest open countenance ample confirmation of truthfulness, as well as sincere, affectionate, and faithful devotion.

"Thanks," murmured the invalid, extending the one hand of which he still retained the use. "Thanks for your generous offer, which I accept as frankly as it was made." Then, after a short pause he added, "You may one of these days reap the reward of your disinterested devotion. But as I cannot, and you will not, quit this place, it becomes necessary to fill up the excavation be-

neath the soldier's gallery; he might, by chance, notice a hollow sound produced by his footsteps over the excavated ground, and call the attention of his officer to the circumstance. That would bring about a discovery which would inevitably lead to our being separated. Go, then, and set about this work, in which unhappily I can offer you no assistance; keep at it all night, if necessary, and do not return here to-morrow till after the jailer has visited me. I shall have something important to communicate to you."

Dantès took the hand of the abbé in his, and affectionately pressed it. Faria smiled encouragingly on him, and the young man retired to his task, filled with a religious determination faithfully and unflinchingly to discharge the vow which bound him to his afflicted friend.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TREASURE.

When Dantès returned next morning to the chamber of his companion in captivity, he found Faria seated and looking composed. In the ray of light which entered by the narrow window of his cell, he held open in his left hand, of which alone, it will be recollected, he retained the use, a morsel of paper, which from being constantly rolled into a small compass, had the form of a cylinder, and was not easily kept open. He did not speak, but showed the paper to Dantès.

"What is that?" inquired the latter.

"Look at it," said the abbé, with a smile.

"I have looked at it with all possible attention," said Dantès, "and I only see a half-burned paper, on which are traces of Gothic characters, traced with a peculiar kind of ink."

"This paper, my friend," said Faria, "I may now avow to you, since I have proved you, — this paper is my treasure, of which, from this day forth, one half belongs to you."

A cold damp started to Dantès's brow. Until this day — through what a period of time! — he had avoided talking to the abbé of this treasure, the source of the imputation of madness against him. With his instinctive delicacy Edmond had preferred avoiding any touch on this painful chord, and Faria had been equally silent. He had taken the silence of the old man for a return to reason, and now

these few words, uttered by Faria after so painful a crisis, seemed to announce a serious relapse of mental alienation.

"Your treasure?" stammered Dantès. Faria smiled.

"Yes," said he. "You are indeed a noble heart, Edmond; and I see by your paleness and your shudder what is passing in your heart at this moment. No, be assured; I am not mad. This treasure exists, Dantès; and if I have not been allowed to possess it, you will. Yes; you. No one would listen to me or believe me, because they thought me mad; but you, who must know that I am not, listen to me, and believe me afterwards if you will."

"Alas!" murmured Edmond to himself, "this is a terrible relapse! There was only this blow wanting." Then he said aloud, "My dear friend, your attack has perhaps fatigued you; had you not better repose a while? To-morrow, if you will, I will hear your narrative; but to-day I wish to nurse you carefully. Besides," he said, "a treasure is not a matter very urgent for us."

"It is very urgent, Edmond!" replied the old man. "Who knows if to-morrow, or the next day after, the third attack may not come on? Remember that then all will be over. I have often thought with a bitter joy that these riches, which would make the wealth of a dozen families, will be forever lost to those men who persecute me. This idea was revenge to me, and I tasted it slowly in the night of my dungeon and the despair of my captivity. But now that I have forgiven the world for the love of you; now that I see you young and full of hope and prospect; now that I think of all that may result to you in the good fortune of such a disclosure, — I shudder at any delay, and tremble lest I should not assure to one as worthy as yourself the possession of so vast an amount of hidden treasure."

Edmond turned away his head with a sigh.

"You persist in your incredulity, Edmond," continued Faria. "My words have not convinced you. I see you require proofs. Well, then, read this paper, which I have never shown to any one."

"To-morrow, my dear friend," said Edmond, unwilling to yield to the old man's madness. "I thought it was understood that we should not talk of that until to-morrow."

"Then we will not talk of it until to-morrow; but read this paper to-day."

"I will not irritate him," thought Edmond, and [illegible] the paper, of which half was wanting, having [illegible] no doubt, by some accident, he read, —

This treasure, which may amount to two
of Roman crowns in the most distant a
of the second opening wh
declare to belong to him alo
heir.
25th April, 149

"Well!" said Faria, when the young man [illegible] reading it.

"Why," replied Dantès, "I see [illegible] lines and unconnected words, which are [illegible] by fire."

"Yes, to you, my friend, who read them for the first time; but not for me, who have grown pale over them by many nights' study, and have reconstructed every phrase, completed every thought."

"And do you believe you have discovered the concealed sense?"

"I am sure I have, and you shall judge for yourself; but first listen to the history of this paper."

"Silence!" exclaimed Dantès. "Steps approach — I go — adieu."

And Dantès, happy to escape the history and explanation which could not fail to confirm his apprehensions, glided like a snake along the narrow passage, while Faria, restored by his alarm to a kind of activity, pushed with his foot the stone into its place, and covered it with a mat in order the more effectually to avoid discovery.

It was the governor, who, hearing of Faria's accident from the jailer, had come in person to see him.

Faria sat up to receive him, avoided every movement that might betray his condition, and continued to conceal from the governor the paralysis that had already stricken with death one half of his body. His fear was lest the governor, touched with pity, might order him to be removed to a prison more wholesome, and thus separate him from his young companion. But fortunately this did not happen, and the governor left him, convinced that the poor madman, for whom in his heart he felt a kind of affection, was only affected with a slight indisposition.

During this time Edmond, seated on his bed with his head in his hands, tried to collect his scattered thoughts. All was so rational, so grand, so logical, with Faria since he had known him, that he could not understand how so much wisdom on all other points could be allied to madness in any one. Was Faria deceived as to his treasure, or was all the world deceived as to Faria?

Dantès remained in his cell all day, not daring to return to his friend, thinking thus to defer the moment when he should acquire the certainty that the abbé was mad, — that conviction would be so terrible to him!

But towards the evening, after the usual visitation, Faria, not seeing the young man appear, tried to get over the distance which separated them. Edmond shuddered

when he heard the painful efforts which the old man made to drag himself along; his leg was inert, and he could no longer make use of one arm. Edmond was compelled to draw him towards himself, for otherwise he could not enter by the small aperture which led to Dantès's chamber.

"Here I am, pursuing you remorselessly," he said with a benignant smile. "You thought to escape my munificence, but it is in vain. Listen to me."

Edmond saw there was no escape, and placing the old man on his bed, he seated himself on the stool beside him.

"You know," said the abbé, "that I was the secretary and intimate friend of Cardinal Spada, the last of the princes of that name. I owe to this worthy lord all the happiness I ever knew. He was not rich, although the wealth of his family had passed into a proverb, and I heard the phrase very often, 'As rich as a Spada.' But he, like public rumor, lived on this reputation for wealth. His palace was my paradise. I instructed his nephews, who are dead; and when he was alone in the world, I returned to him, by an absolute devotion to his will, all he had done for me during ten years. The house of the cardinal had no secrets for me. I had often seen my noble patron annotating ancient volumes, and eagerly searching among dusty family manuscripts. One day when I was reproaching him for his unavailing searches, and the kind of prostration of mind that followed them, he looked at me, and smiling bitterly, opened a volume relating to the history of the city of Rome. There, in the twenty-ninth chapter of the Life of Pope Alexander VI., were the following lines, which I can never forget: —

"'The great wars of Romagna had ended; Cæsar Borgia, who had completed his conquest, had need of money to pur-

chase all Italy. The pope had also need of money to make a final settlement with Louis, the twelfth king of France, formidable still in spite of his recent reverses. It was necessary, therefore, to have recourse to some profitable speculation, which was a matter of great difficulty in the impoverished condition of exhausted Italy. His Holiness had an idea; he determined to make two cardinals.'

"In choosing two of the greatest personages of Rome, especially rich men, the holy father looked for the following profits from his speculation. In the first place he had to sell the great appointments and splendid offices which these two cardinals held; and then he had the two hats to sell besides. There was a third profit in the speculation, which will appear hereafter. The pope and Cæsar Borgia first found the two future cardinals; they were Jean Rospigliosi, who held four of the highest dignities of the holy seat, and Cæsar Spada, one of the noblest and richest of the Roman nobility. Both felt the high honor of such a favor from the pope. They were ambitious. These having been selected, Cæsar Borgia soon found purchasers for their appointments. The result was that Rospigliosi and Spada paid for being cardinals, and eight other persons paid for the offices the cardinals held before their elevation, and thus eight hundred thousand crowns entered into the coffers of the speculators.

"It is time now to proceed to the last part of the speculation. The pope having almost smothered Rospigliosi and Spada with caresses, having bestowed upon them the insignia of cardinals and induced them to realize their fortunes and fix themselves at Rome, — the pope and Cæsar Borgia invited the two cardinals to dinner. This was a matter of contest between the holy father and his son. Cæsar thought they could make use of one of the means which he always had ready for his friends; that is to say,

in the first place the famous key with which they requested certain persons to go and open a particular cupboard. This key was furnished with a small iron point, — a negligence on the part of the locksmith. When this was pressed to effect the opening of the cupboard, the lock of which was difficult, the person was pricked by this small point, and the next day he died. Then there was the ring with the lion's head, which Cæsar wore when he meant to give certain squeezes of the hand. The lion bit the hand thus favored, and at the end of twenty-four hours the bite was mortal. Cæsar, then, proposed to his father either to ask the cardinals to open the cupboard, or to give each a cordial squeeze of the hand; but Alexander VI. replied to him: 'While we are thinking of these worthy cardinals, Spada and Rospigliosi, let us ask both of them to a dinner. Something tells me that we shall regain this money. Besides, you forget, Cæsar, an indigestion declares itself immediately, but a prick or a bite only after one or two days.' Cæsar gave way before such cogent reasoning; and the cardinals were consequently invited to dinner.

"The table was laid in a vineyard belonging to the pope, near St. Pierre ès Liens, — a charming retreat which the cardinals knew very well by report. Rospigliosi, quite giddy with his dignity, prepared his stomach and assumed his best looks. Spada, a prudent man, and greatly attached to his only nephew, a young captain of highest promise, took paper and pen and made his will. He then sent to his nephew to await him in the vicinity of the vineyard; but it appeared the servant did not find him.

"Spada knew the meaning of these invitations; since Christianity, so eminently civilizing, had made progress in Rome, it was no longer a centurion who came from the tyrant with a message, 'Cæsar wills that you die,' but it

was a legate *a latere* who came with a smile on his lips to say from the pope, 'His Holiness requests you will dine with him.'

"Spada set out about two o'clock to St. Pierre ès Liens. The pope awaited him. The first figure that struck the eyes of Spada was that of his nephew in full costume, and Cæsar Borgia paying him most marked attentions. Spada turned pale, as Cæsar looked at him with an ironical air, which proved that he had anticipated all, and that the snare was well spread. They began dinner, and Spada was only able to inquire of his nephew if he had received his message. The nephew replied no, — perfectly comprehending the meaning of the question. It was too late, for he had already drunk a glass of excellent wine, placed for him expressly by the pope's butler. Spada at the same moment saw another bottle approach him, from which he was liberally supplied. An hour afterwards a physician declared they were both poisoned through eating mushrooms. Spada died on the threshold of the vineyard; the nephew expired at his own door, making signs which his wife could not comprehend.

"Then Cæsar and the pope hastened to lay hands on the heritage, under pretence of seeking for the papers of the dead man. But the inheritance consisted in this only, — a scrap of paper on which Spada had written: 'I bequeath to my beloved nephew my coffers, my books, and, among them, my breviary with the gold corners, which I beg he will preserve in remembrance of his affectionate uncle.'

"The heirs sought everywhere, admired the breviary, laid hands on the furniture, and were greatly astonished that Spada, the rich man, was really the most miserable of uncles. There were no treasures, except those of science, comprised in the library and laboratories. This was all:

Cæsar and his father searched, examined, scrutinized, but found nothing, or at least, very little, — not exceeding a few thousand crowns in plate, and about the same in ready money; but the nephew had time to say to his wife before he expired: 'Look well among my uncle's papers; there is a will.'

"They sought even more thoroughly than the august heirs had done, but it was fruitless. There were two palaces and a vineyard behind the Palatine Hill; but in these days landed property had not much value, and the two palaces and the vineyard remained to the family as beneath the rapacity of the pope and his son. Months and years rolled on. Alexander VI. died, poisoned, — you know by what mistake. Cæsar, poisoned at the same time, escaped with his skin colored like that of a snake, and assumed a new cuticle, on which the poison left spots, like those we see on the skin of a tiger; then, compelled to quit Rome, he went and killed himself in obscurity in a night skirmish scarcely noticed in history. After the pope's death and his son's exile, it was supposed the Spada family would again make the splendid figure they had before the cardinal's time; but this was not the case. The Spadas remained in doubtful ease; a mystery hung over this dark affair; and the public rumor was that Cæsar, a better politician than his father, had carried off from the pope the fortune of the two cardinals. I say the two because Cardinal Rospigliosi, who had not taken any precaution, was completely despoiled.

"Up to this time," said Faria, interrupting the thread of his narrative, "this seems to you very ridiculous, no doubt?"

"Oh, my friend," cried Dantès, "on the contrary, it seems as if I were reading a most interesting narrative; go on, I pray of you."

"I continue: The family began to feel accustomed to this obscurity. Years rolled on, and among the descendants some were soldiers, others diplomatists; some churchmen, some bankers; some grew rich, and some were ruined. I come now to the last of the family, whose secretary I was, — the Comte de Spada. I had often heard him complain of the disproportion of his rank with his fortune; and I advised him to sink all he had in an annuity. He did so, and thus doubled his income. The celebrated breviary remained in the family, and was in the count's possession. It had been handed down from father to son, — for the singular clause of the only will that had been found, had rendered it a real *relique*, preserved in the family with superstitious veneration. It was an illuminated book, with beautiful Gothic characters, and so weighty with gold that a servant always carried it before the cardinal on days of great solemnity.

"At the sight of papers of all sorts, — titles, contracts, parchments, which were kept in the archives of the family all descending from the poisoned cardinal, — I, like twenty servitors, stewards, secretaries before me, in my turn examined the immense bundles of documents; but in spite of the most accurate researches, I found — nothing. Yet I had read, I had even written a precise history of the Borgia family, for the sole purpose of assuring myself whether any increase of fortune had occurred to them on the death of the Cardinal Cæsar Spada; but could trace only the acquisition of the property of the Cardinal Rospigliosi, his companion in misfortune.

"I was then almost assured that the inheritance had profited neither the Borgias nor the family, but had remained without an owner, like the treasures of the Arabian Nights, which slept in the bosom of the earth under the eyes of a genie. I searched, ransacked, counted, calculated

a thousand and a thousand times the income and expenditure of the family for three hundred years; it was useless. I remained in my ignorance, and the Comte de Spada in his poverty. My patron died. He had reserved from his annuity his family papers, his library composed of five thousand volumes, and his famous breviary. All these he bequeathed to me, with a thousand Roman crowns which he had in ready money, on condition that I would have anniversary masses said for the repose of his soul, and that I would draw up a genealogical tree and history of his house. All this I did scrupulously. Be easy, my dear Edmond, we are near the conclusion.

"In 1807, a month before I was arrested, and fifteen days after the death of Comte de Spada, on the 25th of December (you will see presently how the date became fixed in my memory), I was reading for the thousandth time the papers I was arranging, — for the palace was sold to a stranger, and I was going to leave Rome and settle at Florence, intending to take with me twelve thousand livres I possessed, my library and famous breviary, — when tired with my constant labor at the same thing and overcome by a heavy dinner I had eaten, my head dropped on my hands and I fell asleep; it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. I woke as the clock was striking six. I raised my head; all was in darkness. I rang for a light, but as no one came, I determined to find one for myself. It was indeed a philosophical habit which I should soon be under the necessity of adopting. I took a wax candle in one hand and with the other groped about for a piece of paper (my match-box being empty), with which I proposed to procure a light from the small flame still playing on the embers. Fearing, however, that in the darkness I might use some valuable paper, I hesitated for a moment, then recollected that I had seen in the famous breviary,

which was on the table beside me, an old paper quite yellow with age, and which had served as a marker for centuries, kept in its place by the veneration of the heirs. I felt for it, found it, twisted it, and putting it into the expiring flame, set light to it.

"But beneath my fingers, as if by magic, as the fire ascended I saw yellowish characters appear on the paper. Then terror seized upon me. I grasped the paper in my hand, put out the flame as quickly as I could, lighted my taper in the fire itself, and opened the crumpled paper with inexpressible emotion. I found that these characters had been traced in mysterious and sympathetic ink, visible only when exposed to the fire. A little more than one-third of the paper had been consumed by the flame. It was that paper you read this morning; read it again, Dantès, and then I will complete for you the broken phrases and unconnected sense."

Faria with an air of triumph offered the paper to Dantès, who this time read the following words, traced with a rust-colored ink:—

This 25th day of April, 1498, be
Alexander VI. and fearing that not
he may desire to become my heir and re
and Bentivoglio, who were poisoned,
my sole heir, that I have bu
and has visited with me (that is, in
island of Monte Cristo) all I poss
jewels, diamonds, gems; that I alone
may amount to nearly two mil
will find on raising the twentieth ro
creek to the east in a right line. Two open
in these caves; the treasure is in the farthest a
which treasure I bequeath and leave en
as my sole heir.

Cæs

25th April, 1498.

"And now," said the abbé, "read this other paper;" and he presented to Dantès a second leaf with fragments of lines written on it, which Edmond read as follows:

ing invited to dine by his Holiness
content with making me pay for my hat,
serves for me the fate of Cardinals Caprara
I declare to my nephew, Guido Spada,
ried in a place he knows
the caves of the small
essed of ingots, gold, money,
know of the existence of this treasure, which
lions of Roman crowns, and which he
ck from the small
ings have been made
ngle in the second;
tire to him
AR † SPADA.

Faria followed him with excited look. "And now," he said when he saw that Dantès had read the last line, "put the two fragments together, and judge for yourself." Dantès obeyed; and the conjoined pieces gave the following: —

This 25th day of April, 1498, be— ing invited to dine by his Holiness Alexander VI., and fearing that not— content with making me pay for my hat, he may desire to become my heir and re— serves for me the fate of Cardinals Caprara and Bentivoglio, who were poisoned,— I declare to my nephew, Guido Spada, my sole heir, that I have bu— ried in a place he knows and has visited with me (that is, in— the caves of the small island of Monte Cristo) all I poss— essed of ingots, gold, money, jewels, diamonds, gems; that I alone— know of the existence of this treasure, which may amount to nearly two mil— lions of Roman crowns, and which he will find on raising the twentieth ro— ck from the small creek to the east in a right line. Two open— ings have been made in these

caves ; the treasure is in the farthest a— ngle in the second; which treasure I bequeath and leave en— tire to him as my sole heir.

CÆS—AR † SPADA.

25th April, 1498.

"Well, do you comprehend now?" inquired Faria.

"It is the declaration of Cardinal Spada, and the will so long sought for?" replied Edmond, still incredulous.

"Yes! a thousand times yes!"

"And who completed it as it now is?"

"I did. Aided by the remaining fragment, I guessed the rest, — measuring the length of the lines by that of the paper, and divining the hidden meaning by means of what was in part revealed, as we are guided in a cavern by the small ray of light above us."

"And what did you do when you arrived at this conclusion?"

"I resolved to set out, and did set out that very instant, carrying with me the beginning of my great work on the unity of Italy; but for some time the imperial police, — who at this period, quite contrary to what Napoleon desired so soon as he had a son born to him, wished for a partition of provinces, — had their eyes on me. And my hasty departure, the cause of which they were unable to guess, having aroused their suspicions, I was arrested at the very moment I was leaving Piombino. Now," continued Faria, addressing Dantès with an almost paternal expression, — "now, my dear fellow, you know as much as I do myself. If we ever escape together, half this treasure is yours; if I die here, and you escape alone, the whole belongs to you."

"But," inquired Dantès, hesitating, "has this treasure no more legitimate possessor in this world than ourselves?"

"No, no, be easy on that score; the family is extinct. The last Comte de Spada, moreover, made me his heir; bequeathing to me this symbolic breviary, he bequeathed to me all it contained. No, no, be assured; if we lay hands on this fortune, we may enjoy it without remorse."

"And you say this treasure amounts to —"

"Two millions of Roman crowns, — about thirteen millions of our money."

"Impossible!" said Dantès, staggered at the enormous amount.

"Impossible! and why?" asked the old man. "The Spada family was one of the oldest and most powerful families of the fifteenth century; and in those times when all speculative and industrial enterprises were wanting, those accumulations of gold and jewels were by no means rare. There are at this day Roman families perishing of hunger, though possessed of nearly a million in diamonds and jewels handed down as heirlooms, which they cannot touch."

Edmond thought he was in a dream; he wavered between incredulity and joy.

"I have only kept this secret so long from you," continued Faria, "that I might prove you and then surprise you. Had we escaped before my attack of catalepsy, I should have conducted you to Monte Cristo; now," he added with a sigh, "it is you who will conduct me thither. Well! Dantès, you do not thank me."

"This treasure belongs to you, my dear friend," replied Dantès; "and to you only. I have no right to it. I am no relative of yours."

"You are my son, Dantès!" exclaimed the old man. "You are the child of my captivity. My profession condemns me to celibacy. God has sent you to me to

console, at one and the same time, the man who could not be a father and the prisoner who could not get free." And Faria extended the arm which he still could use to the young man, who threw himself on his neck and wept.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE THIRD ATTACK.

Now that this treasure which had so long been the object of the abbé's meditations could insure the future happiness of him whom Faria really loved as a son, it had doubled its value in his eyes, and every day he expatiated on the amount, explaining to Dantès all the good which with thirteen or fourteen millions of livres a man could do in these days to his friends; and then Dantès's countenance became gloomy, for the oath of vengeance he had taken recurred to his memory, and he reflected how much ill in these times a man with thirteen or fourteen millions could do to his enemies.

The abbé did not know the Isle of Monte Cristo; but Dantès knew it and had often passed it, situated twenty-five miles from Pianosa, between Corsica and the Isle of Elba, and had once touched at it. This island was, always had been, and still is, completely deserted. It is a rock of almost conical form, which seems as though projected by some volcanic effort from the depth to the surface of the ocean. Dantès traced a plan of the island for Faria, and Faria gave Dantès advice as to the means he should employ to recover the treasure. But Dantès was far from being as enthusiastic and confident as the old man. It was certain indeed that Faria was not a lunatic, and the way in which he had achieved the discovery which had given rise to the suspicion of his madness increased Dantès's admiration of him; but at the same time he could not

believe that that deposit, supposing it had ever existed, still existed; and though he considered the treasure as by no means chimerical, he yet believed it was no longer there.

However, as if fate resolved on depriving the prisoners of their last chance, and making them understand that they were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, a new misfortune befell them; the gallery on the sea side, which had long been in ruins, was rebuilt. They repaired it completely, and stopped up with vast masses of stone the hole Dantès had partly filled in. But for this precaution, which it will be remembered had been suggested to Edmond by the abbé, the misfortune would have been still greater, — for their attempt to escape would have been discovered, and they would undoubtedly have been separated. Thus a new and even stronger door was closed upon them.

"You see," said the young man, with an air of sorrowful resignation, to Faria, "that God deems it right to take from me even what you call my devotion to you. I have promised to remain forever with you, and now I could not break my promise if I would. I shall no more have the treasure than you; and neither of us will quit this prison. But my real treasure is not that, my dear friend, which awaits me beneath the sombre rocks of Monte Cristo, but it is your presence, — our living together five or six hours a day, in spite of our jailers; it is those rays of intelligence you have elicited from my brain, the languages you have implanted in my memory, and which spring there with all their philological ramifications. These different sciences that you have made so easy to me by the depth of the knowledge you possess of them and the clearness of the principles to which you have reduced them, — this is my treasure, my beloved friend, and with

this you have made me rich and happy. Believe me, and take comfort; this is better for me than tons of gold and cases of diamonds, even were they not perhaps delusive, — like the clouds we see in the morning floating over the sea, which we take for *terra firma*, and which evaporate and vanish as we draw near to them. To have you as long as possible near me; to hear your eloquent voice enriching my mind, strengthening my soul, and making my whole frame capable of great and terrible things if I should ever be free, so filling my soul that the despair to which I was just on the point of yielding when I knew you has no longer any hold over me, — this is my fortune, and there is nothing uncertain about it. I owe it all to you; and all the sovereigns of the earth, were they Cæsar Borgias, could not take it from me."

Thus the days which these two unfortunates passed together, if they were not happy days, at least went as quickly as the days that followed. Faria, who for so long a time had kept silence as to the treasure, now perpetually talked of it. As he had foreseen, he remained paralyzed in the right arm and the left leg, and had given up all hope of ever enjoying it himself. But he was continually thinking over some means of escape for his young companion, and he enjoyed it for him. For fear the letter might be some day lost or abstracted, he compelled Dantès to learn it by heart; and he thus knew it from one end to the other. Then he destroyed the second portion, assured that if the first were seized, no one would be able to penetrate its real meaning. Whole hours sometimes passed while Faria was giving instructions to Dantès, — instructions which were to serve him when he was at liberty. Then, once free, from the day and hour and moment when he was so, he could have but one only thought, which was to gain Monte Cristo by some means and remain

there alone under some pretext which would give no suspicions; and once there, to endeavor to find the wonderful caverns and search in the appointed spot, — the appointed spot, be it remembered, being the farthest angle in the second opening.

In the mean while the hours passed, if not rapidly, at least tolerably. Faria, as we have said, without having recovered the use of his hand and foot, had resumed all the clearness of his understanding, and had gradually, besides the moral instructions we have detailed, taught his youthful companion the patient and sublime duty of a prisoner, who learns to make something from nothing. They were thus perpetually employed, — Faria, that he might not see himself grow old; Dantès, for fear of recalling the almost extinct past which now floated in his memory like a distant light wandering in the night. So the days passed by as in lives which have not been disordered by calamity and which glide on mechanically and tranquilly beneath the eye of Providence.

But beneath this superficial calm there were in the heart of the young man, and perhaps in that of the old man, many repressed desires, many stifled sighs which found vent when Faria was left alone, and when Edmond returned to his cell. One night Edmond awoke suddenly, believing he heard some one calling him. He opened his eyes and tried to pierce through the gloom. His name, or rather a plaintive voice which essayed to pronounce his name, reached him. "Great God!" murmured Edmond, "what does it mean?"

He moved his bed, drew up the stone, rushed into the passage, and reached the opposite extremity; the secret entrance was open. By the light of the wretched and wavering lamp of which we have spoken, Dantès saw the old man, pale but yet erect, clinging to the bedstead.

His features were writhing with those horrible symptoms which Dantès already knew, and which had so seriously alarmed him when he saw them for the first time.

"Well, my friend," said Faria, in a resigned tone, "you understand, do you not; and I need not attempt to explain to you?"

Edmond uttered a cry of agony, and quite out of his senses, rushed towards the door, exclaiming, "Help! help!" Faria had just sufficient strength to retain him.

"Silence!" he said, "or you are lost. Think now of yourself, — of making your captivity supportable or your flight possible. It would require years to renew only what I have done here, and which would be instantly destroyed if our jailers knew we had communicated with each other. Besides, be assured, my dear Edmond, the dungeon I am about to leave will not long remain empty; some other unfortunate being will soon take my place, and to him you will appear like an angel of salvation. Perhaps he will be young, strong, and enduring, like yourself, and will aid you in your escape; while I should only hinder it. You will no longer have a half-dead body tied to you to paralyze all your movements. At length Providence has done something for you; he restores to you more than he takes away, and it is time for me to die."

Edmond could only clasp his hands and exclaim, "Oh, my friend! my friend! speak not thus!" And then resuming all his presence of mind, which had for a moment staggered under this blow, and his strength, which had failed at the words of the old man, he said, "Oh, I have saved you once, and I will save you again!" And raising the foot of the bed, he drew out the phial, still containing some of the red liquor.

"See!" he exclaimed; "there remains still some of this saving draught. Quick, quick! tell me what I must do this time; are there any fresh instructions? Speak, my friend; I listen."

"There is no hope," replied Faria, shaking his head; "but no matter. God wills it that man, whom he has created and in whose heart he has so profoundly rooted the love of life, should do all in his power to preserve that existence, which however painful it may be is yet always so dear."

"Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed Dantès, "and I tell you you shall yet be saved!"

"Well, then, try. The cold gains upon me. I feel the blood flowing towards my brain. This horrible trembling which makes my teeth chatter and seems to dislocate my bones, begins to pervade my whole frame; in five minutes the malady will reach its height, and in a quarter of an hour there will be nothing left of me but a dead body."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dantès, his heart wrung with anguish.

"Do as you did before, only do not wait so long. All the springs of life are now exhausted in me, and death," he continued, looking at his paralyzed arm and leg, "has but half its work to do. If after having made me swallow twelve drops instead of ten, you see that I do not recover, then pour the rest down my throat. Now lift me on my bed, for I can no longer support myself."

Edmond took the old man in his arms, and laid him on the bed.

"And now, friend," said Faria, "sole consolation of my wretched existence, — you whom Heaven gave me somewhat late, but still gave me, a priceless gift, and for which I am most grateful, — at the moment of separating from you forever, I wish you all the happiness and all the prosperity you so well deserve. My son, I bless thee!"

The young man cast himself on his knees, leaning his head against the old man's bed.

"Listen now to what I say in this my dying moment. The treasure of the Spadas exists. By the grace of God there is no longer for me either distance or obstacle. I see it in the depths of the inner cavern. My eyes pierce the inmost recesses of the earth and are dazzled at the sight of so much riches. If you do escape, remember that the poor abbé whom all the world called mad was not so. Hasten to Monte Cristo; avail yourself of the fortune, — for you have indeed suffered long enough."

A violent shock interrupted the old man. Dantès raised his head and saw Faria's eyes injected with blood. It seemed as if a wave of blood had ascended from the chest to the head.

"Adieu! adieu!" murmured the old man, clasping Edmond's hand convulsively; "adieu!"

"Oh, no, no! not yet!" he cried; "do not forsake me! Oh, help him! Help! help!"

"Hush! hush!" murmured the dying man, "that they may not separate us if you save me!"

"You are right. Oh, yes, yes! be assured I shall save you! Besides, although you suffer much, you do not seem in such agony as before."

"Do not mistake! I suffer less because there is in me less strength to endure. At your age we have faith in life; it is the privilege of youth to believe and hope, but old men see death more clearly. Oh! 't is here — 't is here — 't is over — my sight is gone — my reason escapes! Your hand, Dantès! Adieu! — adieu!" And raising himself by a final effort in which he united all his faculties, he said, "Monte Cristo! forget not Monte Cristo!" and he fell back on his bed. The crisis was terrible; on that bed of pain were twisted limbs, swollen eyelids,

bloody foam, and a body without motion, — instead of the intelligent being who, a moment before, was lying there.

Dantès took the lamp, and placed it on a projecting stone above the bed, whence its tremulous light fell with strange and fantastic ray on this discomposed countenance and this motionless and stiffened body. With fixed eyes he awaited boldly the moment for administering the saving remedy.

When he believed the instant had arrived, he took the knife, unclosed the teeth, which offered less resistance than before, counted one after the other twelve drops, and watched. The phial contained, perhaps, twice as much more. He waited ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, half an hour; nothing moved. Trembling, his hair erect, his brow bathed with perspiration, he counted the seconds by the beatings of his heart. Then he thought it was time to make the last trial, and he put the phial to the violet lips of Faria; and without having occasion to force open his jaws, which had remained extended, he poured the whole of the liquid down his throat.

The draught produced a galvanic effect; a violent trembling pervaded the old man's limbs; his eyes opened until it was fearful to gaze upon them; he heaved a sigh which resembled a shriek; and then all this vibrating frame returned gradually to its state of immobility, the eyes remaining open.

Half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half elapsed; and during this time of anguish Edmond leaned over his friend, his hand applied to his heart, and felt the body gradually grow cold, and the heart's pulsation become more and more deep and dull, until at length all stopped. The last movement of the heart ceased; the face became livid; the eyes remained open, but the look was glazed.

It was six o'clock in the morning; the dawn was just breaking, and its weak ray came into the dungeon and paled the dying light of the lamp. Singular shadows passed over the countenance of the dead man, which at times gave it the appearance of life. While this struggle between day and night lasted, Dantès still doubted; but as soon as the daylight gained the pre-eminence he saw that he was alone with a corpse. Then an invincible and extreme terror seized upon him, and he dared not again press the hand that hung out of bed; he dared no longer to gaze on those fixed and vacant eyes which he tried many times to close, but in vain, — they opened again always. He extinguished the lamp, carefully concealed it, and then went away, closing as well as he could the entrance to the secret passage by the large stone, as he descended.

It was time, for the jailer was coming. On this occasion he began his rounds at Dantès's cell, and on leaving him he went on to Faria's dungeon, where he was taking breakfast and some linen. Nothing indicated that the man knew anything of what had occurred. He went on his way.

Dantès was then seized with an indescribable desire to know what was going on in the dungeon of his unfortunate friend. He therefore returned by the subterranean gallery, and arrived in time to hear the exclamations of the turnkey, who called out for help. Other turnkeys came, and then was heard the regular tramp habitual to soldiers even when not on duty; behind them came the governor.

Edmond heard the noise of the bed, on which they were moving the corpse, heard the voice of the governor, who desired them to throw water on the face, and seeing that in spite of this application the prisoner did not recover, sent for the doctor. The governor then went out,

and some words of pity fell on Dantès's listening ears, mingled with brutal laughter.

"Well, well!" said one, "the madman has gone to look after his treasure. Good journey to him!"

"With all his millions, he will not have enough to pay for his shroud!" said another.

"Oh!" added a third voice, "the shrouds of the Château d'If are not dear!"

"Perhaps," said one of the previous speakers, "as he was a priest, they may go to some expense in his behalf."

"They may give him the honors of the sack."

Edmond did not lose a word, but comprehended very little of what was said. The voices soon ceased; and it seemed to him as if the persons had all left the cell. Still he dared not to enter, as they might have left some turnkey to watch the dead. He remained, therefore, mute and motionless, restraining even his respiration. At the end of an hour he heard a faint noise, which increased. It was the governor, who returned, followed by the doctor and other attendants. There was a moment's silence; it was evident that the doctor was examining the dead body. The inquiries soon commenced.

The doctor analyzed the symptoms of the malady under which the prisoner had sunk, and declared he was dead. Questions and answers followed in a careless tone that made Dantès indignant, for he felt that all the world should experience for the poor abbé the love he bore him.

"I am very sorry for what you tell me," said the governor, replying to the assurance of the doctor that the old man was really dead; "for he was a quiet, inoffensive prisoner, happy in his folly, and required no watching."

"Ah!" added the turnkey, "there was no occasion for watching him; he would have stayed here fifty years, I'll answer for it, without any attempt to escape."

"Still," said the governor, "I believe it will be requisite, notwithstanding your certainty, and not that I doubt your science, but for my own responsibility's sake, that we should be perfectly assured that the prisoner is dead."

There was a moment of complete silence, during which Dantès, still listening, conjectured that the doctor was examining and touching the corpse a second time.

"You may make your mind easy," said the doctor; "he is dead. I will answer for that."

"You know, Monsieur," said the governor, persisting, "that we are not content in such cases as this with a simple examination. In spite of all appearances, be so kind therefore as to finish your duty by fulfilling the formalities prescribed by law."

"Let the irons be heated," said the doctor; "but really it is a useless precaution."

This order to heat the irons made Dantès shudder. He heard hasty steps, the creaking of a door, people going and coming; and some minutes afterwards a turnkey entered, saying, "Here is the brazier, lighted."

There was a moment's silence, and then was heard the noise made by burning flesh, of which the peculiar and nauseous smell penetrated even behind the wall where Dantès was listening horrified. At this smell of human flesh carbonized, the damp came over the young man's brow, and he felt as if he should faint.

"You see, Monsieur, he is really dead," said the doctor; "this burn in the heel is decisive. The poor fool is cured of his folly, and delivered from his captivity."

"Was n't his name Faria?" inquired one of the officers who accompanied the governor.

"Yes, sir; and according to his pretension, it was an ancient name. He was, too, very learned, and rational

enough on all points which did not relate to his treasure; but on that indeed he was obstinate."

"It is the sort of malady which we call monomania," said the doctor.

"You never found anything in him to complain of?" said the governor to the jailer who had charge of the abbé.

"Never, sir," replied the jailer, "never; on the contrary, he sometimes amused me very much by telling me stories. One day too when my wife was ill, he gave me a prescription which cured her."

"Ah, ah!" said the doctor, "I was ignorant that I had a competitor; but I hope, Monsieur the Governor, that you will show him all proper respect in consequence."

"Yes, yes, make your mind easy; he shall be decently interred in the newest sack we can find. Will that satisfy you?"

"Must we perform that last ceremony in your presence, sir?" inquired a turnkey.

"Certainly. But make haste! I cannot stay here all day." There was a renewed sound of footsteps; and a moment afterwards the noise of rustling cloth reached Dantès's ears, the bed creaked on its hinges, and the heavy foot of a man who lifts a weight resounded on the floor; then the bed again creaked under the weight deposited upon it.

"This evening," said the governor.

"Will there be mass?" asked one of the attendants.

"That is impossible," replied the governor. "The chaplain of the château came to me yesterday to beg for leave of absence, in order to take a trip to Hyères for a week. I told him I would attend to the prisoners in his absence. If the poor abbé had not been in such a hurry, he might have had his requiem."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the doctor, with the accustomed impiety of persons of his profession, "he is a churchman. God will respect his profession, and not give the Devil a wicked pleasure by sending him a priest." A shout of laughter followed this brutal jest. During this time the operation of shrouding the body was continued.

"This evening," said the governor, when the task was ended.

"At what o'clock?" inquired a turnkey.

"Why, about ten or eleven o'clock."

"Shall we watch by the corpse?"

"Of what use would it be? Shut the dungeon as if he were alive; that is all."

Then the steps retreated, and the voices died away in the distance. The noise of the door, with its creaking hinges and bolts, ceased; and a silence duller than any solitude ensued, — the silence of death, which embraced everything, even to the young man's frozen soul. Then he raised the flag-stone cautiously with his head, and looked carefully round the chamber. It was empty; and Dantès, quitting the passage, entered it.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CEMETERY OF THE CHÂTEAU D'IF.

On the bed, at full length, and faintly lighted by the pale ray that penetrated the window, was visible a sack of coarse cloth, under the large folds of which were stretched a long and stiffened form; it was Faria's last winding-sheet, — that winding-sheet which, as the turnkey said, cost so little. All, then, was completed. A material separation had taken place between Dantès and his old friend; he could no longer see those eyes which had remained open as if to look even beyond death; he could no longer clasp that hand of industry which had lifted for him the veil that had concealed hidden and obscure things. Faria, the useful and the good companion with whom he was accustomed to live so intimately, no longer breathed. He seated himself on the edge of that terrible bed, and fell into a melancholy and gloomy revery.

Alone! he was alone again! — fallen back into silence! He found himself once again in the presence of nothingness! Alone, — no longer to see, no longer to hear the voice of the only human being who attached him to life! Was it not better, like Faria, to go and ask of God the meaning of life's enigma at the risk of passing through the mournful gate of suffering? The idea of suicide, driven away by his friend and forgotten in his presence while living, arose like a phantom before him in presence of his dead body. "If I could die," he said, "I should go where he goes, and should assuredly find him again. But

how to die? It is very easy," he continued with a smile of bitterness; "I will remain here; I will rush on the first person who opens the door; I will strangle him, and then they will guillotine me."

But as it happens that in excessive griefs, as in great tempests, the abyss is found between the tops of the loftiest waves, Dantès recoiled from the idea of this infamous death and passed suddenly from despair to an ardent desire for life and liberty.

"Die! oh, no!" he exclaimed; "not die now, after having lived so long, and suffered so much! It might have been good to die when I formed the purpose to do so, years ago; but now it would be indeed to give way to my bitter destiny. No, I will live; I will struggle to the very last; I will reconquer the happiness of which I have been deprived. Before I die I must not forget that I have my executioners to punish, and perhaps too, who knows, some friends to reward. But here I am, forgotten; and I shall go out from my dungeon only as Faria goes." As he said this he remained motionless, his eyes fixed like a man struck with a sudden idea, but whom this idea fills with amazement. Suddenly he rose, lifted his hand to his brow as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round his chamber, and then paused abruptly at the bed. "Ah! ah!" he muttered, "who inspires me with this thought? Is it thou, gracious God? Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me assume the place of the dead!"

Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and indeed that he might allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling sack, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and carried it to his cell, laid it on his couch, passed round its head the strip of

cloth he wore at night round his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes, which remained open, turned the head towards the wall, so that the jailer might, when he brought his evening meal, believe that he was asleep, as was his frequent custom, returned along the gallery, drew the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags, that they might feel naked flesh only beneath the coarse sackcloth, and getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack on the inside.

The beating of his heart might have been heard if by any mischance the jailers had entered at that moment. He might have waited until the evening visit was over, but he was afraid the governor might change his resolution and order the dead body to be removed earlier; in that case his last hope would have been destroyed. Now his project was settled under any circumstances, and he hoped thus to carry it into effect. If on the way out the grave-diggers should discover that they were conveying a live instead of a dead body, Dantès did not intend to give them time to recognize him, but with a sudden cut of the knife he meant to open the sack from top to bottom and profiting by their alarm, escape; if they tried to catch him, he would use his knife. If they conducted him to the cemetery and laid him in the grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth; and then, as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs ere he would work his way through the soft soil and escape. He hoped that the weight would not be too heavy for him to support. If he was deceived in this, and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then so

much the better; all would be over. Dantès had not eaten since the previous evening, but he had not thought of hunger or thirst, nor did he now think of it. His position was too precarious to allow him time to think of anything else.

The first risk that Dantès ran was that the jailer, when he brought his supper at seven o'clock, might perceive the substitution he had effected; fortunately, twenty times at least, from misanthropy or fatigue, Dantès had received his jailer in bed; and then the man placed his bread and soup on the table, and went away without saying a word. This time the jailer might not be silent as usual, but speak to Dantès, and seeing that he received no reply, go to the bed and thus discover all.

When seven o'clock came, Dantès's agony really commenced. His hand placed upon his heart was unable to repress its throbbings, while with the other he wiped the perspiration from his temples. From time to time shudderings ran through his whole frame and oppressed his heart as if it were seized in an icy grasp. Then he thought he was going to die. Yet the hours passed on without any stir in the château, and Dantès perceived that he had escaped this first danger; it was a good augury. At length, about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond understood that the moment had arrived, and summoning up all his courage, held his breath; he would have been glad to repress at the same time the rapid pulsations of his arteries.

The footsteps paused at the door; there were steps of two persons, and Dantès guessed it was the two gravediggers who came to seek him. This idea was soon converted into certainty when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier. The door opened, and a dim light reached Dantès's eyes through the coarse sack

that covered him; he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in his hand. Each of these two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities.

"He 's heavy, though, for an old and thin man," said one, as he raised the head.

"They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones," said another, lifting the feet.

"Have you tied the knot?" inquired the first speaker.

"What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?" was the reply; "I can do that when we get there."

"Yes, you 're right," replied the companion.

"What 's the knot for?" thought Dantès.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play his part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch, who went first, ascended the stairs. Suddenly Dantès felt the fresh and sharp night air, and he recognized the *mistral*. It was a sudden sensation, at the same time replete with delight and agony. The bearers advanced twenty paces, then stopped, putting their bier down on the ground. One of them went away, and Dantès heard his shoes on the pavement.

"Where am I, then?" he asked himself.

"Really, he is by no means a light load!" said the other bearer, sitting on the edge of the hand-barrow. Dantès's first impulse was to escape, but fortunately he did not attempt it.

"Light me, stupid," said the other bearer, "or I shall not find what I am looking for." The man with the torch complied, although not asked in the most polite terms.

"What can he be looking for?" thought Edmond. "The spade, perhaps."

An exclamation of satisfaction indicated that the grave-digger had found the object of his search. "Here it is at last," he said, "not without some trouble, though."

"Yes," was the answer; "but it has lost nothing by waiting."

As he said this, the man came towards Edmond, who heard a heavy and sounding substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

"Well, have you tied the knot?" inquired the grave-digger who was looking on.

"Yes, and pretty tight too, I can tell you," was the answer.

"Move on, then." And the bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded. They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, then went forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks on which the château is built, reached Dantès's ear distinctly as they proceeded.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the bearers; "not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, the abbé runs a chance of being wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of laughter. Dantès did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

"Well, here we are at last," said one of them.

"A little farther! a little farther!" said the other. "You know very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantès felt that they took him, one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro. "One!" said the grave-diggers, "two! three, and away!" And at the same

instant Dantès felt himself flung into the vast void, passing through the air like a wounded bird, — falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downwards by some heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him that the fall continued through a hundred years. At last, with a terrific dash he entered the ice-cold water; and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantès had been flung into the sea, into whose depths he was dragged by a thirty-six pound shot tied to his feet. The sea is the cemetery of Château d 'If.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ISLE OF TIBOULEN.

DANTÈS, although giddy and almost suffocated, had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath; and as his right hand (prepared as he was for every chance) held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack and extricated his arm and then his body; but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the ball, he continued to sink. He then bent his body and by a desperate effort severed the cord that bound his legs, at the moment he was suffocating. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface of the sea, while the bullet bore to its depths the sack that had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantès merely paused to breathe, and then dived again, in order to avoid being seen. When he rose a second time, he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk. He saw overhead a black and tempestuous sky, over which the wind was driving the fleeting vapors that occasionally suffered a twinkling star to appear; before him was the vast expanse of waters, sombre and terrible, whose waves foamed and roared as if before the approach of a storm. Behind him, blacker than the sea, blacker than the sky, rose like a phantom the giant of granite, whose projecting crags seemed like arms extended to seize their prey; and on the highest rock was a torch that lighted two figures. He fancied these two forms were looking at the sea; doubtless these strange grave-diggers had heard his cry. Dantès dived again, and remained a long time beneath the

water. This manœuvre was already familiar to him, and usually attracted a crowd of spectators in the bay before the lighthouse at Marseilles when he swam there, who with one accord pronounced him the best swimmer in the port. When he reappeared the light had disappeared.

It was necessary to strike out to sea. Ratonneau and Pomègue are the nearest isles of all those that surround the Château d'If; but Ratonneau and Pomègue are inhabited, and so is the little island of Daume. Tiboulen or Lemaire were the most secure. These islands are a league from the Château d'If; Dantès nevertheless determined to make for them. But how could he find his way in the darkness of the night? At this moment he saw before him, like a brilliant star, the lighthouse of Planier. By leaving this light on the right, he kept the Isle of Tiboulen a little on the left; by turning to the left, therefore, he would find it. But as we have said, it was at least a league from the Château d'If to this island. Often in prison Faria had said to him when he saw him idle and inactive, "Dantès, you must not give way to this listlessness; you will be drowned if you seek to escape and your strength has not been properly exercised and prepared for exertion." These words sounded in Dantès's ears, even beneath the waves; he hastened to cleave his way through them to see if he had not lost his strength. He found with pleasure that his captivity had taken away nothing of his power, and that he was still master of that element on whose bosom he had so often sported as a boy.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, doubled Dantès's efforts. He listened to ascertain if any noise was audible; each time that he rose over the waves his looks scanned the horizon and strove to penetrate the darkness. Every wave a little higher than others seemed a boat in his

pursuit, and then he redoubled exertions that increased his distance from the château, but the repetition of which reduced his strength. He swam on still, and already the terrible château had disappeared in the darkness. He could not see it, but he felt its presence.

An hour passed, during which Dantès, excited by the feeling of freedom, continued to cleave the waves. "Let us see," said he, "I have swum above an hour, but as the wind is against me that has retarded my speed; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to the Isle of Tiboulen. But what if I were mistaken?" A shudder passed over him. He sought to float on the water, in order to rest himself; but the sea was too violent, and he saw that he could not make use of this means of repose.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out, or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink." And he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become still darker and more dense, and compact clouds lowered towards him; at the same time he felt a violent pain in his knee. His imagination told him a ball had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report; but he heard nothing. He put out his hand and felt resistance; he then extended his leg and felt the land; he saw then what the object was which he had taken for a cloud.

Before him rose a mass of strangely-formed rocks that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at the moment of its most fervent combustion. It was the Isle of Tiboulen. Dantès rose, advanced a few steps, and with a fervent prayer of gratitude stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep, sweet sleep of those worn out by fatigue. At the expiration of an hour

Edmond was awakened by the roar of the thunder. The tempest was unchained and let loose in all its fury; from time to time a flash of lightning ran across the heavens like a fiery serpent, lighting up the clouds that rolled on like the waves of an immense chaos.

Dantès had not been deceived; he had reached the first of the two isles, which is in fact Tiboulen. He knew that it was barren and without shelter; but when the sea should become more calm, he would plunge into its waves again and swim to Lemaire, equally arid, but larger and consequently better adapted for concealment.

An overhanging rock offered him a temporary shelter, and scarcely had he availed himself of it when the tempest burst in all its fury. Edmond felt the rock beneath which he lay tremble; the waves, dashing themselves against the granite rock, wet him with their spray. In safety as he was, he felt himself become giddy in the midst of this war of the elements and the dazzling brightness of the lightning. It seemed to him that the island trembled to its base, and that it would like a vessel at anchor break its moorings and bear him off into the centre of the storm. He then recollected that he had not eaten or drunk for four and twenty hours. He extended his hands and drank greedily of the rain-water that had lodged in a hollow of the rock.

As he rose, a flash of lightning, that seemed to open the sky even to the foot of the dazzling throne of God, illumined the darkness. By its light, between the island of Lemaire and Cape Croiselle, a quarter of a league distant, Dantès saw, like a spectre, a fishing-boat driven rapidly on by the force of the winds and waves. A second after, he saw it again, approaching nearer. Dantès cried at the top of his voice to warn them of their danger, but they saw it themselves. Another flash showed him

four men clinging to the shattered mast and the rigging, while a fifth clung to the broken rudder.

The men he beheld saw him doubtless, for their cries were carried to his ears by the wind. Above the splintered mast a sail rent to tatters was waving; suddenly the ropes that still held it gave way, and it disappeared in the darkness of the night like a great sea-bird. At the same moment a violent crash was heard, and cries of distress reached his ears. Perched on the summit of the rock, Dantès saw, by the lightning, the vessel in pieces; and among the fragments were visible heads with despairing faces, and arms stretched towards the sky. Then all became dark again; the terrible spectacle had been brief as the lightning.

Dantès ran down the rocks at the risk of being himself dashed to pieces. He listened, he strove to examine; but he heard and saw nothing. All human cries had ceased, and the tempest alone continued to rage. By degrees the wind abated, vast gray clouds rolled towards the west, and the blue firmament appeared, studded with bright stars. Soon a red streak became visible in the horizon; the waves whitened, a light played over them and gilded their foaming crests with gold. It was day.

Dantès stood silent and motionless before this grand spectacle, for since his captivity he had forgotten it. He turned towards the fortress and looked both at the sea and the land. The gloomy building rose from the bosom of the ocean with that imposing majesty of things immovable, which seem at once to watch and to command. It was about five o'clock. The sea continued to grow calmer.

"In two or three hours," thought Dantès, "the turnkey will enter my chamber, find the body of my poor friend, recognize it, seek for me in vain, and give the alarm.

Then the passage will be discovered; the men who cast me into the sea, and who must have heard the cry I uttered, will be questioned. Then boats filled with armed soldiers will pursue the wretched fugitive. The cannon will warn every one to refuse shelter to a man wandering about naked and famished. The police of Marseilles will be on the alert by land while the governor pursues me by sea. I am cold, I am hungry; I have lost even the knife that saved me. Oh, my God, I have suffered enough surely! Have pity on me, and do for me what I am unable to do for myself!"

As Dantès (his eyes turned in the direction of the Château d'If) uttered this prayer in a sort of delirium brought on by exhaustion, he saw appear at the extremity of the Isle of Pomègue, like a bird skimming over the sea, a small vessel that the eye of a sailor alone could recognize as a Genoese tartan. She was coming out of Marseilles harbor, and was standing out to sea rapidly, her sharp prow cleaving through the waves. "Oh!" cried Edmond, "to think that in half an hour I could join her, did I not fear being questioned, detected, and conveyed back to Marseilles! What can I do? What story can I invent? Under pretext of trading along the coast, these men, who are in reality smugglers, will prefer selling me to doing a good action. I must wait. But I cannot; I am starving. In a few hours my strength will be utterly exhausted; besides, perhaps I have not been missed at the fortress. I can pass as one of the sailors wrecked last night. This story will pass current, for there is no one left to contradict me."

As he spoke Dantès looked towards the spot where the fishing-vessel had been wrecked, and started. The red cap of one of the sailors hung to a point of the rock, and some fragments of the vessel's keel floated at the foot of

the crags. In an instant Dantès's plan was formed. He swam to the cap, placed it on his head, seized one of the fragments of the keel, and struck out so as to cross the line the vessel was taking. "I am saved!" murmured he. And this conviction restored his strength.

Edmond soon perceived the vessel, which having the wind right ahead was tacking between the Château d'If and the tower of Planier. For an instant he feared that instead of keeping in shore she would stand out to sea; but he soon saw by her manœuvres that she wished to pass, like most vessels bound for Italy, between the islands of Jaros and Calaseraigne. However, the vessel and the swimmer insensibly neared one another, and in one of its tacks the vessel approached within a quarter of a mile of him. He rose on the waves, making signs of distress; but no one on board perceived him and the vessel stood on another tack. Dantès would have cried out, but he reflected that the wind would drown his voice. Then he rejoiced at his precaution in taking the beam, for without it he would have been unable perhaps to reach the vessel, — certainly to return to shore, should he be unsuccessful in attracting attention.

Dantès, although almost sure as to what course the bark would take, had yet watched it anxiously until it tacked and stood towards him. Then he advanced; but before they had met, the vessel again changed her direction. By a violent effort he rose half out of the water, waving his cap and uttering a loud shout peculiar to sailors. This time he was both seen and heard, and the tartan instantly steered towards him. At the same time he saw they were about to lower the boat. An instant after the boat, rowed by two men, advanced rapidly towards him. Dantès abandoned the beam, which he thought now useless, and swam vigorously to meet them. But he had reckoned too much

upon his strength, and then he felt how serviceable the beam had been to him. His arms grew stiff, his legs had lost their flexibility, and he was almost breathless.

He uttered a second cry. The two sailors redoubled their efforts, and one of them cried in Italian, "Courage!"

The word reached his ear as a wave which he no longer had the strength to surmount passed over his head. He rose again to the surface, supporting himself by one of those desperate efforts a drowning man makes, uttered a third cry, and felt himself sink again, as if the fatal bullet were again tied to his feet. The water passed over his head, and through the water he saw a pale sky and black clouds. A violent effort again brought him to the surface. He felt as if something seized him by the hair; but he saw and heard nothing. He had fainted.

When he opened his eyes Dantès found himself on the deck of the tartan. His first care was to see what direction they were pursuing. They were rapidly leaving the Château d'If behind. Dantès was so exhausted that the exclamation of joy he uttered was mistaken for a sigh of pain.

As we have said, he was lying on the deck. A sailor was rubbing his limbs with a woollen cloth; another, whom he recognized as the one who had cried out "Courage!" held a gourd full of rum to his mouth; while the third, an old sailor, at once the pilot and captain, looked on with that egotistical pity men feel for a misfortune that they have escaped yesterday and which may overtake them to-morrow. A few drops of the rum reanimated the young man's failing heart, while the friction applied to his limbs restored their elasticity.

"Who are you?" said the captain, in bad French.

"I am," replied Dantès, in bad Italian, "a Maltese sailor. We were coming from Syracuse laden with grain.

The storm of last night overtook us at Cape Morgion, and we were wrecked on these rocks."

"Where do you come from?"

"From these rocks that I had the good luck to cling to while our captain and the rest of the crew were all lost. I saw your ship, and fearful of being left to perish on the desolate island, I swam off on a fragment of the vessel, trying to reach you. You have saved my life, and I thank you," continued Dantès; "I was lost when one of your sailors caught hold of my hair."

"It was I," said a sailor of a frank and manly appearance; "and it was time, for you were sinking."

"Yes," returned Dantès, holding out his hand, "I thank you again."

"I almost hesitated, though," replied the sailor; "you looked more like a brigand than an honest man, with your beard of six inches and your hair a foot long." Dantès recollected that his hair and beard had not been cut all the time he was at the Château d'If.

"Yes," said he, "I made a vow to our Lady of the Grotto not to cut my hair or beard for ten years if I were saved in a moment of danger; but to-day the vow expires."

"Now what are we to do with you?" said the captain.

"Alas! anything you please. My captain is dead. I have barely escaped; but I am a good sailor. Leave me at the first port you make; I shall be sure to find employment on some merchant-vessel."

"Do you know the Mediterranean?"

"I have sailed over it since my childhood."

"You know the best harbors?"

"There are few ports that I could not enter or leave with my eyes shut."

"I say, Captain," said the sailor who had cried "Cour-

age!" to Dantès, "if what he says is true, what hinders his staying with us?"

"If he says true," said the captain, doubtingly. "But in the condition of this poor devil, one promises much and does what he can."

"I will do more than I promise," said Dantès.

"We shall see," returned the other, smiling.

"Where are you going?" asked Dantès.

"To Leghorn."

"Then why, instead of tacking so frequently, do you not sail nearer the wind?"

"Because we should run straight on to the island of Rion."

"You will pass it more than twenty fathoms from the shore."

"Take the helm, and let us see what you know."

The young man took the helm, ascertained by a slight pressure that the vessel answered the rudder, and seeing that without being a first-rate sailer, she yet was tolerably manageable, he cried out, "To the braces!"

The four seamen who composed the crew obeyed, while the captain looked on.

"Haul taut!" Dantès continued.

The sailors promptly obeyed.

"Belay!"

This order was also executed; and the vessel passed, as Dantès had predicted, twenty fathoms to the right.

"Bravo!" said the captain.

"Bravo!" repeated the sailors. And they all regarded with astonishment this man, whose eye had recovered an intelligence and his body a vigor they were far from suspecting.

"You see," said Dantès, quitting the helm, "I shall be of some use to you, at least during the voyage. If you do

not want me at Leghorn, you can leave me there; and I will pay you out of the first wages I get for my food and the clothes you lend me."

"Ah," said the captain, "we can agree very well, if you are reasonable."

"Give me what you give the others, and all will be arranged," returned Dantès.

"That 's not fair," said the seaman who had saved Dantès; "for you know more than we do."

"What in the devil is that to you, Jacopo?" returned the captain. "Every one is free to ask what he pleases."

"That 's true," replied Jacopo; "I only made a remark."

"Well, you would do much better to lend him a jacket and a pair of trousers, if you have them to spare."

"No," said Jacopo; "but I have a shirt and a pair of trousers."

"That is all I want," interrupted Dantès. "Thank you, my friend."

Jacopo dived into the hold and soon returned with the two garments, which Dantès assumed with unspeakable pleasure.

"Now, then, do you wish for anything else?" said the captain.

"A piece of bread and another glass of the capital rum I tasted; for I have not eaten or drunk for a long time." He had not tasted food for forty hours. A piece of bread was brought, and Jacopo offered him the gourd.

"Larboard your helm!" cried the captain to the steersman. Dantès glanced to the same side as he lifted the gourd to his mouth; but his hand stopped.

"Holloa! what 's the matter at the Château d'If?" said the captain.

A small white cloud, which had attracted Dantès's attention, crowned the summit of the bastion of the Château d'If. At the same moment the faint report of a gun was heard. The sailors looked at one another.

"What does that mean?" asked the captain.

"A prisoner has escaped from the Château d'If, and they are firing the alarm gun," replied Dantès. The captain glanced at him; but he had lifted the rum to his lips and was drinking it with so much composure that his suspicions, if he had any, died away.

"This rum is devilish strong," said Dantès, wiping the perspiration from his brow with his shirt-sleeve.

"At any rate," murmured the captain, watching him, "if it is he, so much the better, for I have made a rare acquisition."

Under pretence of being fatigued, Dantès asked that he might take the helm; the steersman, enchanted to be relieved, looked at the captain, and the latter by a sign indicated that he might abandon it to his new comrade. Dantès could thus keep his eyes on Marseilles.

"What is the day of the month?" asked he of Jacopo, who sat down beside him.

"The 28th of February."

"In what year?"

"In what year! you ask me in what year?"

"Yes," replied the young man; "I ask you in what year."

"You have forgotten it, then?"

"I was so frightened last night," replied Dantès, smiling, "that I have almost lost my memory. I ask you what year is it?"

"The year 1829," returned Jacopo. It was fourteen years day for day since Dantès's arrest. He was nineteen when he entered the Château d'If; he was thirty-three

when he escaped. A sorrowful smile passed over his face; he asked himself what had become of Mercédès, who must believe him dead. Then his eyes lighted up with hatred as he thought of the three men who had caused him so long and wretched a captivity. He renewed against Danglars, Fernand, and Villefort the oath of implacable vengeance he had made in his dungeon. This oath was no longer a vain menace; for the fastest sailer in the Mediterranean would have been unable to overtake the little tartan, that with every stitch of canvas set was flying before the wind to Leghorn.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SMUGGLERS.

Dantès had not been a day on board before he was well acquainted with the persons with whom he sailed. Without having been in the school of the Abbé Faria, the worthy master of "La Jeune Amélie" (the name of the Genoese tartan) had a smattering of all the tongues spoken on the shores of that large lake called the Mediterranean, from the Arabic to the Provençal; and this, while it spared him the necessity of employing interpreters, — persons always troublesome and frequently indiscreet, — gave him great facility in communication, either with the vessels he met at sea, with the small barks sailing along the coast, or with those persons without name, country, or apparent calling, who are always seen on the quays of seaports, and who live by those hidden and mysterious means which we must suppose come straight from Providence, as they have no visible resources. We may conclude that Dantès was on board a smuggling lugger.

For the reason given above, the captain had received Dantès on board with a certain degree of mistrust. He was very well known to the custom-house officers of the coast; and as there was between these worthies and himself a competition in strategy, he had at first thought that Dantès might be an emissary of the revenue department, who employed this ingenious means of penetrating some of the secrets of his trade. But the skilful manner in which Dantès had manœuvred the little bark had entirely reassured him;

and then when he saw the light smoke floating like a plume above the bastion of the Château d'If and heard the distant explosion, he was instantly struck with the idea that he had on board his vessel one for whom they accord salutes of cannon as for kings. This made him less uneasy, it must be owned, than if the new-comer had proved a custom-house officer; but this latter supposition also disappeared like the first, when he beheld the perfect tranquillity of his recruit.

Edmond thus had the advantage of knowing what the owner was, without the owner knowing what he was; and in whatever manner the old sailor and his crew attacked him, he held firm and betrayed nothing, giving accurate descriptions of Naples and Malta, which he knew as well as Marseilles, and persisting stoutly in his first statement. Thus the Genoese, subtle as he was, was duped by Edmond, who was aided by his mild demeanor and his nautical skill. Moreover, it is possible that the Genoese was one of those shrewd persons who know nothing but what they should know, and believe nothing but what it is for their interest to believe.

It was thus, in this reciprocal position, that they reached Leghorn. Here Edmond was to undergo another trial; it was to see if he should recognize himself after fourteen years in which he had not seen his own features. He had preserved a tolerably good remembrance of what the youth had been, and was now to find what the man had become. His comrades believed that his vow was fulfilled. He had previously touched twenty times at Leghorn; he remembered a barber in the Rue St. Ferdinand, and went there to have his beard and hair cut. The barber gazed in amazement at this man with the long hair and thick and black beard, who resembled one of Titian's glorious heads. At this period it w

wear so large a beard and hair so long; now a barber would only be surprised if a man gifted with such advantages should consent voluntarily to deprive himself of them. The Leghorn barber went to work without a single observation.

When the operation was concluded, when Edmond felt his chin was completely smooth and his hair reduced to its usual length, he called for a looking-glass in which he might see himself. He was now, as we have said, three and thirty years of age, and his fourteen years' imprisonment had produced a great moral change, so to speak, in his appearance. Dantès had entered the Château d'If with the round open smiling face of a young and happy man with whom the early paths of life have been smooth, and who expects the future to be a natural sequence of the past. This was now all changed. His oval face was lengthened; his smiling mouth had assumed the firm and marked lines which betoken resolution; above his arched eyebrows appeared a solitary wrinkle, expressing thoughtfulness; his eyes were full of melancholy, and from their depths occasionally sparkled gloomy fires of misanthropy and hatred; his complexion, so long kept from the sun, had now that pale color which produces when the features are encircled with black hair the aristocratic beauty of the man of the North; the deep learning he had acquired had besides diffused over his features the light of calm intelligence; naturally tall, he had acquired also the vigor possessed by a frame which has so long concentrated all its force within itself.

To the elegance of a nervous and slight form had succeeded the solidity of a rounded and muscular figure. As to his voice, his prayers, sobs, and imprecations had changed it, now into a soft and singularly touching tone, and now into a sound rude and almost hoarse. Moreover,

being perpetually in twilight or darkness, his eyes had acquired that singular faculty of distinguishing objects in the night common to the hyena and the wolf. Edmond smiled when he beheld himself; it was impossible that his best friend — if indeed he had any friend left — should recognize him; he could not recognize himself.

The captain of "La Jeune Amélie," who was very desirous of retaining in his crew a man of Edmond's value, had offered to him some advances out of his future profits which Edmond had accepted. His next care on leaving the barber's who had achieved his first metamorphosis was to enter a shop and buy a complete sailor's suit, — a garb, as we all know, very simple, and consisting of white trousers, a striped shirt, and a cap. It was in this costume, when bringing back to Jacopo the shirt and trousers he had lent him, that Edmond reappeared before the captain of "La Jeune Amélie," who had made him tell his story again. The captain could not recognize in the neat and trim sailor the man with thick and matted beard, his hair tangled with sea-weed, and his body soaking in sea brine, whom he had picked up naked and nearly drowned. Attracted by his prepossessing appearance, he renewed his offers of an engagement to Dantès; but Dantès, who had his own projects, would not agree for a longer time than three months.

"La Jeune Amélie" had a very active crew, very obedient to their captain, who was accustomed to lose as little time as possible. He had scarcely been a week at Leghorn before the hold of his vessel was filled with painted muslins, prohibited cottons, English powder, and tobacco on which the crown had forgotten to put its mark. The master was to get all this out of Leghorn free of duties and land it on the shores of Corsica, where certain speculators undertook to forward the cargo to France. They

sailed; Edmond was again cleaving the azure sea which had been the first horizon of his youth, and of which he had so often dreamed in prison. He left Gorgone on his right and La Pianosa on his left, and went towards the country of Paoli and Napoleon. The next morning, going on deck, which he always did at an early hour, the captain found Dantès leaning against the bulwarks gazing with intense earnestness at a pile of granite rocks which the rising sun tinged with rosy light. It was the Isle of Monte Cristo. "La Jeune Amélie" left it three-quarters of a league to the larboard, and kept on for Corsica.

Dantès thought as they passed thus closely the island whose name was so interesting to him that he had only to leap into the sea and in half an hour he would be on the promised land. But then what could he do without instruments to discover his treasure, without arms to defend himself? Besides, what would the sailors say; what would the captain think? He must wait. Fortunately, he had learned how to wait; he had waited fourteen years for his liberty, and now that he was free he could wait at least six months or a year for wealth. Would he not have accepted liberty without riches if it had been offered to him? Besides, were not those riches chimerical; offspring of the brain of the poor Abbé Faria, had they not died with him? It is true that letter of the Cardinal Spada was singularly circumstantial, and Dantès repeated to himself from one end to the other the letter, of which he had not forgotten a word.

The evening came on, and Edmond saw the island pass, covered with the tints that twilight brings, and disappear in the darkness from all eyes except his own; but he, with his gaze accustomed to the gloom of a prison, continued to see it after all the others, and he remained last upon deck. When the morning broke they were off the

coast of Aleria; all day they coasted, and in the evening saw the fires lighted on land. By the arrangement of these fires they were probably informed that it was practicable to land, — for a ship's lantern was hung up at the mast-head instead of the streamer, and they neared the shore within gunshot. Dantès remarked that the captain of "La Jeune Amélie" had as he neared the land mounted two small culverines, which without making much noise can throw a ball of four to the pound a thousand paces or so.

But on this occasion the precaution was superfluous, and everything proceeded with the utmost smoothness. Four shallops came off with very little noise alongside the bark, which, no doubt in acknowledgment of the compliment, lowered her own shallop into the sea; and the five boats worked so well that by two o'clock in the morning all the cargo was out of "La Jeune Amélie" and on *terra firma*. The same night, so systematic was the captain of "La Jeune Amélie," the profits were divided; and each man had a hundred Tuscan livres, — that is to say, about eighty livres of our money. But the voyage was not ended; they turned the bowsprit towards Sardinia, where they intended to take in a cargo, which was to replace what had been discharged. The second operation was as successful as the first; "La Jeune Amélie" was in luck. This new cargo was destined for the coast of the Duchy of Lucca, and consisted almost entirely of Havana cigars, sherry, and Malaga wines.

There, in going out they had a bit of a skirmish with the revenue police, that relentless enemy to the captain of "La Jeune Amélie." A custom-house officer was laid low and two sailors were wounded; Dantès was one of the latter, a ball having touched him in the left shoulder. Dantès was almost glad of this affray and almost pleased

at being wounded; they were rude lessons which taught him with what eye he could view danger, and with what endurance he could bear suffering. He had contemplated danger with a smile, and when wounded had exclaimed with the great philosopher, "Pain, thou art not an evil!" He had moreover looked upon the custom-house officer wounded to death, and whether from heat of blood produced by the rencontre, or the dulness of his humane sentiments, this sight had made but slight impression upon him. Dantès was on the way he desired to follow, and was moving towards the end he wished to achieve, — his heart was in a fair way of becoming petrified. Jacopo, seeing him fall, had believed him killed, and rushing towards him raised him up, and then attended to him with all the kindness of an attached comrade.

This world was not then so good as Doctor Pangloss believed it to be, neither was it so wicked as Dantès had considered it, since this man, who had nothing to expect from his comrade but the inheritance of his share of the prize-money, testified so much sorrow when he saw him fall. Fortunately, as we have said, Edmond was only wounded; and with certain herbs gathered at certain seasons, and sold to the smugglers by the old Sardinian women, the wound soon closed. Edmond, wishing to test Jacopo, offered him in return for his attention a share of his prize-money; but Jacopo refused it indignantly.

It resulted therefore from this kind of sympathetic devotion, which Jacopo had bestowed on Edmond from the first time he saw him, that Edmond felt for Jacopo a certain degree of affection; it was sufficient for Jacopo, who already instinctively perceived Edmond's superior rank, — a superiority concealed from all others; and with that measure of regard which Edmond bestowed upon him the brave sailor was content.

Then in the long days on board ship when the vessel, gliding on with security over the azure sea, required nothing, thanks to the favorable wind that swelled her sails, but the hand of the helmsman, Edmond with a chart in his hand became the instructor of Jacopo, as the poor Abbé Faria had been his instructor. He pointed out to him the bearings of the coast, explained to him the variations of the compass, and taught him to read in that vast book opened over our heads, called "the heavens," where God has written upon the azure with letters of diamond. And when Jacopo asked him, "What is the use of teaching all these things to a poor sailor like me?" Edmond replied, "Who knows? You may one day be the captain of a vessel. Your fellow-countryman, Bonaparte, became emperor." We have forgotten to say that Jacopo was a Corsican.

Two months and a half elapsed in these trips, and Edmond had become as skilful a coaster as he had been a hardy seaman; he had formed an acquaintance with all the smugglers on the coast, and learned all the masonic signs by which these half-pirates recognize each other. He had passed and repassed his Isle of Monte Cristo twenty times, but not once had he found an opportunity of landing there. He then formed a resolution: as soon as his engagement with the captain of "La Jeune Amélie" ended, he would hire a small bark on his own account, — for in his several voyages he had amassed a hundred piastres, — and under some pretext land at the Isle of Monte Cristo. Then he would be free to make his researches, — not perhaps entirely free, for he would be doubtless watched by those who accompanied him; but in this world we must risk something. Prison had made Edmond prudent, and he was desirous of running no risk whatever. But in vain did he rack his imagination; fer-

tile as it was, he could not devise any plan for reaching the wished-for isle without being accompanied thither.

Dantès was tossed about on these doubts and wishes when the captain, who had great confidence in him and was very desirous of retaining him in his service, took him by the arm one evening and led him to a tavern on the Via del' Oglio, where the leading smugglers of Leghorn used to congregate. It was here they discussed the affairs of the coast. Already Dantès had visited this maritime Bourse two or three times, and seeing all these hardy free-traders, who supplied the whole coast for nearly two hundred leagues, he had asked himself what power might not that man attain who should give the impulse of his will to all these contrary and diverging links. This time it was a great matter that was under discussion, — connected with a vessel laden with Turkey carpets, stuffs of the Levant, and cashmeres. It was necessary to agree upon some neutral ground on which an exchange could be made, and then to try and land these goods on the coast of France. If successful, the profit would be enormous; there would be a gain of fifty or sixty piastres each for the crew.

The captain of "La Jeune Amélie" proposed as a place of landing the island of Monte Cristo, which being completely deserted and having neither soldiers nor revenue officers seemed to have been placed in the midst of the ocean since the time of the heathen Olympus by Mercury, the god of merchants and robbers, — classes which we in modern times have separated, if not made distinct, but which antiquity appears to have included in the same category. At the mention of Monte Cristo Dantès started with joy; he rose to conceal his emotion, and took a turn round the smoky tavern, where all the languages of the known world were jumbled in a *lingua franca*. When he

again joined the two persons who had been discussing, it had been decided that they should touch at Monte Cristo, and set out on the following night. Edmond, being consulted, was of opinion that the island offered every possible security, and that great enterprises, to be well done, should be done quickly. Nothing, then, was altered in the plan arranged, and it was agreed that they should get under way next night, and wind and weather permitting, try to gain on the evening of the following day the waters of the neutral isle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ISLE OF MONTE CRISTO.

Thus, at length, by one of those pieces of unlooked-for good fortune which sometimes occur to those on whom misfortune has for a long time spent itself, Dantès was about to arrive at his wished-for opportunity by simple and natural means, and land on the island without incurring any suspicion. One night only separated him from his expedition so ardently wished for.

That night was one of the most feverish that Dantès had ever passed, and during its progress all the possibilities, favorable and unfavorable, passed through his brain. If he closed his eyes, he saw the letter of Cardinal Spada written on the wall in characters of flame; if he slept for a moment, the wildest dreams haunted his brain. He descended into grottos paved with emeralds, with walls of rubies, and the roof glowing with diamond stalactites. Pearls fell drop by drop, as subterranean moisture is wont to drop. Edmond, amazed, wonderstruck, filled his pockets with the radiant gems and then returned to daylight, when his prizes were all converted into common pebbles. He then endeavored to re-enter these marvellous grottos, but now the way serpentined into countless paths, and the entrance had become invisible. In vain did he tax his memory for the magic and mysterious word which opened the splendid caverns of Ali Baba to the Arabian fisherman. All was useless; the treasure had disappeared, and had

again reverted to the genii from whom for a moment he had hoped to carry it off.

The day came at length, and was almost as feverish as the night had been; but it brought reason to the aid of imagination, and Dantès was then enabled to arrange a plan which had hitherto been vague and unsettled in his brain. The appointed evening arrived, and preparations were made for setting out. These preparations served to conceal Dantès's agitation. He had by degrees assumed such authority over his companions that he was almost like a commander on board; and as his orders were always clear, distinct, and easy of execution, his comrades obeyed him with celerity and pleasure.

The old captain did not interfere, for he too had recognized the superiority of Dantès over the crew and himself. He saw in the young man his natural successor, and regretted that he had not a daughter, that he might have bound Edmond to him by a distinguished alliance. At seven o'clock in the evening all was ready, and at ten minutes past seven they doubled the lighthouse just as the light was kindled. The sea was calm, and with a fresh breeze from the southeast they sailed beneath a bright blue sky in which God also lighted up in turn his beacon-lights, each of which is a world. Dantès told them that all hands might turn in, and he would take the helm. When the Maltese (for so they called Dantès) had said this, it was sufficient, and all went to their cots contentedly. This frequently happened. Dantès, rejected by all the world, sometimes felt an imperious desire for solitude; and what solitude is at the same time so complete and so poetical as that of a vessel floating isolated on the sea in the obscurity of night, in the silence of immensity, and under the eye of Heaven?

At this time the solitude was peopled with his thoughts,

the night lighted up by his illusions, and the silence animated by his anticipations. When the captain awoke, the vessel was hurrying on with every sail set and every inch of cloth blown upon by the wind. They were making nearly ten knots an hour. The island of Monte Cristo loomed large in the horizon. Edmond resigned the vessel to the master's care and went and lay down in his hammock; but in spite of his previous night without sleep, he could not close his eyes for a moment. Two hours afterwards he came on deck as the boat was about to double the island of Elba. They were just abreast of Mareciana, and beyond the flat but verdant Isle of La Pianosa. The peak of Monte Cristo, reddened by the burning sun, was seen against the azure sky. Dantès desired the helmsman to port the helm, in order to leave La Pianosa on the right hand, expecting thus to decrease the distance by two or three knots. At about five o'clock in the evening the view of the island was quite distinct and everything on it was plainly perceptible, owing to that atmospheric brightness which is peculiar to the light which the rays of the sun cast at its setting.

Edmond gazed most earnestly at the mass of rocks which gave out all the variety of twilight colors from the brightest pink to the deepest blue; and from time to time his cheeks flushed, his brow became purple, and a mist passed over his eyes. Never did gamester whose whole fortune is staked on one cast of the die experience the anguish which Edmond felt in his paroxysms of hope. Night came; and at ten o'clock they anchored. "La Jeune Amélie" was the first at the rendezvous. In spite of his usual command over himself, Dantès could not restrain his impetuosity. He was the first who jumped on shore; and had he dared, he would, like Lucius Brutus, have "kissed his mother earth." It was dark; but at eleven

o'clock the moon rose in the midst of the ocean, whose every wave she silvered, and then, as she ascended, played in floods of pale light on the rocky hills of this second Pelion.

The island was familiar to the crew of "La Jeune Amélie;" it was one of her halting-places. As to Dantès, he had passed it on his voyages to and from the Levant, but never touched at it. He questioned Jacopo. "Where shall we pass the night?" he inquired.

"Why, on board the tartan," replied the sailor.

"Should we not be better in the grottos?"

"What grottos?"

"Why, the grottos of the island."

"I do not know of any grottos," replied Jacopo.

A cold damp sprang to Dantès's brow. "What! are there no grottos at Monte Cristo?" he asked.

"None."

For a moment Dantès was speechless; then he remembered that these caves might have been filled up by some accident, or even stopped up for the sake of greater security, by Cardinal Spada. The point was, then, to discover the lost opening. It was useless to search at night, and Dantès therefore delayed all investigation until the morning. Besides, a signal made half a league out at sea, and to which "La Jeune Amélie" also replied by a similar signal, indicated that the moment was arrived for business. The vessel waiting outside, assured by the answering signal that all was as it should be, soon came in sight, white and silent as a phantom, and cast anchor within a cable's length of shore.

Then the landing began. Dantès reflected as he worked on the shout of joy which with a single word he could produce from among all these men if he gave utterance to the one unchanging thought that filled his heart; but

far from disclosing this precious secret, he almost feared that he had already said too much, and that by his restlessness and continual questions, his minute observations and evident preoccupation, he had aroused suspicions. Fortunately, as regarded this circumstance at least, with him the painful past reflected on his countenance an indelible sadness; and the glimmerings of gayety seen beneath this cloud were indeed but transitory.

No one had the slightest suspicion; and when next day, taking a fowling-piece, powder, and shot, Dantès testified a desire to go and kill some of the wild goats that were seen springing from rock to rock, his wish was construed into a love of sport or a desire for solitude. However, Jacopo insisted on following him; and Dantès did not oppose this, fearing if he did so that he might arouse distrust. Scarcely, however, had he gone a quarter of a league than having killed a kid, he begged Jacopo to take it to his comrades and request them to cook it, and when ready to let him know by firing a gun. Some dried fruits and a flask of the wine of Monte Pulciano would complete the repast. Dantès went forwards, looking behind and round about him from time to time. Having reached the summit of a rock, he saw, a thousand feet beneath him, his companions, whom Jacopo had rejoined, and who were all busy preparing the repast which Edmond's skill as a marksman had augmented with a capital dish.

Edmond looked at them for a moment with the sad and soft smile of a man superior to his fellows. "In two hours' time," said he, "these persons will depart richer by fifty piastres each, to go and risk their lives again by endeavoring to gain fifty more such pieces; then they will return with a fortune of six hundred livres and waste this treasure in some city with the pride of sultans and the insolence of nabobs. At this moment hope makes me

despise their riches, which seem to me contemptible. Yet perchance to-morrow disillusion will so act on me that I shall be compelled to consider such a contemptible possession as the utmost happiness. Oh, no!" he exclaimed, "that will not be. The wise, unerring Faria could not be mistaken in this one thing. Besides, it were better to die than to continue to lead this low and wretched life." Thus Dantès, who but three months before had no desire but liberty, had now not liberty enough, and panted for wealth. The cause was not in Dantès, but in Providence, who while limiting the power of man has filled him with boundless desires.

Meanwhile, by a way hidden between two walls of rock, following a path worn by a torrent, and which in all human probability human foot had never before trod, Dantès approached the spot where he supposed the grottos must have existed. Keeping along the coast, and examining the smallest object with serious attention, he thought he could trace on certain rocks marks made by the hand of man.

Time, which incrusts all physical substances with its mossy mantle, as it invests all things moral with its mantle of forgetfulness, seemed to have respected these signs, traced with a certain regularity, and probably with design. Occasionally these marks disappeared beneath tufts of myrtle, which spread into large bushes laden with blossoms, or beneath parasitical lichen. It was thus requisite that Edmond should remove branches or remove the mosses in order to perceive the indicating marks which were to be his guides in this labyrinth. These signs had renewed hope in his mind. Why should it not have been the cardinal who had first traced them, in order that they might, in the event of a catastrophe which he could not foresee would have been so complete, serve as a guide for

his nephew? This solitary place was clearly one likely to be selected by a man desirous of burying a treasure. Only, might not these betraying marks have attracted other eyes than those for whom they were made; and had the dark and wondrous isle indeed faithfully guarded its precious secret?

It seemed however to Edmond, who was hidden from his comrades by the inequalities of the ground, that at sixty paces from the harbor the marks ceased; nor did they terminate at any grotto. A large round rock, placed solidly on its base, was the only spot to which they seemed to lead. Edmond reflected that perhaps instead of having reached the end, he had only touched on the beginning, and he therefore turned round and retraced his steps.

During this time his comrades had prepared the repast, had got some water from a spring, spread out the fruit and bread, and cooked the kid. Just at the moment when they were taking the dainty animal from the spit, they saw Edmond, who, light and daring as a chamois, was springing from rock to rock, and they fired the signal agreed upon. The sportsman instantly changed his direction and ran quickly towards them. But at the moment when they were all following with their eyes his agile bounds, the boldness of which alarmed them, Edmond's foot slipped, and they saw him stagger on the edge of a rock and disappear. They all rushed towards him, for all loved Edmond in spite of his superiority; but Jacopo reached him first.

He found Edmond stretched bleeding and almost senseless. He had rolled down a height of twelve or fifteen feet. They poured some drops of rum down his throat, and this remedy, which had before been so beneficial to him, produced the same effect as formerly. He opened his eyes, complained of great pain in his knee, a feeling of

heaviness in his head, and severe pains in his loins. They wished to carry him to the shore, but when they touched him, although under Jacopo's directions, he declared with heavy groans that he could not bear to be moved.

It may be supposed that Dantès did not now think of his dinner, but he insisted that his comrades, who had not his reasons for fasting, should have their meal. As for himself, he declared that he had only need of a little rest, and that when they returned he should be easier. The sailors did not require much urging. They were hungry, and the smell of the roasted kid was very savory, and your tars are not very ceremonious. An hour afterwards they returned. All that Edmond had been able to do was to drag himself about a dozen paces forward to lean against a moss-covered rock.

But, far from being easier, Dantès's pains had appeared to increase in violence. The old captain, who was obliged to sail in the morning in order to land his cargo on the frontiers of Piedmont and France, between Nice and Frejus, urged Dantès to try and rise. Edmond made great exertions in order to comply; but at each effort he fell back, moaning and turning pale.

"He has broken his ribs," said the captain, in a low voice. "No matter; he is an excellent fellow, and we must not leave him. We will try to carry him on board the tartan." Dantès declared however that he would rather die where he was than undergo the agony caused by the slightest movement he made.

"Well," said the captain, "let what may happen, it shall never be said that we deserted a good comrade like you. We will not go till evening."

This very much astonished the sailors, although not one opposed it. The captain was so strict that this was the first time they had ever seen him give up an enterprise, or

even delay an arrangement. Dantès would not allow that any such infraction of regular and proper rules should be made in his favor. "No, no," he said to the captain, "I was awkward, and it is just that I should pay the penalty of my clumsiness. Leave me a small supply of biscuit, a gun, powder, and balls, to kill the kids or defend myself at need, and a pickaxe, to build me something like a shed if you delay in coming back for me."

"But you 'll die of hunger," said the captain.

"I would rather do so," was Edmond's reply, "than suffer the inexpressible agonies which the slightest motion brings on."

The captain turned towards his vessel, which was lying in the small harbor with her sails partly set, and nearly ready for sea.

"What are we to do, Maltese?" asked the captain. "We cannot leave you here in this condition, and yet we cannot stay."

"Go, go!" exclaimed Dantès.

"We shall be absent at least a week," said the captain, "and then we must run out of our course to come here and take you up again."

"Why," said Dantès, "if in two or three days you hail any fishing-boat, desire them to come here to me. I will pay twenty-five piastres for my passage back to Leghorn. If you do not come across one, return for me."

The captain shook his head.

"Listen, Captain Baldi; there 's one way of settling this," said Jacopo. "Do you go, and I will stay and take care of the wounded man."

"And give up your share of the venture," said Edmond, "to remain with me?"

"Yes," said Jacopo, "and without any hesitation."

"You are a good fellow and a kind-hearted messmate,"

replied Edmond, "and Heaven will recompense you for your generous intentions; but I do not wish any one to stay with me. A rest of one or two days will set me up, and I hope I shall find among the rocks certain herbs most excellent for contusions;" and a singular smile passed over his lips. He squeezed Jacopo's hand warmly; but nothing could shake his determination to remain, — and remain alone.

The smugglers left with Edmond what he had requested and departed, but not without turning about several times, and each time making signs of a cordial leave-taking, to which Edmond replied with his hand only, as if he could not move the rest of his body. Then, when they had disappeared, he said with a smile, "'T is strange that it should be among such men that we find proofs of friendship and devotion." Then he dragged himself cautiously to the top of a rock from which he had a full view of the sea, and thence he saw the tartan complete her preparations for sailing, weigh anchor, and balancing herself as gracefully as a water-fowl ere it takes to the wing, set sail. At the end of an hour she was completely out of sight; at least, it was impossible for the wounded man to see her any longer from the spot where he was. Then Dantès rose, more agile and light than the kid among the myrtles and shrubs of these wild rocks, took his gun in one hand, his pickaxe in the other, and hastened towards the rock on which the marks he had noted terminated. "And now," he exclaimed, remembering the tale of the Arabian fisherman which Faria had related to him, — "now, open sesame!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SECRET CAVE.

The sun had nearly reached the meridian, and his scorching rays fell full on the rocks, which seemed themselves sensible of the heat. Thousands of grasshoppers, hidden in the bushes, chirped with a monotonous and dull note; the leaves of the myrtle and olive trees waved and rustled in the wind. At every step that Edmond took he disturbed the lizards glittering with the hues of the emerald; afar off he saw the wild goats bounding from crag to crag. In a word, the isle was inhabited, yet Edmond felt himself alone, guided by the hand of God. He felt an indescribable sensation somewhat akin to dread, — that dread of the daylight which even in the desert makes us fear that we are observed. This feeling was so strong that at the moment when Edmond was about to commence his labor, he stopped, laid down his pickaxe, seized his gun, mounted to the summit of the highest rock, and from thence gazed round in every direction.

But it was not upon Corsica, the very houses of which he could distinguish, nor on Sardinia, nor on the Isle of Elba with its historical associations, nor upon the almost imperceptible line that to the experienced eye of a sailor alone revealed the coast of Genoa the proud and Leghorn the commercial, that he gazed. It was upon the brigantine that had left in the morning, and the tartan that had just set sail, that Edmond fixed his eyes. The first was just disappearing in the straits of Bonifacio; the

other, following an opposite direction, was about to round the island of Corsica. This sight reassured him. He then looked at the objects near him. He saw himself on the highest point of the isle, a statue on this vast pedestal of granite, nothing human in sight; while the blue ocean beat against the base of the island and covered it with a fringe of foam. Then he descended with cautious and slow step, for he dreaded lest an accident similar to that he had so adroitly feigned should happen in reality.

Dantès, as we have said, had traced back the marks in the rock; and he had noticed that they led to a small creek, hidden like the bath of some ancient nymph. This creek was sufficiently wide at its mouth and deep in the centre to admit of the entrance of a small vessel of the *spéronare* class, which would be perfectly concealed from observation.

Then following the clew that in the hands of the Abbé Faria had been so skilfully used to guide him through the Dædalian labyrinth of probabilities, he thought that Cardinal Spada, anxious not to be watched, had entered the creek, concealed his little vessel, followed the line marked by the notches in the rock, and at the end of it had buried his treasure. It was this idea that had brought Dantès back to the circular rock. One thing only perplexed Edmond and went against his theory. How could this rock, which weighed several tons, have been lifted to this spot without the aid of many men? Suddenly an idea flashed across his mind. "Instead of raising it," thought he, "they lowered it." And he sprang from the rock in order to inspect the base on which it had formerly stood. He soon perceived that a slope had been formed, and the rock had slid along this until it stopped at the spot it now occupied. A large stone had served as a wedge; flints

and pebbles had been inserted around it so as to conceal the orifice; this species of masonry had been covered with earth, and grass and weeds had grown there, moss had clung to the stones, myrtle-bushes had taken root, and the old rock seemed fixed to the earth.

Dantès raised the earth carefully, and detected, or fancied he detected, the ingenious artifice. He attacked this wall, cemented by the hand of Time, with his pickaxe. After ten minutes' labor the wall gave way, and a hole large enough to insert the arm was opened. Dantès went and cut the strongest olive-tree he could find, stripped off its branches, inserted it in the hole, and used it as a lever. But the rock was too heavy and too firmly wedged to be moved by any one man, were he Hercules himself. Dantès saw that he must attack this wedge; but how? He cast his eyes around, and saw the horn full of powder which his friend Jacopo had left him. He smiled; the infernal invention would serve him for this purpose. With the aid of his pickaxe Dantès dug between the upper rock and the one that supported it a mine similar to those formed by pioneers when they wish to spare human labor, filled it with powder, then made a match by rolling his handkerchief in saltpetre. He lighted it and retired. The explosion was instantaneous; the upper rock was lifted from its base by the terrific force of the powder; the lower one flew into pieces; thousands of insects escaped from the aperture Dantès had previously formed, and a huge snake, like the guardian demon of the treasure, rolled himself along with a sinuous motion and disappeared.

Dantès approached the upper rock, which now without any support leaned towards the sea. The intrepid treasure-seeker walked round it, and selecting the spot where it seemed most open to attack, placed his lever in one of

the crevices, and strained every nerve to move the mass. The rock, already shaken by the explosion, tottered on its base. Dantès redoubled his efforts; he seemed like one of the ancient Titans, who uprooted the mountains to hurl them against the father of the gods. The rock yielded, rolled, bounded, and finally disappeared in the ocean.

On the spot it had occupied were visible a circular place and an iron ring let into a square flag-stone. Dantès uttered a cry of joy and surprise; never had a first attempt been crowned with more perfect success. He would fain have continued, but his knees trembled, his heart beat so violently, and his eyes became so dim that he was forced to pause. This feeling lasted but for a moment. Edmond inserted his lever in the ring and exerted all his strength; the flag-stone yielded and disclosed a kind of stair that descended until it was lost in the obscurity of a subterranean grotto. Any one else would have rushed on with a cry of joy. Dantès turned pale, hesitated, and reflected. "Come," said he to himself, "I will be a man. I am accustomed to adversity; I must not be cast down by disappointment. What, then, would be the use of all I have suffered? The heart breaks when after having been elated by flattering hopes, it sees all these illusions destroyed. Faria has dreamed this; Cardinal Spada buried no treasure here. Perhaps he never came here; or if he did, Cæsar Borgia, the intrepid adventurer, the stealthy and indefatigable plunderer, has followed him, discovered his traces, pursued them as I have done, like me raised the stone, and descending before me, has left me nothing." He remained motionless and pensive, his eyes fixed on the sombre aperture that was open at his feet, and said, "Now that I expect nothing, now that I have said to myself that it would be folly to enter-

tain any hope, the end of this adventure becomes a simple matter of curiosity." And he still remained motionless and thoughtful.

"Yes, yes; this is an adventure worthy a place in the lights and shades of the life of this royal bandit. This fabulous event has formed but a link of a vast chain. Yes, Borgia has been here, a torch in one hand, a sword in the other, and within twenty paces, at the foot of this rock perhaps, two guards kept watch on land and sea while their master descended as I am about to descend, dispelling the darkness before his terrible advance."

"But what was the fate of these guards who thus possessed his secret?" asked Dantès of himself.

"The fate," replied he, smiling, "of those who buried Alaric."

"Yet had he come," thought Dantès, "he would have found the treasure; and Borgia, he who compared Italy to an artichoke which he could devour leaf by leaf, knew too well the value of time to waste it in replacing this rock. I will go down."

Then he descended with a smile of doubt on his lips, and murmuring that last word of human philosophy, "Perhaps!" But instead of the darkness and the thick and mephitic atmosphere he had expected to find, Dantès saw a dim and bluish light which, as well as the air, entered, not merely by the aperture he had just formed, but by interstices and crevices of the rock which were invisible from without, and through which he could distinguish the blue sky and the waving branches of the evergreen oaks and the tendrils of the creepers that grew from the rocks. After having stood a few minutes in the cavern, the atmosphere of which was rather warm than damp, Dantès's eye, habituated as it was to darkness, could pierce even to the remotest angles of the cavern, which

was of granite that sparkled like diamonds. "Alas!" said Edmond, smiling, "these are the treasures the cardinal has left; and the good abbé, seeing in a dream these glittering walls, has indulged in fallacious hopes."

But he called to mind the words of the will, which he knew by heart. "In the farthest angle of the second opening," said the cardinal's will. He had found only the first grotto; he had now to seek the second. Dantès began his search. He reflected that this second grotto would naturally penetrate deeper into the island; he examined the stones and sounded one part of the wall where he fancied the opening existed, masked for precaution's sake. The pickaxe sounded for a moment with a dull sound that covered Dantès's forehead with large drops of perspiration. At last it seemed to him that one part of the wall gave forth a more hollow and deeper echo; he eagerly advanced, and with the quickness of perception that no one but a prisoner possesses, saw that it was there in all probability the opening must be.

However, he, like Cæsar Borgia, knew the value of time; and in order to avoid a fruitless toil, he sounded all the other walls with his pickaxe, struck the earth with the butt of his gun, and finding nothing that appeared suspicious, returned to that part of the wall whence issued the encouraging sound he had before heard. He again struck it, and with greater force. Then a singular sight presented itself. As he struck the wall, a species of stucco similar to that used as the ground of arabesques detached itself, and fell to the ground in flakes, exposing a large white stone. The aperture of the rock had been closed with stones, then this stucco had been applied, and painted to imitate granite. Dantès struck with the sharp end of his pickaxe, which entered some way between the interstices of the stone. It was there he m[illegible] But

by some strange phenomenon of the human organization, in proportion as the proofs that Faria had not been deceived became stronger, so did his heart give way and a feeling of discouragement steal over him. This last proof instead of giving him fresh strength deprived him of it. The pickaxe fell, almost dropping out of his hands; he placed it on the ground, passed his hand over his brow, and remounted the stairs, alleging to himself as an excuse a desire to be assured that no one was watching him, but in reality because he felt he was ready to faint. The isle was deserted, and the sun seemed to cover it with its fiery glance; afar off a few small fishing-boats studded the bosom of the blue ocean.

Dantès had tasted nothing, but he thought not of hunger at such a moment; he hastily swallowed a few drops of rum and again entered the cavern. The pickaxe that had seemed so heavy was now like a feather in his grasp; he seized it and attacked the wall. After several blows he perceived that the stones were not cemented, but merely placed one upon the other and covered with stucco; he inserted the point of his pickaxe, and using the handle as a lever, soon saw with joy the stone turn as if on hinges and fall at his feet. He had nothing more to do now but with the iron tooth of the pickaxe to draw the stones towards him one by one. The first aperture was sufficiently large to enter, but by waiting, he could still cling to hope and retard the certainty of deception. At last, after fresh hesitation Dantès entered the second grotto. The second grotto was lower and more gloomy than the other; the air, that could enter only by the newly-formed opening, had that mephitic smell Dantès was surprised not to find in the first. He waited in order to allow pure air to displace the foul atmosphere, and then entered. At the left of the opening was a dark and deep

angle. But to Dantès's eye there was no darkness. He glanced round this second grotto; it was, like the first, empty.

The treasure, if it existed, was buried in that dark corner. The time had at length arrived; two feet of earth removed, and Dantès's fate would be decided. He advanced towards the angle, and summoning all his resolution, attacked the ground with the pickaxe. At the fifth or sixth blow the pickaxe struck against an iron substance. Never did funeral knell, never did alarm-bell produce a greater effect on the hearer. Had Dantès found nothing, he could not have become more ghastly pale. He again struck his pickaxe into the earth, and encountered the same resistance, but not the same sound. "It is a casket of wood bound with iron," thought he. At this moment a shadow passed rapidly before the opening; Dantès seized his gun, sprang through the opening, and mounted the stair. A wild goat had passed before the mouth of the cave, and was feeding at a little distance. This would have been a favorable opportunity to secure his dinner; but Dantès feared lest the report of his gun should attract attention.

He reflected an instant, cut a branch of a resinous tree, lighted it at the fire at which the smugglers had prepared their breakfast, and descended with this torch. He wished to see all. He approached with the torch the hole he had formed, and saw that his pickaxe had in reality struck against iron and wood. He planted his torch in the ground and resumed his labor. In an instant a space three feet long by two feet broad was cleared, and Dantès could see an oaken coffer, bound with cut steel; in the midst of the lid he saw engraved on a silver plate, which was still untarnished, the arms of the Spada family; namely, a sword, pale, on an oval shield, like all the

Italian armorial bearings, and surmounted by a cardinal's hat. Dantès easily recognized them, Faria had so often drawn them for him. There was no longer any doubt, — the treasure was there; no one would have been at such pains to conceal an empty casket. In an instant he had cleared every obstacle away, and he saw successively the lock, placed between two padlocks, and the two handles at each end, all carved as things were carved at that epoch, when art rendered the commonest metals precious. Dantès seized the handles, and strove to lift the coffer; it was impossible. He sought to open it; lock and padlock were closed, — these faithful guardians seemed unwilling to surrender their trust. Dantès inserted the sharp end of the pickaxe between the coffer and the lid, and pressing with all his force on the handle, burst open the fastenings. The hinges yielded in their turn and fell, still holding in their grasp fragments of the planks, and all was open.

A vertigo seized Edmond; he cocked his gun and laid it beside him. He then closed his eyes as children do in order to perceive in the shining night of their own imagination more stars than are visible in the firmament; then he reopened them and stood motionless with amazement. Three compartments divided the coffer. In the first, blazed piles of golden coin; in the second, bars of unpolished gold, which possessed nothing attractive save their value, were ranged; in the third, Edmond grasped handfuls of diamonds, pearls, and rubies, which as they fell on one another sounded like hail against glass. After having touched, felt, examined these treasures, Edmond rushed through the caverns like a man seized with frenzy; he leaped on a rock whence he could behold the sea. He was alone, — alone with these countless, these unheard-of treasures! Was he awake, or was it but a dream?

He would fain have gazed upon his gold, and yet he

had not strength enough. For an instant he leaned his head in his hands as if to prevent his senses from leaving him, and then rushed madly about the rocks of Monte Cristo, terrifying the wild goats and scaring the sea-fowls with his wild cries and gestures; then he returned, and still unable to believe the evidence of his senses, rushed into the grotto and found himself before this mine of gold and jewels. This time he fell on his knees, and clasping his hands convulsively, uttered a prayer intelligible to God alone. He soon felt himself calmer and more happy, for now only he began to credit his felicity. He then set himself to work to count his fortune. There were a thousand ingots of gold, each weighing from two to three pounds; then he piled up twenty-five thousand crowns, each worth about eighty livres of our money and bearing the effigies of Alexander VI. and his predecessors, and he saw that the compartment was only half empty. Then he measured ten double handfuls of precious stones, many of which, mounted by the most famous workman of that period, exhibited in their artistic setting a value that was remarkable even by the side of their intrinsic value. Dantès saw the light gradually disappear, and fearing to be surprised in the cavern, left it, his gun in his hand. A piece of biscuit and a small quantity of rum formed his supper, and he snatched a few hours' sleep, lying across the mouth of the cave.

This night was a delicious and yet terrible one, like two or three others which that man of strong émotion had already experienced in his previous life.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE UNKNOWN.

Daylight, for which Dantès had so eagerly and impatiently waited, again dawned upon the desert shores of Monte Cristo. In the earliest light Dantès rose, climbed the rocky height he had ascended the previous evening, and strained his view to catch every peculiarity of the landscape; but it wore the same wild, barren aspect when seen by the rays of the morning sun which it had done when surveyed by the fading glimmer of eve. Returning to the cave, he raised the stone, filled his pockets with precious stones, put the box together as well and securely as he could, sprinkled fresh sand over the spot from which it had been taken, and carefully trod down the ground to give it everywhere a similar appearance; then, quitting the grotto, he replaced the stone, heaped on it broken masses of rocks and rough fragments of crumbling granite, filling the intervals with earth, planted myrtle and flowering thorn in these intervals, watered the new plants so that they should seem of long standing, effaced the traces of his footsteps around the place, and awaited with impatience the return of his companions. He had no desire to spend his days looking at that gold and those diamonds, or to remain at Monte Cristo like a dragon watching over useless treasures. It was now necessary for him to return to life, to be among men, and to assume in society the rank, influence, and power which in this world wealth

alone can give, — the first and grandest of the forces at the disposal of man.

On the sixth day the smugglers returned. From a distance Dantès recognized "La Jeune Amélie," and dragging himself with affected difficulty towards the landing-place, he met his companions with an assurance that although considerably better than when they quitted him, he still suffered acutely from his late accident. He then inquired how they had fared in their trip. To this question the smugglers replied that although successful in landing their cargo in safety, they had scarcely done so when they received intelligence that a guard-ship had just quitted the port of Toulon and was crowding all sail towards them; this obliged them to make all the speed they could to evade the enemy, — lamenting the absence of Dantès, whose superior skill in the management of a vessel would have availed them so materially. In fact, the chasing vessel had almost overtaken them when fortunately night came on, and enabled them to double the Cape of Corsica, and so elude all further pursuit. Upon the whole, however, the trip had been sufficiently successful to satisfy all concerned; the crew, and particularly Jacopo, expressed great regret that Dantès had not been with them, so that he might have been an equal sharer with themselves in the profits, amounting to no less a sum than fifty piastres each.

Edmond remained impenetrable, — not even smiling at the enumeration of all the benefits he would have reaped had he been able to quit the isle; but as "La Jeune Amélie" had merely come to Monte Cristo to fetch him away, he embarked that same evening and proceeded with the captain to Leghorn. Arrived at Leghorn, he repaired to the house of a Jew, a dealer in precious stones, to whom he disposed of four of his smallest diamonds for five thou-

sand livres each. Dantès half feared that such valuable jewels in the hands of a poor sailor like himself might excite suspicion; but the cunning purchaser asked no troublesome questions concerning a bargain by which he gained at least four thousand livres.

The following day Dantès presented Jacopo with an entirely new vessel, accompanying the gift by a donation of one hundred piastres, that he might provide himself with a suitable crew and other requisites for his outfit, — upon condition that he should go direct to Marseilles and inquire after an old man named Louis Dantès, residing in the Allées de Meillan, and also a young woman called Mercédès, an inhabitant of the Catalan village.

It was Jacopo's turn to think that he was dreaming. Dantès told him that he had been a sailor merely from whim and a desire to spite his friends, who did not allow him as much money as he liked to spend; but that on his arrival at Leghorn he had come into possession of a large fortune, left him by an uncle, whose sole heir he was. The superior education of Dantès gave an air of such extreme probability to this statement that it never once occurred to Jacopo to doubt its accuracy. The term for which Edmond had engaged to serve on board "La Jeune Amélie" having expired, Dantès took leave of the captain, who at first tried all his powers of persuasion to induce him to remain one of the crew, but having been told the history of the legacy, he ceased to importune him further. The succeeding morning Jacopo set sail for Marseilles, with directions from Dantès to join him at the island of Monte Cristo.

Having seen Jacopo fairly out of the harbor, Dantès proceeded to make his final adieux on board "La Jeune Amélie," distributing so liberal a gratuity among her crew as procured him the unanimous good wishes and expres-

sions of cordial interest in all that concerned him. To the captain he promised to write when he had made up his mind as to his future plans. This leave-taking over, Dantès departed for Genoa. At the moment of his arrival a small yacht was making its trial trip in the bay; it had been built by order of an Englishman, who, having heard that the Genoese excelled all other builders along the shores of the Mediterranean in the construction of fast-sailing vessels, was desirous of possessing a specimen of their skill. The price agreed upon between the Englishman and the Genoese builder was forty thousand livres. Dantès offered sixty thousand livres for it upon condition that it should be delivered to him immediately. The person for whom the yacht was intended had gone upon a tour through Switzerland, and was not expected back in less than three weeks or a month, by which time the builder reckoned upon being able to complete another. A bargain was therefore struck. Dantès led the owner of the yacht to the dwelling of a Jew, retired with the latter individual for a few minutes to a small back parlor, and upon their return the Jew counted out to the ship-builder the sum of sixty thousand livres.

The builder then offered his services in providing a suitable crew for the little vessel, but this Dantès declined with thanks, saying he was accustomed to cruise about quite alone, and his principal pleasure consisted in managing his yacht himself; the only thing he wished was that the builder would contrive a sort of secret closet in the cabin at his bed's head, which should contain three secret compartments. He gave the measure of these compartments, which were completed on the following day.

Two hours afterwards Dantès sailed from the port of Genoa, under the gaze of an immense crowd of the curious who wished to see the rich Spanish nobleman who pre-

[illegible]

Upon the eighth day he discerned a small vessel crowding all sail towards Monte Cristo. As it neared, he recognised it as the vessel which he had given to Jacopo. He immediately signalled it. His signal was returned, and in two hours afterward the bark lay at anchor near the yacht. A mournful answer awaited each of Edmond's eager inquiries. Old Dantès was dead; Mercédès had disappeared. Dantès listened to these melancholy tidings with outward calmness; but when he went ashore he signified his desire to be quite alone. In a couple of hours he returned. Two of the men from Jacopo's bark came on board the yacht to assist in navigating it, and he commanded that she should be steered direct to Marseilles. For his father's death he was in some manner prepared; but what had become of Mercédès?

Without divulging his secret, Dantès could not give sufficiently clear instructions to an agent. There were, besides, other particulars he was desirous of ascertaining, and those were of a nature he alone could investigate in a manner satisfactory to himself. His looking-glass had assured him during his stay at Leghorn that he ran no risk of recognition; and besides, he had now the means of adopting any disguise he thought proper. One fine morning, then, his yacht, followed by the little vessel, boldly entered the port of Marseilles, and anchored exactly opposite the memorable spot whence, on the never-to-be-forgotten night of his departure for the Château d'If, he had been put on board the vessel destined to convey him thither. Dantès could not view without a shudder the approach of a gendarme in the quarantine boat; but with that self-possession which he had acquired during his acquaintance with Faria, Dantès coolly presented an English passport he had purchased at Leghorn, and by means of that foreign passport, much more respected

in France than our own, Dantès was able to land without difficulty.

The first object that attracted the attention of Dantès as he landed on the Canebière was one of the crew of the "Pharaon." Edmond hailed the appearance of this man, who had served under himself, as a sure test of the changes which had been wrought in his own appearance. Going straight towards him, he began a variety of questions on different subjects, carefully watching the man's countenance as he did so; but not a word or look implied his having the slightest idea of ever having seen before the individual with whom he was then conversing. Giving the sailor a piece of money in return for his civility, Dantès proceeded onwards; but ere he had gone many steps he heard the man running after him. Dantès instantly turned to meet him. "I beg your pardon, Monsieur," said the honest fellow, in almost breathless haste, "but I believe you made a mistake; you intended to give me a two-franc piece, and you gave me a double napoleon."

"Thank you, my good friend. I see that I have made a trifling mistake, as you say; but by way of rewarding your honest spirit I give you another double napoleon, that you may drink to my health with your comrades."

So extreme was the surprise of the sailor that he was unable even to thank Edmond, whose receding figure he continued to gaze after in speechless astonishment. At length, when Dantès had wholly disappeared, he drew a deep breath, and with another look at his gold, he returned to the quay, saying to himself, "It is some nabob arrived from India."

Dantès meanwhile continued his route. Each step he trod oppressed his heart with fresh emotion. His first and most indelible recollections were of that place; not a tree,

not a street that he passed failed to awaken dear and cherished reminiscences. When he reached the end of the Rue de Noailles and perceived the Allées de Meillan, his knees tottered under him, and he nearly fell under the wheels of a carriage. At length he came to the house in which his father had lived.

The nasturtiums and other plants which the good man had delighted to train before his window, had all disappeared from the upper part of the house. Leaning against a tree, Dantès remained a long time gazing at that poor little house; then he advanced to the door, and inquired whether there were any chambers to be let in the house. Though answered in the negative, he begged so earnestly to be permitted to visit those on the fifth floor that the *concierge* went up and asked the occupants of the two rooms to allow a stranger to inspect them. The tenants were a young couple married only a week previously; upon seeing them Dantès breathed a deep sigh.

Nothing in the two small chambers forming the apartment remained as it had been in the time of the elder Dantès; the very paper was different. The old furniture, familiar to his childhood, present in all their details to his remembrance, had disappeared; the walls alone remained the same. The bed belonging to the present occupants was placed as the former tenant of the chamber had been accustomed to have his; and in spite of his efforts to prevent it, the eyes of Edmond were suffused with tears as he reflected that on that spot the aged man had expired, vainly calling for his son. The young couple beheld with astonishment this man with a stern countenance, on whose cheeks tears were flowing down; but they felt the sacredness of his grief, and refrained from questioning him. They left him to indulge his sorrow alone. When he withdrew, they both accompanied him

downstairs, expressing their hope that he would come again whenever he pleased, and assuring him that their poor dwelling should ever be open to him. As Edmond passed the doors on the fourth floor, he paused at one of them to inquire whether Caderousse the tailor still dwelt there; but he was informed that the individual in question had got into difficulties, and at the present time kept a small inn on the route from Bellegarde to Beaucaire.

Having obtained the address of the person to whom the house in the Allées de Meillan belonged, Dantès next proceeded thither, and under the name of Lord Wilmore (the name and title given in his passport), purchased the small dwelling for the sum of twenty-five thousand livres, at least ten thousand more than it was worth; but had its owner asked ten times the sum he did, it would unhesitatingly have been given. The very same day, the occupants of the apartments on the fifth floor of the house, now become the property of Dantès, were duly informed by the notary who had arranged the necessary transfer of deeds that the new landlord gave them their choice among the rooms in the house without any increase of rent, upon condition of their giving up to him the two small chambers they at present inhabited.

This strange event furnished food for wonder and curiosity in the neighborhood of the Allées de Meillan, and gave rise to a thousand conjectures, not one of which was correct. But that which raised public astonishment to a climax and set all speculations at defiance was the circumstance that the same stranger who had in the morning visited the Allées de Meillan had been seen in the evening walking in the little village of the Catalans, and afterwards had entered a poor fisherman's hut and spent more than an hour in inquiring after persons who had either been dead or gone away for more than fifteen or

sixteen years. On the following day the family from whom all these particulars had been asked received a handsome present, consisting of an entirely new fishing-boat, with a full supply of excellent nets. The delighted recipients of these munificent gifts would gladly have poured out their thanks to their generous benefactor; but they had seen him, upon quitting the hut, merely give some orders to a sailor, and then, springing lightly on horseback, quit Marseilles by the Porte d'Aix.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE INN OF PONT DU GARD.

Such of my readers as have made a pedestrian excursion to the south of France may perchance have noticed, midway between the town of Beaucaire and the village of Bellegarde, a small roadside inn, from the front of which hangs, creaking and flapping in the wind, a sheet of tin covered with a caricature resemblance of the Pont du Gard. This little inn, if we take our direction from the course of the Rhone, is situated on the left-hand side of the road, with its back to the river. Attached to it is what in Languedoc is styled a garden, consisting of a small plot of ground, a full view of which might be obtained from a door immediately opposite the grand portal by which travellers were ushered in to partake of the hospitality of mine host of the Pont du Gard. In this plaisance, or garden, scorched beneath the ardent sun of a latitude of thirty degrees, a few dingy olives and stunted fig-trees struggle hard for existence, but their withered, dusty foliage abundantly proves how unequal is the conflict. Between these sickly shrubs, grows a scanty supply of garlic, tomatoes, and eschalots; while lone and solitary, like a forgotten sentinel, a tall pine raises its melancholy head in one of the corners of this unattractive spot and displays its flexible stem and fan-shaped summit, dried and cracked by the withering influence of the *mistral*, that scourge of Provence.

In the surrounding plain, which more resembles a dusty

lake than solid ground, are scattered a few miserable stalks of wheat, the effect, no doubt, of a curious desire on the part of the agriculturists of the country to see whether the raising of grain in those parched regions is practicable. The scanty stalks, however, serve to accommodate the numerous grasshoppers who follow the unfortunate invader of this bare soil with untiring persecution, resting themselves after their chase upon the stunted specimens of horticulture, while they fill the ear with their sharp, shrill cry.

For about eight years this little inn was kept by a man and his wife, with two servants: one, who was called Trinette, officiated in the capacity of chamber-maid; while the other, named Pacaud, took charge of the stable. But, alas! the occupation of each domestic was but nominal, for a canal recently made between Beaucaire and Aigue-mortes had led to the substitution of canal-boats for wagons and barges for the diligence. And as though to add to the daily misery which this prosperous canal inflicted on the unfortunate innkeeper, whose utter ruin it was fast accomplishing, it was situated not a hundred steps from the forsaken inn, of which we have given a brief but faithful description.

The innkeeper was a man of from forty to forty-five years of age, tall, strong, and bony, a good specimen of the natives of those southern latitudes; he had dark, sparkling, and deep-set eyes, curved nose, and teeth white as those of a carnivorous animal; his hair, which in spite of the light touch time had as yet left on it seemed reluctant to whiten, was like his beard, which he wore under his chin, thick and curly, and but slightly mingled with a few silvery threads. His naturally murky complexion had assumed a still further shade of brown from the habit the poor devil had acquired of stationing himself from morn-

ing to night at the threshold of his door, in eager hope that some traveller, either equestrian or pedestrian, might bless his eyes, and give him the delight of once more seeing a guest enter his doors. His patience and his expectations were alike useless; yet there he stood, day after day, exposed to the meridional rays of a burning sun, with no other protection for his head than a red handkerchief twisted around it after the manner of the Spanish muleteers. This man was our former acquaintance Caderousse. His wife, on the contrary, whose maiden name had been Madeleine Radelle, was pale, meagre, and sickly-looking. Born in the neighborhood of Arles, she had shared in the beauty for which its women are proverbial; but that beauty had gradually withered beneath the devastating influence of one of those slow fevers so prevalent in the vicinity of the waters of the Aiguemortes and the marshes of Camargue. She remained nearly always in her chamber, situated on the first floor, sitting shivering in her chair, or extended languid and feeble on her bed, while her husband kept his daily watch at the door, — a duty he performed with the greater willingness, as it saved him the necessity of listening to the endless plaints and murmurs of his helpmate, who never saw him without breaking out into bitter invectives against fate and the unmerited hardships she was called upon to endure; to all of which her husband would calmly return an unvarying reply, couched in these philosophic words: "Be silent, La Carconte; it is God who has arranged these matters."

The sobriquet of La Carconte had been bestowed on Madeleine Radelle on account of her birth in a village so called, situated between Salon and Lambesc; and as a custom existed among the inhabitants of that part of France where Caderousse lived of styling every person by

some particular and distinctive appellation, her husband had bestowed on her the name of La Carconte instead of Madeleine, which perhaps was too smooth and euphonious for his rough tongue. Still, let it not be supposed that in spite of his affected resignation to the will of Providence, the unfortunate innkeeper was not profoundly aware of the misery to which he had been reduced by that wretched canal of Beaucaire, or that he was invulnerable to the incessant complaints of his wife, did not writhe under the double misery of seeing the hateful canal carry off alike his customers and profits, and the daily implication of his peevish partner's murmurs and lamentations. Like other dwellers in the South, he was a man of sober habits and moderate desires, but fond of external show, vain, and addicted to display. During the days of his prosperity, not a fête, festivity, or ceremonial took place without himself and wife being among the spectators. He dressed in the picturesque costume worn upon grand occasions by the inhabitants of the south of France, bearing equal resemblance to the style adopted both by the Catalans and Andalusians; while La Carconte displayed the charming fashion prevalent among the women of Arles, a mode of attire borrowed equally from Greece and Arabia. But by degrees, watch-chains, necklaces, many-colored scarfs, embroidered bodices, velvet vests, elegantly-worked stockings, striped gaiters, and silver buckles for the shoes, all disappeared; and Gaspard Caderousse, unable to appear abroad in his pristine splendor, had given up any further participation in these pomps and vanities, both for himself and his wife, although a bitter feeling of envious discontent filled his mind as the sound of mirth and merry music from the joyous revellers reached even the miserable hostelry to which he still clung, — more for the shelter than the profit it afforded.

Caderousse was, as usual, at his place of observation before the door, his eyes glancing listlessly from a piece of closely-shaven grass, on which some fowls were industriously though fruitlessly endeavoring to turn up some grain or insect suited to their taste, to the deserted road, the two extremities of which pointed respectively north and south, when he was roused from his daily speculations as to the possibility of the inn of the Pont du Gard ever again being called upon to exercise its hospitable capabilities to any chance visitant, by the shrill voice of his wife summoning him to her presence with all speed. Murmuring at the disagreeable interruption to his not very agreeable thoughts, he however proceeded to the story on which was situated the chamber of his better half, — taking care however, preparatory to so doing, to set the entrance-door wide open, as if to invite travellers not to forget him in passing.

At the moment Caderousse quitted his sentry-like watch before the door, the road on which he so eagerly strained his sight was void and lonely as a desert at midday. There it lay stretched out, one interminable line of dust and sand, with its sides bordered by tall, meagre trees, altogether presenting so uninviting an appearance that no one in their senses could have imagined that any traveller at liberty to regulate his hours for journeying would choose to expose himself to the scorch of a meridian sun in that formidable Sahara. Nevertheless, had Caderousse but retained his post a few minutes longer, he might have caught a dim outline of something approaching from the direction of Bellegarde. As the moving object drew nearer, he would easily have perceived it consisted of a man and horse, between whom the kindest and most amiable understanding appeared to exist. The horse was of Hungarian breed, and ambled along with the easy pace peculiar to

that race of animals. His rider was a priest, dressed in black, and wearing a three-cornered hat; and spite of the ardent rays of a noonday sun, the pair came on at a tolerably smart trot.

Having arrived before the inn of the Pont du Gard, the horse stopped, but whether for his own pleasure or that of his rider it would have been difficult to say. However that might have been, the priest, dismounting, led his steed by the bridle in search of some place to which he could secure him. Availing himself of a handle that projected from a half-fallen door, he tied the animal safely, patted him kindly, and having drawn a red cotton handkerchief from his pocket, wiped away the perspiration that streamed from his brow; then advancing to the door, he struck thrice with the end of his iron-shod stick. At this unusual sound, a huge black dog came rushing to meet the daring assailant of his ordinarily tranquil abode, snarling and displaying his sharp white teeth with a determined hostility that abundantly proved how little he was accustomed to society. At that moment a heavy footstep was heard descending the wooden staircase that led from the upper floor, and with many bows and courteous smiles appeared the landlord of that small inn, at the door of which the priest was waiting.

"Here I am!" said the astonished Caderousse. "Here I am! Be quiet, Margotin! Don't be afraid, Monsieur; he barks, but he never bites. I make no doubt a glass of good wine would be acceptable this dreadfully hot day!" Then perceiving for the first time the description of traveller he had to entertain, Caderouse hastily exclaimed: "A thousand pardons, your Reverence! I did not observe whom I had the honor to receive under my poor roof. What would you please to have, Monsieur the Abbé? What refreshment can I offer you? All I have is at your service."

The priest gazed on the individual addressing him with a long and searching gaze; he even appeared to court a similar scrutiny on the part of the innkeeper. Then, remarking in the countenance of the latter no other expression than extreme surprise at his own want of attention to an inquiry so courteously worded, he deemed it as well to terminate this dumb show, and therefore said, speaking with a strong Italian accent, "You are, I presume, M. Caderousse?"

"Your Reverence is quite correct," answered the host, even more surprised at the question than he had been by the silence which had preceded it; "I am Gaspard Caderousse, at your service."

"Gaspard Caderousse!" rejoined the priest. "Yes, that agrees both with the baptismal appellation and surname of the individual I allude to. You formerly lived, I believe, in the Allées de Meillan, on the fourth floor of a small house situated there?"

"I did."

"Where you followed the business of a tailor?"

"Yes, I was a tailor, till the trade fell off so as not to afford me a living. Then, it is so very hot at Marseilles that really I could bear it no longer; and it is my idea that all the respectable inhabitants will be obliged to follow my example and quit it. But talking of heat, is there nothing I can offer you by way of refreshment?"

"Yes; let me have a bottle of your best wine, and then, with your permission, we will resume our conversation where we leave it."

"As you please, Monsieur the Abbé," said Caderousse, who, anxious not to lose the present opportunity of finding a customer for one of the few bottles of the wine of Cahors still remaining in his possession, hastily raised a trap-door in the floor of the room they were in, which served both as

parlor and kitchen. Upon issuing forth from his subterranean retreat at the expiration of five minutes, he found the abbé seated on a species of stool, leaning his elbow on a table, while Margotin, whose animosity seemed to have been appeased by the unusual order for refreshments, had crept up to him, and had established himself very comfortably between his knees, his long skinny neck resting on his lap, while his dim eye was fixed earnestly on the traveller's face.

"Are you quite alone?" inquired the guest, as Caderousse placed before him the bottle of wine and a glass.

"Quite, quite alone," replied the man, "or at least, very near it, Monsieur the Abbé; for my poor wife is laid up with illness, and unable to render me the least assistance, poor thing!"

"You are married, then?" said the priest, with a species of interest, glancing round as he spoke at the scanty style of the accommodation and humble furnishing of the room.

"Ah, Monsieur the Abbé," said Caderousse, with a sigh, "you perceive that I am not a rich man; but to thrive in this world it is not enough to be an honest man."

The abbé fixed on him a penetrating glance.

"Yes, honest man, — I can certainly say that much for myself," continued the innkeeper, fairly sustaining the scrutiny of the abbé; "and," continued he, significantly nodding his head, "that is more than every one can say nowadays."

"So much the better for you, if what you assert be true," said the abbé; "for I am firmly persuaded that sooner or later the good will be rewarded and the wicked punished."

"Such words as those belong to your profession, Monsieur the Abbé," answered Caderousse, "and you do well to

repeat them; but," added he, with a bitter expression of countenance, "any one is privileged not to believe them."

"You are wrong to speak thus," said the abbé; "and perhaps I may in my own person be able to prove to you the truth of what I have said."

"What do you mean?" inquired Caderousse, with a look of surprise.

"In the first place, I must be satisfied that you are the person I am in search of."

"What proofs do you require?"

"Did you, in the year 1814 or 1815, know anything of a young sailor named Dantès?"

"Dantès! Did I know him, that poor Edmond? I should think I did. He was even one of my best friends!" exclaimed Caderousse, whose countenance assumed an almost purple hue, while the clear calm eye of the questioner seemed to dilate until it completely covered him.

"You remind me," said the priest, "that the young man concerning whom I asked you was said to bear the name of Edmond."

"Said to bear the name!" repeated Caderousse, becoming excited and eager. "Why, he was so called as truly as I myself am called Gaspard Caderousse. But, Monsieur the Abbé, tell me, I pray, what has become of poor Edmond. Did you know him? Is he alive and at liberty? Is he prosperous and happy?"

"He died a prisoner, more wretched, hopeless, heart-broken than the felons who pay the penalty of their crimes at the galleys of Toulon."

A deadly paleness succeeded the deep suffusion which had before spread itself over the countenance of Caderousse. He turned away, and the priest saw him wipe away a tear with the corner of the red handkerchief twisted round his head.

"Poor fellow!" murmured Caderousse. "Well, there, Monsieur the Abbé, is another proof of what I told you, — that the good God is good only to the wicked. Ah," continued Caderousse, speaking in the highly-colored language of the South, "the world grows worse and worse. Why does not God, if he really hates the wicked, as he is said to do, send down brimstone and fire, and consume them altogether?"

"You speak as though you had loved this young Dantès," observed the abbé.

"And so I did," replied Caderousse; "though once, I confess I envied him his good fortune. But I swear to you, Monsieur the Abbé, that I have since then deeply and sincerely lamented his unhappy fate."

There was a brief silence, during which the searching gaze of the abbé questioned the mobile features of the innkeeper.

"You knew the poor lad, then?" continued Caderousse.

"I was called to his dying bed that I might administer to him the consolations of religion."

"And of what did he die?" asked Caderousse, in a choking voice.

"Of what does one die in prison at the age of thirty years, if not of the prison itself?"

Caderousse wiped away the large beads of perspiration that gathered on his brow.

"But the strangest part of the story is," resumed the abbé, "that Dantès, even in his dying moments, swore by the Christ whose feet he kissed that he did not know the cause of his imprisonment."

"It is true, it is true!" murmured Caderousse, "he could not know it. Ah, Monsieur the Abbé, the poor fellow told you the truth."

"And he besought me to try and clear up a mystery

he had never been able to penetrate, and to clear his memory, should any stain have fallen on it." And here the look of the abbé, becoming more and more fixed, devoured the expression, almost gloomy, which appeared on the face of Caderousse.

"A rich Englishman," continued the abbé, "who had been his companion in misfortune, but was released from prison upon the second restoration, was possessed of a diamond of immense value. On leaving prison he gave this diamond to Dantès as a mark of his gratitude for the kindness and brotherly care with which Dantès had nursed him through a severe illness. Instead of employing this diamond in attempting to bribe his jailers, who indeed might have taken it and then betrayed him to the governor, Dantès carefully preserved it, that in the event of his getting out of prison he might have wherewithal to live; for by selling the diamond he could make his fortune."

"Then, I suppose," asked Caderousse, with eager looks, "that it was a stone of immense value?"

"Why, everything is relative," answered the abbé. "To one in Edmond's position the diamond certainly was of great value. It was estimated at fifty thousand livres."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Caderousse; "what a sum! Fifty thousand livres! it must have been as large as a nut!"

"No," replied the abbé, "it was not of such a size as that. But you shall judge for yourself; I have it with me."

The sharp gaze of Caderousse was instantly directed towards the priest's garments, as though hoping to discover the treasure. Calmly drawing forth from his pocket a small box covered with black shagreen, the abbé opened it and displayed to the delighted eyes of Caderousse the

sparkling jewel it contained, set in a ring of admirable workmanship. "And that diamond," cried Caderousse, almost breathless with eager admiration, "you say is worth fifty thousand livres?"

"It is, without the setting, which is also valuable," replied the abbé, as he closed the box and returned it to his pocket, while its brilliant hues seemed still to dance before the eyes of the fascinated innkeeper.

"But how comes this diamond in your possession, Monsieur the Abbé? Did Edmond make you his heir?"

"No, but his testamentary executor. When dying, the unfortunate youth said to me, 'I once possessed four dear and faithful friends, besides the maiden to whom I was betrothed; and I feel convinced they have all unfeignedly grieved over my loss. The name of one of the four friends I allude to is Caderousse.'"

The innkeeper shivered.

"'Another of the number,'" continued the abbé, without seeming to notice the emotion of Caderousse, "'is called Danglars; and the third, although my rival, entertained a very sincere affection for me.'"

A sinister smile played over the features of Caderousse, who was about to break in upon the abbé's speech when the latter, waving his hand, said, "Allow me to finish first, and then if you have any observations to make, you can do so afterwards. 'The third of my friends, although my rival, was much attached to me; his name was Fernand; that of my betrothed was —' Stay, stay," continued the abbé, "I have forgotten what he called her."

"Mercédès," cried Caderousse, eagerly.

"True," said the abbé, with a stifled sigh, "Mercédès it was."

"Go on," urged Caderousse.

"Bring me a *carafe* of water," said the abbé.

Caderousse quickly performed the stranger's bidding; and after pouring some into a glass and slowly swallowing its contents, the abbé, resuming his usual placidity of manner, said, as he placed his empty glass on the table, "Where were we?"

"The betrothed of Edmond was called Mercédès."

"To be sure. 'You will go to Marseilles,' — it is Dantès who speaks, you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"'For the purpose of selling this diamond, the proceeds of which you will divide into five equal parts, and give an equal portion to the only persons who have loved me upon earth.'"

"But why into five parts?" asked Caderousse; "you mentioned only four persons."

"Because the fifth is dead, as I hear. The fifth sharer in Edmond's bequest was his own father."

"Too true, too true!" ejaculated Caderousse, almost suffocated by the contending passions which assailed him, "the poor old man is dead."

"I learned so much at Marseilles," replied the abbé, making a strong effort to appear indifferent; "but from the length of time that has elapsed since the death of the elder Dantès, I was unable to obtain any particulars of his end. Do you know anything about the last days of that old man?"

"Eh!" said Caderousse, "who should know better than I? Why, I lived almost on the same floor with the poor old man. Ah, yes! it was hardly a year after the disappearance of his son when the poor old man died."

"Of what did he die?"

"Why, the doctors called his complaint an internal inflammation, I believe. His acquaintances say he died of grief; but I, who almost saw him die, I say he died of— "

"Of what?" asked the priest, eagerly.

"Why, of starvation."

"Starvation!" exclaimed the abbé, springing from his seat. "Why, the vilest animals are not suffered to die of starvation. The very dogs that wander houseless and homeless in the streets find some pitying hand to cast them a mouthful of bread; and that a man, a Christian, should be allowed to perish of hunger, surrounded by other men who call themselves Christian! impossible! Oh, it is impossible!"

"What I have said, I have said," answered Caderousse.

"And you are wrong," said a voice from the top of the stairs. "Why should you meddle with what does not concern you?"

The two men turned and perceived the sickly countenance of La Carconte leaning over the rail of the staircase. Attracted by the sound of voices, she had feebly dragged herself down the stairs, and seated on the lower step, she had listened to the foregoing conversation.

"Why do you meddle yourself, Wife?" replied Caderousse. "This gentleman asks me for information which common politeness will not permit me to refuse."

"Yes, but which prudence requires you to refuse. How do you know the motives that person may have for making you speak, simpleton?"

"I pledge you my sacred word, Madame," said the abbé, "that my intentions are free from all sorts of harm or injury to you or yours; and that your husband has nothing to fear, provided he answers me candidly."

"Nothing to fear, yes! You begin with fine promises, then come down to 'nothing to fear,' then go away and forget what you have said; and some fine morning down comes misfortune on the heads of the poor wretches, who do not even know whence it comes."

"Nay, nay, my good woman, calm your anxiety; no misfortune will ever come to you through me, I assure you."

Some inarticulate sounds escaped La Carconte, then letting her head, which she had raised during the excitement of conversation, again droop on to her lap, she continued her feverish trembling, and left the two speakers to resume the conversation, but still remaining where she could hear every word they uttered. Again the abbé had been obliged to swallow a draught of water to calm the emotions that threatened to overpower him. When he had sufficiently recovered himself, he said, "It appears, then, that the miserable old man you were telling me of was forsaken by every one, since he died in that way?"

"Why, he was not altogether forsaken," replied Caderousse; "for Mercédès the Catalane and M. Morrel were very kind to him; but somehow the poor old man had contracted a profound antipathy to Fernand, — the very person," added Caderousse, with a bitter smile, "that you named just now as being one of Dantès's faithful and attached friends."

"And was he not so?" asked the abbé.

"Gaspard! Gaspard!" murmured the woman from her seat on the stairs, "mind what you are saying!"

Caderousse made no reply to these words, though evidently irritated and annoyed by the interruption, but addressing the abbé, said, "Can a man be faithful to another whose wife he desires for himself? Dantès, who was a heart of gold, believed everybody's professions of friendship. Poor Edmond! but it is well that he never found them out; it would have been too difficult to pardon them in the hour of death. And whatever people may say," continued Caderousse, in his native language, which

was not altogether devoid of rude poetry, "I cannot help fearing more the malediction of the dead than the hatred of the living."

"Simpleton!" exclaimed La Carconte.

"Do you, then, know in what manner Fernand injured Dantès?" inquired the abbé of Caderousse.

"Do I? No one better."

"Speak out, then; say what it was!"

"Gaspard!" cried La Carconte, "do as you please, — you are the master; but if you are guided by me, you will have nothing to say on this subject."

"Well, well, Wife," replied Caderousse, "I believe you are right. I shall follow your advice."

"Then you are determined not to reveal the circumstances you alluded to?" said the abbé.

"Why, what good would it do?" asked Caderousse. "If the poor lad were living, and came to me to beg that I would candidly tell him who were his true and who his false friends, why perhaps I should not hesitate. But you tell me he is no more; he can have nothing to do with hatred or revenge, so let all such feelings be buried with him."

"You are willing, then," said the abbé, "that I should bestow on men who you say are false and treacherous the reward intended for faithful friendship?"

"That is true enough," returned Caderousse. "You say truly, the gift of poor Edmond was not meant for such traitors as Fernand and Danglars; besides, what would it be to them? — no more than a drop of water in the ocean."

"Without considering," said the woman, "that those two men can crush you with a single movement."

"How so?" inquired the abbé. "Are these persons, then, so rich and powerful?"

"Do you not know their history?"

"I do not. Pray relate it to me!"

Caderousse seemed to reflect an instant, then said, "No, truly, it would take up too much time."

"Well, my good friend," returned the abbé, in a tone that indicated utter indifference on his part, "you are at liberty either to speak or be silent, just as you please; for my own part, I respect your scruples and admire your sentiments, so let the matter end. I shall do my duty as conscientiously as I can, and fulfil my promise to the dying man. My first business will be to dispose of this diamond." So saying, the abbé again drew the small box from his pocket, opened it, and contrived to hold it in such a light that a bright flash of brilliant hues passed before the dazzled gaze of Caderousse.

"Wife, Wife!" cried he, in a voice almost hoarse with eager emotion, "come hither and behold this rich diamond!"

"Diamond!" exclaimed La Carconte, rising and descending to the chamber with a tolerably firm step; "what diamond are you talking about?"

"Why, did you not hear all we said?" inquired Caderousse. "It is a diamond left by poor Edmond Dantès to be sold, and the money divided among his father, Mercédès, his betrothed bride, Fernand, Danglars, and myself. The jewel is worth at least fifty thousand livres."

"Oh, what a splendid diamond!" cried the woman.

"The fifth part of the proceeds of this stone belongs to us, then, does it not?" asked Caderousse, still devouring the glittering gem with his eyes.

"It does," replied the abbé; "with the addition of a share in the part intended for the elder Dantès, which I conceive myself at liberty to share equally with the four surviving persons."

"And wherefore among us four?" inquired Caderousse.

"Because you were the four friends of Edmond."

"I don't call those friends who betray and ruin you," murmured the wife, in a low, muttering voice.

"Of course not!" rejoined Caderousse, quickly; "no more do I. And that was what I was observing to this gentleman just now. I said I looked upon it as a sacrilegious profanation to reward treachery, perhaps crime."

"Remember," answered the abbé, calmly, as he replaced the jewel and its case in the pocket of his cassock, "it is your fault, not mine, that I do so. You will have the goodness to furnish me with the address of Edmond's friends, in order that I may execute his last wishes."

The agitation of Caderousse became extreme, and large drops of perspiration rolled from his heated brows. As he saw the abbé rise from his seat and go towards the door, as though to ascertain if his horse were sufficiently refreshed to continue his journey, Caderousse and his wife exchanged looks of deep meaning with each other.

"This splendid diamond might be all our own," said Caderousse.

"Do you believe it?"

"Why, surely a man of his holy profession would not deceive us!"

"Well," replied La Carconte, "do as you like. For my part, I wash my hands of the affair." So saying, she once more climbed the staircase leading to her chamber, her frame shuddering with aguish chills, and her teeth rattling in her head, notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather. Arrived at the top stair, she turned round, and called out in a warning tone to her husband, "Gaspard, consider well what you are about to do!"

"I have decided," answered Caderousse.

La Carconte then entered her chamber, the flooring of which creaked beneath her heavy, uncertain tread, as she proceeded towards her armchair, into which she fell as though exhausted.

"What have you decided?" asked the abbé.

"To tell you all I know," was the reply.

"I certainly think you act wisely in so doing," said the priest. "Not because I have the least desire to learn anything you may desire to conceal from me, but simply because if you can assist me to distribute the legacy according to the wishes of the testator, why, so much the better."

"I hope I can," replied Caderousse, his face flushed with hope and cupidity.

"Now, then, begin if you please," said the abbé; "I am waiting."

"Stop a minute," answered Caderousse; "we might be interrupted in the most interesting part of my recital, which would be a pity; and it is as well that your visit hither should be known only to ourselves." With these words he went stealthily to the door, which he closed, and by way of still greater precaution bolted and barred it as he was accustomed to do at night. During this time the abbé had chosen his place for listening at his ease. He removed his seat into a corner of the room where he himself would be in deep shadow, while the light would be fully thrown on the narrator; then with head bent down and hands clasped, or rather clinched together, he prepared to give his whole attention to Caderousse, who seated himself on a little stool opposite to him.

"Remember, I did not urge you to this," said the trembling voice of La Carconte, as though through the

flooring of her chamber she could see what was taking place below.

"Enough, enough!" replied Caderousse; "say no more about it. I will take all the consequences upon myself." And he began his story.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE RECITAL.

"First," said Caderousse, "I must beg you, Monsieur, to promise me one thing."

"What is that?" inquired the abbé.

"It is that if you ever make use of the details I am about to give you, you will never let any one know that it was I who supplied them; for the persons of whom I am about to talk are rich and powerful, and if they only laid the tips of their fingers on me, I should break to pieces like glass."

"Make yourself easy, my friend," replied the abbé. "I am a priest, and confessions die in my breast. Recollect, our only desire is to carry out in a fitting manner the last wishes of our friend. Speak, then, without reserve, as without hatred; tell the truth, the whole truth. I do not know, never may know, the persons of whom you are about to speak. Besides, I am an Italian and not a Frenchman, and belong to God and not to man; and I retire to my convent, which I have only quitted to fulfil the last wishes of a dying man."

This last assurance seemed to give Caderousse courage. "Well, then, under these circumstances," said he, "I will, indeed, I must undeceive you as to the friendship which poor Edmond believed so sincere and unquestionable."

"Begin with his father, if you please," said the abbé; "Edmond talked to me a great deal about the old man, for whom he had the deepest love."

"The history is a sad one, sir," said Caderousse, shaking his head; "perhaps you know all the earlier part of it?"

"Yes," answered the abbé; "Edmond related to me everything until the moment when he was arrested in a small cabaret close to Marseilles."

"At La Réserve! Oh, yes! I can see it all before me this moment."

"Was it not his betrothal feast?"

"It was; and the feast that began so gayly had a very sorrowful ending: a commissary of police, followed by four soldiers, entered, and Dantès was arrested."

"Yes; and up to this point I know all," said the priest. "Dantès himself knew only what had happened to him personally, for he never beheld again any of the five persons I have named to you, nor heard them mentioned."

"Well, when Dantès was arrested, M. Morrel hastened to obtain the particulars, and they were very sad. The old man returned alone to his home, folded up his wedding suit with tears in his eyes, and paced up and down his chamber the whole day, and would not go to bed at all, — for I was underneath him and heard him walking the whole night; and for myself, I assure you I could not sleep either, for the grief of the poor father gave me great uneasiness, and every step he took went to my heart as really as if his foot had pressed against my breast. The next day Mercédès came to Marseilles to implore the protection of M. de Villefort; she obtained nothing. She then went to visit the old man. When she saw him so miserable and heart-broken, and learned that he had not been in bed nor tasted food since the previous day, she wished him to go with her that she might take care of him; but the old man would not consent. 'No,' was his reply, 'I will not leave this house, — for my poor dear boy loves me better than anything in the world, and if he gets out

of prison he will come to see me the first thing ; and what would he think if I did not wait here for him?' I heard all this from the window, for I was anxious that Mercédès should persuade the old man to accompany her ; his footsteps over my head night and day did not leave me a moment's repose."

"But did you not go upstairs and try to console the poor old man?" asked the abbé.

"Ah, sir," replied Caderousse, "we cannot console those who will not be consoled, and he was one of these ; besides, I know not why, but he seemed to dislike seeing me. One night, however, I heard his sobs, and I could not resist my desire to go up to him ; but when I reached his door he was no longer weeping, he was praying. I cannot now repeat to you, sir, all the eloquent words and imploring language he made use of. It was more than piety, it was more than grief; and I, who am no canter, and hate the Jesuits, said then to myself, 'It is really fortunate that I am alone, and that the good God has not sent me children ; for if I were a father, and if I should suffer a grief like that of this poor old man, not finding in my memory or in my heart all that he is saying to the good God, I should throw myself into the sea at once, to escape from my grief.' "

"Poor father!" murmured the priest.

"From day to day he lived on alone, and more and more solitary. M. Morrel and Mercédès came often to see him, but his door was closed ; and although I was certain he was at home, he would not make any answer. One day, when contrary to his custom he had admitted Mercédès, and the poor girl, in spite of her own grief and despair, endeavored to console him, he said to her, 'Be assured, my dear daughter, he is dead ; and instead of our awaiting him, he is awaiting us. I am quite happy, for I

am the oldest, and of course shall see him first.' However well disposed we may be, we soon cease visiting those who make us sad. And so at last old Dantès was left all to himself, and I only saw from time to time strangers go up to him and come down again with some bundle which they tried to hide; but I guessed what these bundles were: he was selling piece by piece all that he had, to get money for food. At length the poor old fellow reached the end of his possessions; he owed three quarters' rent, and they threatened to turn him out. He begged for another week, which was granted to him. I know this, because the landlord came into my apartment when he left his. For the first three days I heard him walking about as usual, but on the fourth I heard him no longer. I then resolved to go up to him at all risks. The door was closed; but I looked through the keyhole, and saw him so pale and haggard that believing him very ill I went and told M. Morrel, and then ran on to Mercédès. They both came immediately, M. Morrel bringing a doctor; and the doctor said it was an affection of the stomach, and ordered him a limited diet. I was there too, and I never shall forget the old man's smile at this prescription. From that time he opened his door; he had an excuse for not eating any more, as the doctor had put him on a diet."

The abbé uttered a kind of groan.

"The story interests you, does it not, sir?" inquired Caderousse.

"Yes," replied the abbé; "it is very affecting."

"Mercédès came again, and she found him so altered that she was even more anxious than before to have him taken to her own abode. This was M. Morrel's wish also, who would fain have conveyed the old man against his consent; but the old man resisted, and cried so that they were afraid to persevere. Mercédès remained therefore

by his bedside, and M. Morrel went away, making a sign to her that he had left his purse on the chimney-piece. But availing himself of the doctor's order, the old man would not take any sustenance. At length (after nine days' despair and fasting) the old man died, cursing those who had caused his misery, and saying to Mercédès, 'If you ever see my Edmond again, tell him I die blessing him.'"

The abbé rose from his chair, made two turns round the chamber, and pressed his trembling hand against his parched throat. "And you believe he died —"

"Of hunger, sir, of hunger," said Caderousse. "I am as certain of it as that we two are Christians."

The abbé with a shaking hand seized a glass of water that was standing by him half-full, emptied it at one gulp, and then resumed his seat with red eyes and pale cheeks. "This was indeed a horrible event," said he, in a hoarse voice.

"The more so, sir, as it was men's and not God's doing."

"Tell me of those men," said the abbé; "and remember," he added in a voice that was nearly menacing in its tone, "you have promised to tell me everything. Tell me therefore who are these men who have killed the son with despair, and the father with famine?"

"Two men jealous of him, Monsieur, one through love, and the other through ambition, — Fernand and Danglars."

"Tell me, how was this jealousy manifested?"

"They denounced Edmond as a Bonapartist agent."

"Which of the two denounced him? Which was the real delinquent?"

"Both, sir; one wrote the letter, and the other put it in the post."

"And where was this letter written?"

"At La Réserve, the day before the festival of the betrothing."

"'T was so, then; 't was so, then," murmured the abbé. "Oh, Faria, Faria! how well did you judge men and things!"

"What did you please to say, sir?" asked Caderousse.

"Nothing, nothing," replied the priest; "go on."

"It was Danglars who wrote the denunciation with his left hand, that his writing might not be recognized, and Fernand who put it in the post."

"But," exclaimed the abbé, suddenly, "you were there yourself!"

"I!" said Caderousse, astonished; "who told you I was there?"

The abbé saw that he had gone too far, and he added quickly, "No one; but in order to have known everything so well, you must have been an eye-witness."

"True, true!" said Caderousse, in a choking voice, "I was there."

"And did you not remonstrate against such infamy?" asked the abbé; "if not, you were an accomplice."

"Monsieur," replied Caderousse, "they had made me drink to such an excess that I nearly lost all perception. I had only an indistinct understanding of what was passing around me. I said all that a man in such a state could say; but they both assured me that it was a jest they were carrying on, and perfectly harmless."

"Next day, Monsieur, next day, you must have seen plainly enough what they had been doing; yet you said nothing, though you were present when Dantès was arrested."

"Yes, sir, I was there, and very anxious to speak; but Danglars restrained me. 'If he should really be guilty,'

said he, 'and did really land on the island of Elba; if he is really charged with a letter for the Bonapartist committee at Paris, and if they find this letter upon him, — those who have supported him will be regarded as his accomplices.' I was afraid, — the political condition being full of hidden dangers, — and I held my tongue. It was cowardly, I confess, but it was not criminal."

"I comprehend, — you allowed matters to take their course, that was all."

"Yes, Monsieur," answered Caderousse, "and I think of it with remorse night and day. I often ask pardon of God for it, I swear to you, and with the more reason because I believe that this action, the only one with which I have seriously to reproach myself in all my life, is the cause of my abject condition. I am expiating a moment of selfishness; and thus it is I always say to Carconte when she complains, 'Hold your tongue, woman! it is the will of God.'" And Caderousse bowed his head with every sign of real repentance.

"Well, sir," said the abbé, "you have spoken frankly; thus to accuse yourself is to deserve pardon."

"Unfortunately, Edmond is dead, and has not pardoned me."

"He did not know about it," said the abbé.

"But he knows it all now," interrupted Caderousse; "they say the dead know everything."

There was a brief silence; the abbé rose and paced up and down pensively, and then resumed his seat. "You have two or three times mentioned a M. Morrel," he said; "who was he?"

"The owner of the 'Pharaon' and the patron of Dantès."

"And what part did he play in this sad drama?" inquired the abbé.

"The part of an honest man, full of courage and affec-

tion. Twenty times he interceded for Edmond. When the emperor returned, he wrote, implored, threatened, and so energetically that on the second restoration he was persecuted as a Bonapartist. Ten times, as I told you, he came to see Dantès's father, and offered to receive him in his own house; and the night or two before his death, as I have already said, he left his purse on the mantel-piece, with the contents of which they paid the old man's debts and buried him decently. So that Edmond's father died as he had lived, without doing harm to any one. I have the purse still by me, — a large one, made of red silk."

"And," asked the abbé, "is M. Morrel still alive?"

"Yes," replied Caderousse.

"In that case," replied the abbé, "he should be a man favored of God. Is he rich, happy?"

Caderousse smiled bitterly. "Yes, happy, — like me," said he.

"What, M. Morrel unhappy!" exclaimed the abbé.

"He is reduced almost to the last extremity, — nay, he is almost at the point of dishonor."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes," continued Caderousse, "it is as bad as that. After twenty-five years of labor, after having acquired a most honorable name in the trade of Marseilles, M. Morrel is utterly ruined. He has lost five ships in two years, has suffered by the bankruptcy of three large houses, and his only hope now is in that very 'Pharaon' which poor Dantès commanded, and which is expected from the Indies with a cargo of cochineal and indigo. If this ship founders like the others, he is a ruined man."

"And has the unfortunate man wife or children?" inquired the abbé.

"Yes, he has a wife, who in all this has behaved like an angel; he has a daughter who was about to marry the

man she loved, but whose family now will not allow him to wed the daughter of a ruined man; he has besides a son, a lieutenant in the army; and as you may suppose, all this, instead of soothing, doubles his grief. If he were alone in the world he would blow out his brains, and there would be an end."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the priest.

"And it is thus that Heaven recompenses virtue, Monsieur," added Caderousse. "You see I, who never did a bad action but that I have told you of, am in destitution; after having seen my poor wife die of a fever, unable to do anything in the world for her, I shall die of hunger as old Dantès did, while Fernand and Danglars are rolling in wealth."

"And how has that happened?"

"Because with them everything turns out well, while with those who are honest everything goes wrong."

"What has become of Danglars, the instigator, and therefore the most guilty?"

"What has become of him? Why, he left Marseilles, and was taken on the recommendation of M. Morrel, who did not know his crime, into a Spanish bank as cashier. During the war with Spain he was employed in the commissariat of the French army and made a fortune; then with that money he speculated in the Funds and trebled or quadrupled his capital, and having first married his banker's daughter, who left him a widower, has married a second time, a widow, a Madame de Nargonne, daughter of M. de Servieux, the king's chamberlain, who is in high favor at court. He is a millionnaire, and they have made him a count; and now he is the Comte Danglars, with a hotel in the Rue de Mont Blanc, with ten horses in his stables, six footmen in his ante-chamber, and I know not how many hundreds of thousands in his strong-box."

"Ah!" said the abbé, with a peculiar tone; "and is he happy?"

"Happy! Who can answer for that? Happiness or unhappiness is the secret known but to one's self and the walls; walls have ears but no tongue. If a large fortune produces happiness, Danglars is happy."

"And Fernand?"

"Fernand! Why, that is still another history."

"But how could a poor Catalan fisher-boy, without education or resources, make a fortune? I confess this surprises me."

"And it has surprised everybody. There must have been in his life some strange secret no one knows."

"But by what visible steps has he attained this high fortune or high position?"

"Both, Monsieur; he has both fortune and position."

"You are giving me a tale of fiction!"

"It would seem so; but listen, and you will understand. Some days before the return of the emperor, Fernand was drawn in the conscription. The Bourbons left him quietly enough at the Catalans; but Napoleon returned, an extraordinary muster was determined on, and Fernand was compelled to join. I went too; but as I was older than Fernand, and had just married my poor wife, I was sent only to the coast. Fernand was enrolled in the active forces, went to the frontier with his regiment, and was at the battle of Ligny. The night after that battle he was sentry at the door of a general who carried on a secret correspondence with the enemy. That same night the general was to go over to the English. He proposed to Fernand to accompany him; Fernand agreed to do so, deserted his post, and followed the general. That which would have brought Fernand to a court-martial if Napoleon had remained on the throne, served for his recommen-

dation to the Bourbons. He returned to France with the epaulette of sub-lieutenant, and as the protection of the general, who is in the highest favor, was accorded to him, he was a captain in 1823 during the Spanish war; that is to say, at the time when Danglars made his early speculations. Fernand was a Spaniard; and being sent to Spain to ascertain the feeling of his fellow-countrymen, found Danglars there, became on very intimate terms with him, procured for his General support from the Royalists of the capital and the provinces, received promises and made pledges on his own part, guided his regiment by paths known to himself alone in gorges of the mountains held by the Royalists, and in fact rendered such services in this brief campaign that after the taking of Trocadero he was made colonel, and received the title of count and the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor."

"Destiny! destiny!" murmured the abbé.

"Yes, but listen; this was not all. The war with Spain being ended, Fernand's career was checked by the long peace which seemed likely to continue throughout Europe. Greece only had risen against Turkey and had begun her war of independence; all eyes were turned towards Athens, — it was the fashion to pity and support the Greeks. The French Government, without protecting them openly, as you know, tolerated partial migrations. Fernand sought and obtained leave to go and serve in Greece, still having his name kept in the ranks of the army. Some time after it was stated that the Comte de Morcerf — this was the name he bore — had entered the service of Ali Pacha, with the rank of instructor-general. Ali Pacha was killed, as you know; but before he died he recompensed the services of Fernand by leaving him a considerable sum, with which he returned to France, when his rank of lieutenant-general was confirmed."

"So that now — " inquired the abbé.

"So that now," continued Caderousse, "he possesses a magnificent hotel, — No. 27 Rue du Helder, Paris."

The abbé opened his mouth, remained for a moment like a man who hesitates, then, making an effort over himself, he said, "And Mercédès, — they tell me that she has disappeared?"

"Disappeared," said Caderousse, "yes, as the sun disappears, to rise the next day with still more splendor."

"Has she also made a fortune?" inquired the abbé, with an ironical smile.

"Mercédès is at this moment one of the greatest ladies in Paris," replied Caderousse.

"Go on," said the abbé; "it seems as if I were hearing the recital of a dream. But I have seen things so extraordinary that those you mention to me seem less astonishing."

"Mercédès was at first in the deepest despair at the blow which deprived her of Edmond. I have told you of her attempts to propitiate M. de Villefort, her devotion to the father of Dantès. In the midst of her despair, a fresh trouble overtook her. This was the departure of Fernand, — of Fernand, whose crime she did not know, and whom she regarded as her brother. Fernand went, and Mercédès remained alone. Three months she spent in weeping; no news of Edmond, no news of Fernand, nothing before her but an old man who was dying with despair. One evening, after having been seated, as was her custom, all day at the angle of two roads that lead to Marseilles from the Catalans, she returned to her home more depressed than ever; neither her lover nor her friend returned by either of these roads, and she had no intelligence of either. Suddenly she heard a step she knew, turned round anxiously, the door opened, and Fernand, dressed in the uni-

form of a sub-lieutenant, stood before her. It was not the half of her life for which she mourned; but it was still a portion of her past which was thus returned to her. Mercédès seized Fernand's hands with a transport which he took for love, but which was only joy at being no longer alone in the world, and seeing at last a friend, after long hours of solitary sorrow. And then, it must be confessed, Fernand had never been an object of dislike to her; only she had not loved him. Another possessed all Mercédès's heart; that other was absent, had disappeared, perhaps was dead. At this last idea Mercédès burst into a flood of tears and wrung her hands in agony; but this idea, which she had always repelled before when it was suggested to her by another, came now in full force upon her mind; and then too old Dantès incessantly said to her, 'Our Edmond is dead; if he were not he would return to us.' The old man died, as I have told you; had he lived, Mercédès, perchance, had not become the wife of another, for he would have been there to reproach her infidelity. Fernand saw this, and when he learned the old man's death he returned. He was now a lieutenant. At his first coming he had not said a word of love to Mercédès; at the second he reminded her that he loved her. Mercédès begged for six months more to expect and bewail Edmond."

"So that," said the abbé, with a bitter smile, "that makes eighteen months in all. What more could the most devoted lover desire?" Then he murmured the words of the English poet, "'Frailty, thy name is woman.'"

"Six months afterwards," continued Caderousse, "the marriage took place in the church of Accoules."

"The very church in which she was to have married Edmond," murmured the priest; "there was only a change of bridegroom."

"Well, Mercédès was married," proceeded Caderousse; "but although in the eyes of the world she appeared calm, she nearly fainted as she passed La Réserve, where eighteen months before, the betrothal had been celebrated with him whom she would have seen she still loved had she dared to search her heart. Fernand, more happy, but not more at his ease, — for I saw at this time he was in constant dread of Edmond's return, — was very anxious to get his wife away and to depart himself. There were too many dangers and recollections associated with the Catalans, and eight days after the wedding they left Marseilles."

"Did you ever see Mercédès again?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, during the war of Spain, at Perpignan, where Fernand had left her; she was attending to the education of her son."

The abbé started. "Her son?" said he.

"Yes," replied Caderousse; "little Albert."

"But, then, to be able to instruct her child," continued the abbé, "she must have received an education herself. I understood from Edmond that she was the daughter of a simple fisherman, beautiful but uneducated."

"Oh!" replied Caderousse, "did he know so little of his betrothed? Mercédès might have been a queen, Monsieur, if the crown were to be placed on the heads of the loveliest and most intelligent. Her fortune had increased, and she became greater with her fortune. She learned drawing, music, — everything. Besides, I believe, between ourselves, she did this in order to distract her mind, that she might forget; and she only filled her head to alleviate the weight on her heart. But now everything must be told," continued Caderousse; "no doubt fortune and honors have comforted her. She is rich, a countess, and yet — "

"And yet what?" asked the abbé.

"Yet I am sure she is not happy," said Caderousse.

"What makes you believe this?"

"Why, when I have found myself very wretched, I have thought my old friends would perhaps assist me. So I went to Danglars, who would not even receive me; I called on Fernand, who sent me a hundred livres by his *valet de chambre*."

"Then you did not see either of them?"

"No; but Madame de Morcerf saw me."

"How was that?"

"As I went away a purse fell at my feet; it contained five and twenty louis. I raised my head quickly and saw Mercédès, who shut the blind directly."

"And M. de Villefort?" asked the abbé.

"Oh, he never was a friend of mine; I did not know him, and I had nothing to ask of him."

"Do you not know what became of him, and the share he had in Edmond's misfortunes?"

"No; I only know that some time after having arrested him, he married Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, and soon after left Marseilles. No doubt but he has been as lucky as the rest; no doubt he is as rich as Danglars, as high in station as Fernand. I only, as you see, have remained poor, wretched, and forgotten."

"You are mistaken, my friend," replied the abbé. "God may seem sometimes to forget for a while, while his justice reposes, but there always comes a moment when he remembers — and behold a proof." As he spoke, the abbé took the diamond from his pocket, and giving it to Caderousse, said, "Here, my friend, take this diamond; it is yours."

"What! for me only?" cried Caderousse. "Ah, Monsieur, do not jest with me!"

"This diamond was to have been shared among his friends. Edmond had one friend only, and thus it cannot be divided. Take the diamond, then, and sell it. It is, as I have said, worth fifty thousand livres; and I trust that this sum may suffice to release you from your wretchedness."

"Oh, Monsieur," said Caderousse, putting out one hand timidly, and with the other wiping away the perspiration which bedewed his brow, — "oh, Monsieur, do not make a jest of a man's happiness or despair!"

"I know what happiness and what despair are, and I never make a jest of such feelings. Take it, then, but in exchange —"

Caderousse, who touched the diamond, withdrew his hand. The abbé smiled. "In exchange," he continued, "give me the red silk purse that M. Morrel left on old Dantès's chimney-piece, and which you tell me is still in your hands."

Caderousse, more and more astonished, went to a large oaken cupboard, opened it, and gave the abbé a long purse of faded red silk, round which were two copper runners that had once been gilt. The abbé took it, and in return gave Caderousse the diamond.

"Oh! you are a man of God, sir," cried Caderousse; "for no one knew that Edmond had given you this diamond, and you might have kept it."

"Which," said the abbé to himself, "you would have done, it appears." He rose and took his hat and gloves. "Well," he said, "all that you have told me is perfectly true, then, and I may believe it in every particular?"

"See, Monsieur the Abbé," replied Caderousse, "in this corner is a crucifix of holy wood; here on this shelf is my wife's Bible. Open this book, and I will swear upon it with my hand on the crucifix, by my faith as

a Christian, that I have told everything to you as it occurred, and as the angel of men will tell it to the ear of God at the day of the last judgment!"

"'T is well," said the abbé, convinced by his manner and tone that Caderousse spoke the truth. "'T is well, and may this money profit you! Adieu! I return to my place apart from men who thus do evil to one another."

The abbé with difficulty got away from the enthusiastic thanks of Caderousse, opened the door himself, got out and mounted his horse, once more saluted the innkeeper, who kept uttering his loud farewells, and then returned by the road he had travelled in coming. When Caderousse turned round, he saw behind him La Carconte, paler, and trembling more than ever.

"Is, then, all that I have heard really true?" she inquired.

"What! that he has given the diamond to us only?" inquired Caderousse, half-bewildered with joy.

"Yes."

"Nothing more true! See! here it is."

The woman gazed at it a moment, and then said in a gloomy voice, "Suppose it 's false?"

Caderousse started and turned pale. "False!" he muttered. "False! why should that man give me a false diamond?"

"To possess your secret without paying for it, you blockhead!"

Caderousse remained for a moment aghast under the weight of such an idea. "Oh!" he said, taking up his hat, which he placed on the red handkerchief tied round his head, "we will soon learn that."

"In what way?"

"Why, it is the fair of Beaucaire; there are always jewellers from Paris there, and I will show it to

Take care of the house, Wife, and I will be back in two hours." Caderousse left the house in haste, and ran rapidly in a direction contrary to that which the unknown had taken.

"Fifty thousand livres!" muttered La Carconte, when left alone; "it is a large sum of money, but it is not a fortune."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PRISON REGISTER.

THE day after that on which occurred the interview described above, a man about thirty or thirty-two years of age, dressed in a bright blue frock-coat, nankeen trousers, and a white waistcoat, having the appearance and accent of an Englishman, presented himself before the mayor of Marseilles. "Monsieur," said he, "I am chief clerk of the house of Thomson and French, of Rome. We are, and have been these ten years, connected with the house of Morrel and Son, of Marseilles. We have a hundred thousand livres or thereabouts engaged in speculation with them, and we are a little uneasy at reports that have reached us that the firm is on the eve of ruin. I have come, therefore, express from Rome, to ask you for information as to this house."

"Monsieur," replied the mayor, "I know very well that during the last four or five years, misfortune seems to pursue M. Morrel. He has lost four or five vessels, and suffered by three or four bankruptcies; but it is not for me, although I am a creditor myself to the amount of ten thousand livres, to give any information as to the state of his finances. If you ask of me, as mayor, what is my opinion of M. Morrel, I shall say he is a man honorable to the last degree, who has up to this time fulfilled every engagement with scrupulous punctuality. This is all I can say, Monsieur; if you wish to learn more, ad-

dress yourself to M. de Boville, the inspector of prisons, No. 15 Rue de Nouailles. He has, I believe, two hundred thousand livres placed in the hands of Morrel; and if there be any grounds for apprehension, as this is a greater amount than mine, you will most probably find him better informed than myself."

The Englishman seemed to appreciate this extreme delicacy, made his bow, and went away, walking with that step peculiar to the sons of Great Britain towards the street mentioned. M. de Boville was in his private room, and the Englishman on perceiving him made a gesture of surprise which seemed to indicate that it was not the first time he had been in his presence. As to M. de Boville, he was in such a state of despair that it was evident that all the faculties of his mind were absorbed in the thought which occupied him at the moment, and that neither his memory nor his imagination had leisure for recurring to the past. The Englishman, with the coolness of his nation, addressed him in terms nearly similar to those with which he had accosted the mayor of Marseilles.

"Oh, Monsieur," exclaimed M. de Boville, "your fears are unfortunately but too well founded, and you see before you a man in despair. I had two hundred thousand livres placed in the hands of Morrel and Son; these two hundred thousand livres were my daughter's dowry, who was to be married in a fortnight, and they were payable, half on the 15th of this month, and the other half on the 15th of next month. I had informed M. Morrel of my desire to have these payments punctually; and he has been here within the last half-hour to tell me that if his ship, the 'Pharaon,' did not come into port on the 15th, he would be wholly unable to make this payment."

"But," said the Englishman, "this looks very much like a suspension of payments!"

"Say, Monsieur, that it resembles a bankruptcy!" exclaimed M. de Boville, despairingly.

The Englishman appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, "So, Monsieur, this credit inspires you with considerable apprehension?"

"To say truth, I consider it lost."

"Well, then, I will buy it of you."

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"But at a tremendous discount, of course?"

"No, for two hundred thousand livres. Our house," added the Englishman, with a laugh, "does not do things in that way."

"And you will pay —"

"Ready money." And the Englishman drew from his pocket a bundle of bank-notes, which might have been twice the sum M. de Boville feared to lose.

A ray of joy passed across M. de Boville's countenance, yet he made an effort over himself and said, "Monsieur, I ought to tell you that in all probability you will not have six per cent of this sum."

"That 's no affair of mine," replied the Englishman; "that is the affair of the house of Thomson and French, in whose name I act. They have perhaps some motive to serve in hastening the ruin of a rival firm. But all I know, Monsieur, is that I am ready to hand you over this sum in exchange for your assignment of the debt. I only ask a brokerage."

"Of course that is perfectly just," cried M. de Boville. "The commission is usually one and a half; will you have two, three, five per cent, or even more? Speak!"

"Monsieur," replied the Englishman, laughing, "I am like my house, and do not do such things; no, the commission I ask is quite different."

"Name it, Monsieur, I beg."

"You are the inspector of prisons?"

"I have been so these fourteen years."

"You keep the registers of entries and departures?"

"I do."

"To these registers there are added notes relative to the prisoners?"

"There are special reports on every prisoner."

"Well, Monsieur, I was educated at Rome by a poor devil of an abbé, who disappeared suddenly. I have since learned that he was confined in the Château d'If, and I should like to learn some particulars of his death."

"What was his name?"

"The Abbé Faria."

"Oh, I recollect him perfectly," cried M. de Boville; "he was crazy."

"So they said."

"Oh, he was, decidedly."

"Very possibly; but what sort of madness was it?"

"He pretended to know of an immense treasure, and offered vast sums to Government if they would liberate him."

"Poor devil! and he is dead?"

"Yes, sir; five or six months ago last February."

"You have a good memory, sir, to recollect dates so well."

"I recollect this because the poor devil's death was accompanied by a singular circumstance."

"May I ask what that was?" asked the Englishman, with an expression of curiosity which a close observer would have been astonished at discovering in his phlegmatic countenance.

"Oh, dear, yes, Monsieur; the abbé's dungeon was forty or fifty feet distant from that of an old agent of

Bonaparte, one of those who had contributed most actively to the return of the usurper in 1815, — a very resolute and very dangerous man."

"Indeed!" said the Englishman.

"Yes," replied M. de Boville; "I myself had occasion to see this man in 1816 or 1817, and we could go into his dungeon only with a file of soldiers. That man made a deep impression on me. I shall never forget his countenance!"

The Englishman smiled imperceptibly. "And you say, Monsieur," he said, "that the two dungeons — "

"— Were separated by a distance of fifty feet; but it appears that this Edmond Dantès — "

"This dangerous man's name was — "

"Edmond Dantès. It appears, Monsieur, that this Edmond Dantès had procured tools, or made them, for they found a passage by which the prisoners communicated."

"This passage was formed, no doubt, with an intention of escape?"

"No doubt; but unfortunately for the prisoners, the Abbé Faria had an attack of catalepsy and died."

"I see; that would naturally cut short the projects of escape."

"For the dead man, yes," replied M. de Boville; "but not for the survivor. On the contrary, this Dantès saw a means of accelerating his escape. He no doubt thought that prisoners who died in the Château d'If were interred in a burial-ground as usual; and he conveyed the dead man into his own cell, assumed his place in the sack in which they had sewn up the defunct, and awaited the moment of interment."

"It was a bold step, and one that indicated some courage," remarked the Englishman.

"As I have already told you, Monsieur, he was a very dangerous man; and fortunately by his own act disembarrassed the Government of the fears it had on his account."

"How was that?"

"How? do you not comprehend?"

"No."

"The Château d'If has no cemetery; and they simply throw the dead into the sea, after having fastened a thirty-six pound bullet to their feet."

"Well?" observed the Englishman, as if he were slow of comprehension.

"Well, they fastened a thirty-six pound bullet to his feet and threw him into the sea."

"Really?" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Yes, Monsieur," continued the inspector of prisons. "You may imagine the amazement of the fugitive when he found himself flung headlong down towards the rocks. I should like to have seen his face at that moment."

"That would have been difficult."

"No matter," replied M. de Boville in supreme good-humor at the certainty of recovering his two hundred thousand livres, — "no matter; I can fancy it." And he shouted with laughter.

"So can I," said the Englishman, and he laughed too; but he laughed as the English do, at the end of his teeth. "And so," continued the Englishman, who first gained his composure, "he was drowned?"

"Unquestionably."

"So that the governor got rid of the fierce and the crazy prisoner at the same time?"

"Precisely."

"But some official document was drawn up as to this affair, I suppose?" said the Englishman.

"Yes, yes; the mortuary deposition. You understand that Dantès's relatives, if he had any, might have some interest in knowing if he were dead or alive."

"So that now, if there were anything to inherit from him, they may do so with easy conscience. He is dead, and no mistake about it?"

"Oh, yes; and they may have the fact attested whenever they please."

"So be it," said the Englishman. "But to return to these registers."

"True, this story has diverted our attention from them. Excuse me."

"Excuse you for what, — for the story? By no means; it really seems to me very curious."

"Yes, indeed. So, Monsieur, you wish to see all relating to the poor abbé, who really was gentleness itself?"

"Yes, you will much oblige me."

"Go into my study here, and I will show it to you;" and they both entered M. de Boville's study. All was here arranged in perfect order; each register had its number, each file of paper its place. The inspector begged the Englishman to seat himself in an armchair, and placed before him the register and documents relative to the Château d'If, giving him all the time he desired to examine it, while he seated himself in a corner and began to read his newspaper. The Englishman easily found the entries relative to the Abbé Faria; but it seemed that the history which the inspector had related interested him greatly, for after having perused the first documents he turned over the leaves until he reached the deposition respecting Edmond Dantès. There he found everything in its place, — the denunciation, examination, Morrel's petition, M. de Villefort's marginal notes. He folded up the denunciation quietly and put it as quietly in his pocket, read the ex-

amination and saw that the name of Noirtier was not mentioned in it, perused too the application, dated 10th April, 1815, in which Morrel, by the deputy *procureur's* advice, exaggerated with the best intentions (for Napoleon was then on the throne) the services Dantès had rendered to the imperial cause, — services which Villefort's certificates rendered indisputable. Then he understood the matter. This petition to Napoleon, kept back by Villefort, had become under the second restoration a terrible weapon against him in the hands of the *procureur du roi*. He was no longer astonished when he searched on to find in the register this note, placed in a bracket against his name: —

EDMOND DANTÈS. { Violent Bonapartist; took an active part in the return from Elba. The greatest watchfulness and care to be exercised.

Beneath these lines was written in another hand: "See note above, — nothing can be done." He compared the writing in the bracket with the writing of the certificate placed beneath Morrel's petition, and discovered that the note in the bracket was in the same writing as the certificate, — that is to say, was in Villefort's handwriting. As to the note which accompanied this, the Englishman understood that it might have been added by some inspector who had taken a momentary interest in Dantès's situation, but who had, on account of the records we have given, found it impossible to give any effect to the interest he experienced.

As we have said, the inspector, from discretion, and that he might not disturb the Abbé Faria's pupil in his researches, had seated himself in a corner and was reading "Le Drapeau Blanc." He did not see the Eng-

lishman fold up and place in his pocket the denunciation written by Danglars under the arbor of La Réserve, and which had the post-mark of Marseilles, March 2, delivery six o'clock P. M. But it must be said that if he had seen it, he attached so small importance to this scrap of paper, and so great importance to his two hundred thousand livres, that he would not have opposed what the Englishman did, however irregular it might be.

"Thanks!" said the latter, closing the register with a noise, "I have all I want; now it is for me to perform my promise. Give me a simple assignment of your debt, acknowledge therein the receipt of the cash, and I will hand you over the money." He rose, gave his seat to M. de Boville, who took it without ceremony and quickly drew up the required assignment, while the Englishman was counting out the bank-notes on the other side of the desk.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HOUSE OF MORREL AND SON.

Any one who had quitted Marseilles a few years previously, well acquainted with the house of Morrel and Son, and had returned at this date, would have found a great change in it. Instead of that air of life, of comfort, and of happiness that exhales from a flourishing and prosperous house; instead of the merry faces seen at the windows; instead of the busy clerks hurrying to and fro in the long corridors; instead of the court filled with bales of goods, re-echoing the cries and the jokes of the porters, — he would have at once perceived an air of sadness and gloom. In the deserted corridor and the empty office, out of all the numerous clerks who used to fill the office but two remained. One was a young man of three or four and twenty, named Emmanuel Herbaut, who was in love with M. Morrel's daughter, and had remained with him against the efforts of his friends to induce him to withdraw; the other was an old one-eyed cashier, named Coclès, a nickname given him by the young men who used to inhabit this vast bee-hive, now almost deserted, and which had so completely replaced his real name that he would not in all probability have replied to any one who addressed him by it.

Coclès remained in M. Morrel's service, and a most singular change had taken place in his situation; he had at the same time risen to the rank of cashier and sunk to the rank of a servant. He was, however, the same Coclès, good, patient, devoted, but inflexible on the subject of

arithmetic, the only point on which he would have stood firm against the world, even against M. Morrel, and strong in the multiplication table, which he had at his fingers' ends, no matter what scheme or what trap was laid to catch him. In the midst of the distress of the house, Coclès was the only one unmoved. This did not arise from a want of affection, but on the contrary from a firm conviction. Like rats that leave by degrees the vessel doomed to perish at sea, until all these egotistical guests have completely abandoned the ship at the moment when the vessel weighs anchor, so all these numerous clerks had by degrees deserted the bureaux and warehouse. Coclès had seen them go without thinking of inquiring the cause of their departure. Everything was, as we have said, a question of arithmetic to Coclès; and during twenty years he had always seen all payments made with such exactitude that it seemed as impossible to him that the house should stop payment as it would to a miller that the river that had so long turned his mill should cease to flow.

Nothing had as yet occurred to shake Coclès's belief; the last month's payments had been made with the most scrupulous exactitude. Coclès had detected an error of fourteen sous to the prejudice of Morrel, and the same evening he had brought them to M. Morrel, who with a melancholy smile threw them into an almost empty drawer, saying, "Thanks, Coclès; you are the pearl of cashiers."

Coclès retired perfectly happy, for by this eulogium of M. Morrel, himself the pearl of the honest men of Marseilles, he was more pleased than he would have been by a present of fifty pounds. But since the end of the month M. Morrel had passed many an anxious hour. In order to meet the end of the month, he had collected all his resources; and fearing lest the report of his distress should

get bruited abroad at Marseilles when he was known to have recourse to such measures, he went to the fair of Beaucaire to sell his wife's and daughter's jewels, and a portion of his plate. By this means the honor of the house was still maintained; but his resources were now exhausted. Credit, owing to the reports afloat, was no longer to be had; and to meet the one hundred thousand livres due on the 15th of the present month to M. de Boville, and the one hundred thousand due on the 15th of the next month, M. Morrel had in reality no hope but the return of the "Pharaon," whose departure he had learned from a vessel which had weighed anchor at the same time, and which had already arrived in harbor. But this vessel, which like the "Pharaon" came from Calcutta, had arrived a fortnight before, while no intelligence had been received of the "Pharaon."

Such was the state of things when, the day after his interview with M. de Boville, the confidential clerk of the house of Thomson and French, of Rome, presented himself at M. Morrel's. Emmanuel received him; the young man — whom every new face alarmed, for each new face announced a new creditor coming in alarm to question the head of the house — wished to spare his employer the pain of this interview, and questioned the new-comer; but the stranger declared he had nothing to say to Emmanuel, and that his business was with M. Morrel in person. Emmanuel sighed, and summoned Coclès. Coclès appeared; and the young man bade him conduct the stranger to M. Morrel's apartment. Coclès went first, and the stranger followed him. On the staircase they met a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen, who looked with anxiety at the stranger.

"M. Morrel is in his office, is he not, Mademoiselle Julie?" said the cashier.

"Yes; I think so, at least," said the young girl, hesitatingly. "Go and see, Coclès; and if my father is there announce this gentleman."

"It will be useless to announce me, Mademoiselle," returned the Englishman. "M. Morrel does not know my name; this worthy gentleman has only to announce the confidential clerk of the house of Thomson and French, of Rome, with whom your father does business."

The young girl turned pale, and continued to descend, while the stranger and Coclès continued to mount the staircase. She entered the office where Emmanuel was, while Coclès, by the aid of a key he possessed, opened a door in the corner of a landing-place on the second staircase, conducted the stranger into an ante-chamber, opened a second door, which he closed behind him, and after having left the clerk of the house of Thomson and French alone for a moment, returned and signed to him that he could enter. The Englishman entered, and found Morrel seated at a table, turning over the formidable columns of his ledger, which contained the list of his liabilities. At the sight of the stranger, M. Morrel closed the ledger, rose, and offered a seat to the stranger; and when he had seen him seated, resumed his own chair. Fourteen years had changed the worthy merchant, who, in his thirty-sixth year at the opening of this history, was now in his fiftieth. His hair had turned white; time and sorrow had ploughed deep furrows on his brow; and his look, once so firm and penetrating, was now irresolute and wandering, as if he feared being forced to fix his attention on an idea or a man. The Englishman looked at him with an air of curiosity evidently mingled with interest. "Monsieur," said Morrel, whose uneasiness was increased by this examination, "you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, Monsieur; you are aware from whom I come?"

"The house of Thomson and French; at least so my cashier tells me."

"He has told you rightly. The house of Thomson and French had three or four hundred thousand livres to pay this month in France, and knowing your strict punctuality, have collected all the bills bearing your signature, and charged me as they became due to present them, and to make use of the money." Morrel sighed deeply and passed his hand over his forehead, which was covered with perspiration.

"So, then, sir," said Morrel, "you hold bills of mine?"

"Yes, and for a considerable sum."

"What is the amount?" asked Morrel, with a voice he strove to render firm.

"Here is," said the Englishman, taking a quantity of papers from his pocket, "an assignment of two hundred thousand livres to our house by M. de Boville, the inspector of prisons, to whom they are due. You acknowledge, of course, that you owe this sum to him?"

"Yes; he placed the money in my hands at four and a half per cent nearly five years ago."

"When are you to pay?"

"Half the 15th of this month, half the 15th of next."

"Just so; and now here are 32,500 livres payable shortly. They are all signed by you and assigned to our house by the holders."

"I recognize them," said M. Morrel, whose face was suffused as he thought that for the first time in his life he would be unable to honor his own signature. "Is this all?"

"No; I have for the end of the month these bills, which have been assigned to us by the house of Pascal, and the house of Wild and Turner, of Marseilles, amounting to nearly fifty-five thousand livres, — in all, 287,500 livres."

It is impossible to describe what Morrel suffered during this enumeration. "287,500 livres!" repeated he.

"Yes, Monsieur," replied the Englishman. "I will not," continued he, after a moment's silence, "conceal from you that while your probity and exactitude up to this moment are universally acknowledged, yet the report is current in Marseilles that you are not able to meet your engagements."

At this almost brutal speech Morrel turned deathly pale. "Monsieur," said he, "up to this time — and it is now more than four and twenty years since I received the direction of this house from my father, who had himself conducted it for five and thirty years — never has anything bearing the signature of Morrel and Son been dishonored."

"I know that," replied the Englishman. "But as a man of honor should answer another, tell me fairly, shall you pay these with the same punctuality?"

Morrel shuddered, and looked at the man who had spoken thus with more assurance than he had hitherto shown. "To questions frankly put," said he, "a straightforward answer should be given. Yes, I shall pay if, as I hope, my vessel arrives safely, — for its arrival will again procure me the credit which the numerous accidents of which I have been the victim have deprived me; but if the 'Pharaon' should be lost, and this last resource be gone —" The poor man's eyes filled with tears.

"Well," said the other, "if this last resource fail you?"

"Well," returned Morrel, "it is a cruel thing to be forced to say, but already used to misfortune, I must habituate myself to shame. I fear I shall be forced to suspend my payments."

"Have you no friends who could assist you?"

Morrel smiled mournfully. "In business, Monsieur," said he, "one has no friends, only correspondents."

"It is true," murmured the Englishman; "then you have but one hope?"

"But one."

"The last?"

"The last."

"So that if this fail — "

"I am ruined, completely ruined!"

"As I came here, a vessel was entering the port."

"I know it, Monsieur; a young man who still adheres to my fallen fortunes passes a part of his time in a cupola at the top of the house, in hopes of being the first to announce good news to me. He has informed me of the entrance of this ship."

"And it is not yours?"

"No, it is a vessel of Bordeaux, 'La Gironde;' it comes from India also, but it is not mine."

"Perhaps it has spoken the 'Pharaon,' and brings you some tidings of it."

"Shall I tell you plainly one thing, Monsieur? I dread almost as much to receive any tidings of my vessel as to remain in doubt. Incertitude is still hope." Then in a low voice Morrel added, "This delay is not natural. The 'Pharaon' left Calcutta on the 5th of February; it ought to have been here a month ago."

"What is that?" asked the Englishman. "What is the meaning of this noise?"

"Oh, oh!" cried Morrel, turning pale, "what is this?" A loud noise was heard on the stairs, of people moving hastily, and half-stifled sobs. Morrel rose and advanced to the door; but his strength failed him and he sank into a chair. The two men remained opposite one another, — Morrel trembling in every limb, the stranger gazing at him with an air of profound pity. The noise had ceased; but it seemed that Morrel expected something: something

had occasioned the noise, and something must follow. The stranger fancied he heard footsteps on the stairs, and that the steps, which were those of several persons, stopped at the door. A key was inserted in the lock of the first door, and the creaking of hinges was audible.

"There are only two persons who have the key of the door," murmured Morrel, — "Coclès and Julie." At this instant the second door opened, and the young girl, her eyes bathed with tears, appeared. Morrel rose tremblingly, supporting himself by the arm of the chair. He would have spoken; but his voice failed him. "Oh, Father!" said she, clasping her hands, "forgive your child for being the messenger of ill."

Morrel again changed color. Julie threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Father, Father!" murmured she, "courage!"

"The 'Pharaon' has then perished?" said Morrel, in a hoarse voice. The young girl did not speak; but she made an affirmative sign with her head as she lay on her father's breast.

"And the crew?" asked Morrel.

"Saved," said the girl; "saved by the crew of the vessel that has just entered the harbor."

Morrel raised his two hands to heaven with an expression of resignation and sublime gratitude. "Thanks, my God," said he; "at least thou strikest but me alone!"

Notwithstanding his habitual impassiveness, a tear moistened the eye of the Englishman.

"Come in, come in!" said Morrel; "for I presume you are all at the door."

Scarcely had he uttered those words when Madame Morrel entered, weeping bitterly; Emmanuel followed her, and in the ante-chamber were visible the rough faces of seven or eight half-naked sailors. At the sight of these

men the Englishman started and advanced a step, then restrained himself and retired into the farthest and most obscure corner of the room. Madame Morrel sat down by her husband and took one of his hands in hers; Julie still lay with her head on his shoulder; Emmanuel stood in the centre of the chamber and seemed to serve as a link between Morrel's family and the sailors at the door.

"How did it happen?" said Morrel.

"Draw nearer, Penelon," said the young man, "and relate all."

An old seaman bronzed by the tropical sun advanced, twirling the remains of a hat between his hands. "Good-day, M. Morrel," said he, as if he had quitted Marseilles the previous evening, and had just returned from Aix or Toulon.

"Good-day, Penelon!" returned Morrel, who could not refrain from smiling through his tears; "where is the captain?"

"The captain, M. Morrel, — he has stayed behind sick at Palma; but please God, it won't be much, and you will see him in a few days all alive and hearty."

"Well, now tell your story, Penelon."

Penelon rolled his quid in his cheek, placed his hand before his mouth, turned his head, sent a long jet of tobacco-juice into the ante-chamber, advanced his foot, and began: "You see, M. Morrel," said he, "we were somewhere between Cape Blanc and Cape Bogador, sailing with a fair breeze south-southwest after a week's calm, when Captain Gaumard comes up to me, — I was at the helm I should tell you, — and says, 'Penelon, what do you think of those clouds that are rising there?' I was just then looking at them myself. 'What do I think, Captain? why, I think that they are rising faster than they have any business to, and that they would not be so

black if they did not mean mischief.' 'That's my opinion, too,' said the captain, 'and I'll take precautions accordingly. We are carrying too much canvas. Holloa! all hands to slacken sail and lower the flying jib!' It was time; the squall was on us, and the vessel began to heel. 'Ah,' said the captain, 'we have still too much canvas set; all hands to lower the mainsail!' Five minutes after, it was down; and we sailed under mizzen-topsails and topgallant-sails. 'Well, Penelon,' said the captain, 'what makes you shake your head?' 'Why,' I says, 'I don't think that we shall stop here.' 'I think you are right,' answered he; 'we shall have a gale.' 'A gale! more than that; we shall have a tempest, or I know nothing about it.' You could see the wind coming like the dust at Montredon; luckily the captain understood his business. 'All hands take in two reefs in the topsails!' cried the captain; 'let go the bowlines, brace to, lower the topgallant-sails, haul out the reef-tackles on the yards!'"

"That was not enough for those latitudes," said the Englishman; "I should have taken four reefs in the topsails and lowered the mizzen."

His firm, sonorous, and unexpected voice made every one start. Penelon put his hand over his eyes, and then stared at the man who thus criticised the manœuvres of his captain. "We did better than that, sir," said the old sailor, with a certain show of respect; "we put the helm to the wind to run before the tempest. Ten minutes after, we struck our topsails and scudded under bare poles."

"The vessel was very old to risk that," said the Englishman.

"Eh, it was that that wrecked us; after having been tossed about for twelve hours we sprang a leak. 'Penelon,' said the captain, 'I think we are sinking; give me the helm and go down into the hold.' I gave him the

helm and descended; there was already three feet of water. I cried, 'All hands to the pumps!' but it was too late, and it seemed the more we pumped the more came in. 'Ah,' said I, after four hours' work, 'since we are sinking, let us sink; we can die but once.' 'Is that the example you set, Penelon?' cries the captain; 'very well, wait a minute.' He went into his cabin and came back with a brace of pistols. 'I will blow the brains out of the first man who leaves the pump,' said he."

"Well done!" said the Englishman.

"There's nothing gives you so much courage as good reasons," continued the sailor. "During that time the wind had abated, and the sea had gone down; but the water kept rising, — not much, only two inches an hour, but still it rose. Two inches an hour does not seem much, but in twelve hours that makes two feet; and two feet with the three we had before make five. 'Come,' said the captain, 'we have done all in our power, and M. Morrel will have nothing to reproach us with; we have tried to save the ship, let us now save ourselves. To the boats, my lads, as quick as you can!' Now," continued Penelon, "you see, M. Morrel, a sailor is attached to his ship, but still more to his life; so we did not wait to be told twice. The more so that the ship was sinking under us, and seemed to say, 'Get along; save yourselves!' We soon launched the boat, and all eight of us got into it. The captain descended the last, or rather he did not descend, he would not leave the vessel; so I took him round the waist and threw him into the boat, and then I jumped after him. It was time, for just as I jumped, the deck burst with a noise like the broadside of a man-of-war. Ten minutes after she pitched forward, then the other way, spun round and round, and then good-by to the 'Pharaon.' As for us, we were three days without anything to eat or drink, so that we

began to think of drawing lots who should feed the rest, when we saw 'La Gironde;' we made signals of distress, she perceived us, made for us, and took us all on board. There now, M. Morrel, that's the whole truth, on the honor of a sailor; is not it true, you fellows there?"

A general murmur of approbation showed that the narrator had faithfully detailed their misfortunes and sufferings.

"Well, well," said M. Morrel, "I know there was no one in fault but destiny. It was the will of God that this should happen; blessed be his name! What wages are due to you?"

"Oh, don't let us talk of that, M. Morrel."

"On the contrary, let us speak of it."

"Well, then, for three months," said Penelon.

"Coclès! pay two hundred livres to each of these good fellows," said Morrel. "At another time," added he, "I should have said, Give them, besides, two hundred livres over as a present; but times are changed, and the little money that remains to me is not my own."

Penelon turned to his companions, and exchanged a few words with them.

"As for that, M. Morrel," said he, again turning his quid, — "as for that — "

"As for what?"

"The money."

"Well?"

"Well, we all say that fifty livres will be enough for us at present, and that we will wait for the rest."

"Thanks, my friends, thanks!" cried Morrel, touched to the heart. "Take it, take it! and if you can find another employer, enter his service. You are free to do so."

These last words produced a prodigious effect on the

seamen; Penelon nearly swallowed his quid; fortunately he recovered. "What! M. Morrel," said he, in a low voice, "you send us away? you are then angry with us!"

"No, no," said M. Morrel, "I am not angry. I do not send you away; but I have no more ships, and therefore I do not want any sailors."

"No more ships!" returned Penelon; "well, then, you'll build some. We'll wait for you."

"I have no money to build ships with, Penelon," said the owner, with a sad smile, "so that I cannot accept your kind offer."

"No more money! then you must not pay us. We can go, like the 'Pharaon,' under bare poles."

"Enough! enough, my friends!" cried Morrel, almost overpowered. "Leave me, I pray you; we shall meet again in a happier time. Emmanuel, accompany them, and see that my orders are executed."

"At least, we shall see each other again, M. Morrel?" asked Penelon.

"Yes, my friends; I hope so, at least. Now go." He made a sign to Coclès, who marched first; the seamen followed him, and Emmanuel brought up the rear. "Now," said the owner to his wife and daughter, "leave me; I wish to speak to this gentleman." And he glanced towards the clerk of Thomson and French, who had remained motionless in the corner during this scene, in which he had taken no part except the few words we have mentioned. The two women looked at this person, whose presence they had entirely forgotten, and retired; but as she left the room, Julie gave the stranger a supplicating glance, to which he replied by a smile that an indifferent spectator would have been surprised to see on his stern features. The two men were left alone. "Well, sir,"

said Morrel, sinking into a chair, "you have heard all; and I have nothing further to tell you."

"I see," returned the Englishman, "that a new and unmerited misfortune has overwhelmed you; and this only increases my desire to serve you."

"Oh, Monsieur!" cried Morrel.

"Let me see," continued the stranger, "I am one of your largest creditors, am I not?"

"Your bills, at least, are the first that will fall due."

"Do you wish for time to pay?"

"A delay would save my honor, and consequently my life."

"How long a delay do you wish for?"

Morrel reflected. "Two months," said he.

"I will give you three," replied the stranger.

"But," asked Morrel, "will the house of Thomson and French consent?"

"Oh, I take everything on myself. To-day is the 5th of June."

"Yes."

"Well, renew these bills up to the 5th of September; and on the 5th of September, at eleven o'clock [the hand of the clock pointed to eleven], I shall come to receive the money."

"I shall expect you," returned Morrel; "and I will pay you — or I shall be dead." These last words were uttered in so low a tone that the stranger could not hear them. The bills were renewed, the old ones destroyed; and the poor ship-owner found himself with three months before him to collect his resources. The Englishman received his thanks with the calmness peculiar to his race; and Morrel, overwhelming him with grateful blessings, conducted him to the staircase. The stranger met Julie on the stairs; she affected to be descending, but in reality

she was waiting for him. "Oh, Monsieur!" said she, clasping her hands.

"Mademoiselle," said the stranger, "one day you will receive a letter signed 'Sinbad the Sailor.' Do exactly what the letter bids you, however strange it may appear to you."

"Yes, sir," returned Julie.

"Do you promise?"

"I swear to you I will!"

"It is well. Adieu, Mademoiselle! Remain as pure and virtuous as you are at present, and I have great hopes that heaven will reward you by giving you Emmanuel for a husband."

Julie uttered a faint cry, blushed like a rose, and leaned against the baluster. The stranger waved his hand, and continued to descend. In the court he found Penelon, who, with a *rouleau* of a hundred livres in either hand, seemed unable to make up his mind to retain them.

"Come with me, my friend," said the Englishman; "I wish to speak to you."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FIFTH OF SEPTEMBER.

The delay afforded by the agent of the house of Thomson and French, at the moment when Morrel expected it least, appeared to the poor ship-owner one of those returns of good fortune which announce to a man that Fate is at length weary of wasting her spite upon him. The same day he related to his wife, to Emmanuel, and his daughter, what had occurred to him; and a ray of hope, if not tranquillity, returned to the family. Unfortunately, however, Morrel had engagements not alone with the house of Thomson and French, who had shown themselves so considerate towards him; and as he had said, in business one has correspondents, and not friends. When he reflected deeply, he could by no means account for this generous conduct on the part of Thomson and French towards him, and could only attribute it to the selfish reflection which that house might have made: "We had better support a man who owes us nearly three hundred thousand livres, and have those three hundred thousand livres at the end of three months, than hasten his ruin, and get but six or eight per cent of the debt." Unfortunately, whether from hate or blindness, all Morrel's correspondents did not reflect similarly; and some made even a contrary reflection. The bills signed by Morrel were therefore presented at his office with scrupulous exactitude, and thanks to the delay granted by the Englishman, were paid by Coclès with equal punctuality. Coclès thus remained in his accus-

tomed tranquillity. It was Morrel alone who remembered with alarm that if he had to repay on the 15th the fifty thousand livres of M. de Boville, and on the 30th the 32,500 livres of bills, for which, as well as the debt due to the inspector of prisons, he had time granted, he must be a ruined man.

The opinion of all the commercial men was that under the reverses which had successively weighed down Morrel, it was impossible for him to stand secure. Great therefore was the astonishment when they saw the end of the month come, and that he fulfilled all his engagements with his usual punctuality. Still, confidence was not restored to all minds, and the general voice postponed only until the end of the month following, the complete ruin of the unfortunate ship-owner. The month passed amid unheard-of efforts on the part of Morrel to get in all his resources. Formerly his paper, at any date, was taken with confidence, and was even in request. Morrel now tried to negotiate bills at ninety days only, and found all the banks closed. Fortunately Morrel had some moneys coming in on which he could rely; and as they reached him, he found himself in a condition to meet his engagements when the end of July came. The agent of Thomson and French had not been again seen at Marseilles. The day after, or two days after, his visit to Morrel, he had disappeared; and as in that city he had had no intercourse but with the mayor, the inspector of prisons, and M. Morrel, his appearance left no other trace than the different remembrances of him which these three persons retained. As to the sailors of the "Pharaon," it seemed that they must have found some engagement, for they had disappeared also.

Captain Gaumard, recovered from his illness, had returned from Palma. He hesitated to present himself at

Morrel's, but the owner, hearing of his arrival, went to him. The worthy ship-owner knew from Penelon's recital of the captain's brave conduct during the storm, and tried to console him. He brought him also the amount of his wages, which Captain Gaumard had not dared to apply for. As he descended the staircase, Morrel met Penelon, who was going up. Penelon had, it would seem, made good use of his money, for he was newly clad. When he saw his employer, the worthy tar seemed much embarrassed, drew on one side into the corner of the landing-place, passed his quid from one cheek to the other, stared stupidly with his great eyes, and only acknowledged the squeeze of the hand which Morrel as usual gave him by a slight pressure in return. Morrel attributed Penelon's embarrassment to the elegance of his attire; it was evident that the good fellow had not gone to such an expense on his own account. He was no doubt engaged on board some other vessel, and thus his bashfulness arose from the fact of his not having, if we may so express ourselves, worn mourning for the "Pharaon" longer. Perhaps he had come to tell Captain Gaumard of his good luck, and to offer him employment from his new master. "Worthy fellows!" said Morrel, as he went away, "may your new master love you as I loved you, and be more fortunate than I have been!"

August rolled by in unceasing efforts on the part of Morrel to renew his credit or open new accounts. On the 20th of August it was known at Marseilles that he had taken a place in the *malle-poste*, and then it was said that it was at the end of the month the docket was to be struck; and Morrel had gone away that he might not be present at this cruel act, but had left his chief clerk, Emmanuel, and his cashier Coclès to meet it. But contrary to all expectation, when the 31st of August came

the house opened as usual, and Coclès appeared behind the grating of the counter, examined all bills presented with the same scrutiny, and from first to last, paid all with the same precision. There came in, moreover, two indorsed notes which M. Morrel had discounted, and which Coclès paid as punctually as those bills on which the ship-owner was directly liable. All this was incomprehensible; and then, with the tenacity peculiar to prophets of evil, the failure was fixed to take place at the end of September. On the 1st, Morrel returned; he was awaited by his family with extreme anxiety, for on this journey to Paris they had rested their last hopes. Morrel had thought of Danglars, who was now immensely rich, and had been under great obligations to Morrel in former days, since to him it was owing that Danglars entered the service of the Spanish banker with whom his immense fortune had its beginning. It was said at this moment that Danglars was worth from six million to eight million livres, and had unlimited credit. Danglars then, without taking a crown from his pocket, could save Morrel; he had but to pass his word for a loan, and Morrel was saved. Morrel had long thought of Danglars; but there are instinctive revoltings impossible to control, and Morrel had delayed as long as possible before he had recourse to this last resource. And Morrel was right, for he returned home borne down by all the humiliation of a refusal. Yet on his arrival Morrel did not utter a complaint, nor say one harsh word; he embraced his weeping wife and daughter, pressed Emmanuel's hand with friendly warmth, and then going to his private room on the second floor, had sent for Coclès.

"Then," said the two women to Emmanuel, "we are indeed ruined."

It was agreed in a brief council held among them that

Julie should write to her brother, who was in garrison at Nismes, to come to them as speedily as possible. The poor women felt instinctively that they would need all their strength to support the blow that impended. Besides, Maximilian Morrel, though hardly two and twenty, had great influence over his father. He was a strong-minded, upright young man. At the time when he decided on his profession his father had no desire to choose for him, but had consulted young Maximilian's taste. He had at once declared for a military life; he had afterwards studied hard, passed brilliantly through the École Polytechnique, and left it as sub-lieutenant of the Fifty-third of the line. For a year he had held this rank, and expected promotion on the first vacancy. In his regiment Maximilian Morrel was noted as a most rigid observer, not only of the obligations imposed on a soldier, but also of the duties of a man; and he thus gained the name of "the Stoic." We need hardly say that many of those who gave him this epithet repeated it because they had heard it, and did not even know what it meant.

This was the young man whom his mother and sister called to their aid to sustain them under the grave circumstances which they felt they would soon have to endure. They had not mistaken the gravity of this event, for the moment after Morrel had entered his office with Coclès, Julie saw the latter leave it, pale, trembling, and his features betraying the utmost consternation. She would have questioned him as he passed by her, but the worthy creature hastened down the staircase with unusual precipitation, and only raised his hands to heaven and exclaimed, "Oh, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle! what a dreadful misfortune! Who could ever have believed it!" A moment afterwards Julie saw him go upstairs carrying two or three heavy ledgers, a pocket-book, and a bag of money.

Morrel examined the ledgers, opened the pocket-book, and counted the money. All his funds amounted to six thousand or eight thousand livres, his expectancies up to the 5th to four thousand or five thousand, which, making the best of everything, gave him fourteen thousand livres to meet bills amounting to 287,500 livres. He could not make such a proposal. However, when Morrel went down to his dinner, he appeared very composed. This calmness was more alarming to the two women than the deepest dejection would have been. After dinner Morrel usually went out, and used to take his coffee at the club of the Phocéens, and read the "Semaphore;" but this day he did not leave the house, he returned to his office.

As to Coclès, he seemed completely bewildered. For part of the day he went into the courtyard, seated himself on a stone with his head bare, and exposed to a sun of thirty degrees. Emmanuel tried to comfort the women; but his eloquence faltered. The young man was too well acquainted with the business of the house not to feel that a great catastrophe hung over the Morrel family. Night came. The two women had watched, hoping that when he left his room Morrel would come to them; but they heard him pass before their door, trying to conceal the noise of his footsteps. They listened; he went into his sleeping-room and fastened the door inside. Madame Morrel sent her daughter to bed; and half an hour after Julie had retired she rose, took off her shoes, and went stealthily along the passage to see through the keyhole what her husband was doing. In the passage she saw a retreating shadow; it was Julie, who, uneasy herself, had anticipated her mother. The young lady went towards Madame Morrel. "He is writing," she said. They had understood each other without speaking. Madame Morrel looked again through the keyhole. Morrel was writing;

but Madame Morrel remarked what her daughter had not observed, that her husband was writing on stamped paper. The terrible idea that he was writing his will flashed across her; she shuddered, and yet had not strength to utter a word. Next day M. Morrel seemed as calm as ever, went into his office as usual, and came to his breakfast punctually; but after dinner he placed his daughter beside him, took her head in his arms, and held her for a long time against his bosom. In the evening Julie told her mother that although he was so calm in appearance, she had remarked that her father's heart beat violently. The next two days passed in the same manner. On the evening of the 4th of September, M. Morrel asked his daughter for the key of his office. Julie trembled at this request, which seemed to her of bad omen. Why did her father ask for this key which she always kept, and which was only taken from her in childhood as a punishment? The young girl looked at Morrel. "What have I done wrong, Father," she said, "that you should take this key from me?"

"Nothing, my dear," replied the unhappy man, the tears starting to his eyes at this simple question; "nothing, only I want it."

Julie made a pretence to feel for the key. "I must have left it in my room," she said. And she went out; but instead of going to her apartment she hastened to consult Emmanuel. "Do not give this key to your father," said he; "and to-morrow morning, if possible, do not quit him for a moment." She questioned Emmanuel, but he knew nothing, or would not say anything. During the night between the 4th and 5th of September Madame Morrel remained listening for every sound, and until three o'clock in the morning she heard her husband pacing the room in great agitation. It was three o'clock when he threw himself on the bed. The mother and

daughter passed the night together. They had expected Maximilian since the previous evening. At eight o'clock in the morning Morrel entered their chamber. He was calm; but the agitation of the night was legible in his pale and careworn visage. They did not dare to ask him how he had slept. Morrel was kinder to his wife, more affectionate to his daughter, than he had ever been. He could not cease gazing at and kissing the sweet girl. Julie, mindful of Emmanuel's request, was following her father when he quitted the room, but he said to her quickly, "Remain with your mother." Julie wished to accompany him. "I wish it," he said.

This was the first time Morrel had said to his daughter, "I wish it;" but he said it in a tone of paternal kindness, and Julie did not dare refuse compliance. She remained on the same spot, standing mute and motionless. An instant afterward the door opened, she felt two arms encircle her, and lips were pressed upon her forehead. She looked up and uttered an exclamation of joy. "Maximilian! my brother!" she cried. At these words Madame Morrel rose and threw herself into her son's arms.

"Mother," said the young man, looking alternately at Madame Morrel and her daughter, "what has happened? Your letter has frightened me, and I have come hither with all speed."

"Julie," said Madame Morrel, making a sign to the young man, "go and tell your father that Maximilian has just arrived." The young lady rushed out of the apartment, but on the first step of the staircase she found a man holding a letter in his hand.

"Are you not Mademoiselle Julie Morrel?" inquired the man, with a strong Italian accent.

"Yes, sir," replied Julie, with hesitation; "what is your pleasure? I do not know you."

"Read this letter," he said, handing it to her. Julie hesitated. "It concerns the best interests of your father," said the messenger.

The young girl hastily took the letter from him. She opened it quickly and read: —

Go this moment to the Allées de Meillan; enter the house No. 15; ask the porter for the key of the room on the fifth floor; enter the apartment, take from the corner of the mantelpiece a purse netted in red silk, and give it to your father. It is important that he should receive it before eleven o'clock. You promised to obey me implicitly. Remember your promise.

SINBAD THE SAILOR

The young girl uttered a joyful cry, raised her eyes, looked round to question the messenger, but he had disappeared. She cast her eyes again over the note to peruse it a second time, and saw there was a postscript. She read: —

It is important that you should fulfil this mission in person and alone. If you go accompanied by any other person, or should any one else present himself, the porter will reply that he does not know anything about it.

This postscript was a great check to the young girl's joy. Was there nothing to fear; was there not some snare laid for her? Her innocence had kept her in ignorance of the dangers that might assail a young girl of her age. But there is no need to know danger in order to fear it; indeed, it may be observed that it is usually unknown perils that inspire the greatest terror.

Julie hesitated, and resolved to take counsel. Yet, by a singular feeling, it was neither to her mother nor her brother that she applied, but to Emmanuel. She hastened down and told him what had occurred on the day when the agent of the house of Thomson and French had

come to her father's, related the scene on the staircase, repeated the promise she had made, and showed him the letter.

"You must go, then, Mademoiselle," said Emmanuel.

"Go there?" murmured Julie.

"Yes; I will accompany you."

"But did you not read that I must be alone?" said Julie.

"And you shall be alone," replied the young man. "I will await you at the corner of the Rue du Musée; and if you are so long absent as to make me uneasy, I will hasten to rejoin you, and woe to him of whom you shall have cause to complain to me!"

"Then, Emmanuel," said the young girl, with hesitation, "it is your opinion that I should obey this injunction."

"Yes, did not the messenger say that it concerns your father's safety?"

"But what danger threatens him, then, Emmanuel?" she asked.

Emmanuel hesitated a moment; but his desire to make Julie decide immediately urged him on.

"Listen," he said; "to-day is the 5th of September, is it not?"

"Yes."

"To-day, then, at eleven o'clock, your father has nearly three hundred thousand livres to pay."

"Yes, we know that."

"Well," continued Emmanuel, "we have not fifteen thousand livres in the house."

"What will happen then?"

"Why, if to-day before eleven o'clock your father has not found some one who will come to his aid, he will be compelled at twelve o'clock to declare himself a bankrupt."

"Oh, come, come!" cried she, hastening away with the young man.

During this time, Madame Morrel had told her son everything. The young man knew quite well that after the succession of misfortunes which had befallen his father, great changes had taken place in the style of living and housekeeping; but he did not know that matters had reached such a point. He was thunderstruck. Then, rushing hastily out of the apartment, he ran up the stairs, expecting to find his father in his office, but he rapped there in vain. While he was yet at the door of the office he heard the bedroom door open, turned, and saw his father. Instead of going direct to his office, M. Morrel had returned to his bed-chamber, which he was only this moment quitting. Morrel uttered a cry of surprise at the sight of his son, of whose arrival he was ignorant. He remained motionless on the spot, pressing with his left hand something he had concealed under his coat. Maximilian sprang down the staircase and threw his arms round his father's neck; but suddenly he recoiled and placed his right hand on Morrel's breast. "Father!" he exclaimed, turning pale as death, "what are you going to do with the brace of pistols under your coat?"

"Oh, this is what I feared!" said Morrel.

"Father, Father! in Heaven's name," exclaimed the young man, "what are these weapons for?"

"Maximilian," replied Morrel, looking fixedly at his son, "you are a man, and a man of honor. Come, and I will explain to you."

And with a firm step Morrel went up to his office, while Maximilian followed him, trembling as he went. Morrel opened the door, and closed it behind his son, then, crossing the ante-room, went to his desk, on which he placed the pistols, and pointed with his finger to an open ledger. In this ledger was made out an exact

balance-sheet of affairs. Morrel had to pay, within half an hour, 287,500 livres. All he possessed was 15,257 livres. "Read!" said Morrel.

The young man was overwhelmed as he read. Morrel said not a word. What could he say? What need he add to such a desperate proof in figures?

"And have you done all that is possible, Father, to meet this disastrous result?" asked the young man, after a moment's pause.

"I have," replied Morrel.

"You have no money coming in on which you can rely?"

"None."

"You have exhausted every resource?"

"All."

"And in half an hour," said Maximilian, in a gloomy voice, "our name is dishonored!"

"Blood washes out dishonor," said Morrel.

"You are right, Father; I understand you." Then extending his hand towards one of the pistols. he said, "There is one for you and one for me; thanks!"

Morrel checked his hand. "Your mother! your sister! Who will support them?"

A shudder ran through the young man's frame.

"Father," he said, "do you reflect that you are bidding me to live?"

"Yes, I do bid you," answered Morrel; "it is your duty. You have a calm, strong mind, Maximilian. Maximilian, you are no ordinary man. I desire nothing; I command nothing; I only say to you, examine my position as if it were your own, and then judge for yourself."

The young man reflected an instant; then an expression of sublime resignation appeared in his eyes, and with a slow and sad gesture he took off his two epaulettes, the marks of his rank. "Be it so, then, my father," he said,

extending his hand to Morrel; "die in peace, my father. I will live."

Morrel was about to cast himself on his knees before his son, but Maximilian caught him in his arms, and those two noble hearts were pressed against each other for a moment. "You know it is not my fault," said Morrel.

Maximilian smiled. "I know, Father, you are the most honorable man I have ever known."

"Good, my son. And now all is said; go now and rejoin your mother and sister."

"My father," said the young man, bending his knee, "bless me!"

Morrel took his head between his two hands, drew him towards him, and kissing his forehead several times, said, "Oh, yes, yes; I bless you in my own name and in the name of three generations of irreproachable men, who say by my voice, 'The edifice which misfortune has destroyed, Providence may build up again.' On seeing me die such a death the most inexorable will have pity on you. To you, perhaps, they will accord the time they have refused to me. Try that the word of disgrace be never pronounced. Go to work, labor, young man; struggle ardently and courageously; live, yourself, your mother and sister, with the most rigid economy, so that from day to day the property of those to whom I am indebted may augment and fructify in your hands. Reflect how glorious a day it will be, how grand, how solemn, that day of complete restoration on which you will say in this very office, 'My father died because he could not do what I have this day done; but he died calmly and peaceably, because in dying he knew what I should do.'"

"My father! my father!" cried the young man, "why should you not live?"

"If I live, all would be changed; if I live, interest

would be converted into doubt, pity into hostility. If I live, I am only a man who has broken his word, failed in his engagements, — in fact, only a bankrupt. If on the contrary I die, remember, Maximilian, my corpse is that of an honest but unfortunate man. Living, my best friends would avoid my house ; dead, all Marseilles will follow me in tears to my last home. Living, you would feel shame at my name ; dead, you may raise your head and say, 'I am the son of him who killed himself because for the first time he has been compelled to fail in his word.'"

The young man uttered a groan, but appeared resigned. For the second time conviction entered, not his heart, but his mind.

"And now," said Morrel, "leave me alone, and endeavor to keep your mother and sister away."

"Will you not see my sister once more?" asked Maximilian. A last dull hope was concealed by the young man in the effect of this interview, and he had suggested it for that reason. Morrel shook his head. "I saw her this morning," he said, "and bade her adieu."

"Have you no particular commands to leave with me, my father?" inquired Maximilian, in a faltering voice.

"Yes, my son, and a sacred command."

"Say it, my father."

"The house of Thomson and French is the only one who from humanity, or it may be selfishness, — it is not for me to read men's hearts, — has had any pity for me. Its agent, who will in ten minutes present himself to receive the amount of a bill of 287,500 livres, I will not say granted, but offered me three months. Let this house be the first repaid, my son, and let that man be sacred to you."

"Father, I will," said Maximilian.

"And now once more, adieu," said Morrel. "Go! leave

me. I would be alone. You will find my will in the secretary in my bedroom."

The young man remained standing and motionless, having only the force to will but not the power to execute.

"Hear me, Maximilian," said his father. "Suppose I were a soldier like you, and ordered to carry a certain redoubt, and you knew I must be killed in the assault, would you not say to me, as you said just now, 'Go, Father; for you are dishonored by delay, and death is preferable to shame'?"

"Yes, yes!" said the young man, "yes!" and once again embracing his father with convulsive pressure, he said, "Be it so, my father." And he rushed out of the cabinet.

When his son had left him, Morrel remained an instant standing with his eyes fixed on the door; then putting forth his arm, he pulled the bell. After a moment's interval, Coclès appeared.

He was no longer the same man; the fearful convictions of the last three days had crushed him. This thought — the house of Morrel and Son is about to stop payment — bent him to the earth more than twenty years would otherwise have done.

"My worthy Coclès," said Morrel, in a tone impossible to describe, "do you remain in the ante-chamber. When the gentleman who came three months ago — the agent of the house of Thomson and French — arrives, announce his arrival to me." Coclès made no reply; he made a sign with his head, [illegible] the anteroom, and seated himself. Morrel fe[illegible] his eyes fixed on the clock; there w[illegible] that was all. The hand moved o[illegible]; it seemed to him as if [illegible] ray

What t[illegible]

mind of this man, who, still young, by a course of reasoning, false perhaps, but at least specious, was about to separate himself from all he loved in the world, and quit life, which possessed for him all domestic delights, it is impossible to express. To form any idea of his feelings, he must have been seen with his brow bathed in perspiration, yet resigned, his eyes moistened with tears and yet raised to heaven. The clock-hand moved on. The pistols were cocked; he stretched forth his hand, took one up, and murmured his daughter's name. Then he laid down the mortal weapon, took up his pen, and wrote a few words. It seemed to him as if he had not taken a sufficient farewell of his beloved daughter. Then he turned again to the clock; he no longer counted by minutes, but by seconds. He took up the deadly weapon again, his mouth half-opened and his eyes fixed on the clock, and then shuddered at the click of the trigger as he cocked the pistol. At this moment a colder perspiration moistened his brow; a more mortal agony clutched at his heart-strings. He heard the door of the staircase creak on its hinges; the clock gave its warning to strike eleven; the door of his cabinet opened. Morrel did not turn round; he expected these words of Coclès, "The agent of Thomson and French." He placed the muzzle of the pistol between his teeth. Suddenly he heard a cry, — it was his daughter's voice. He turned and saw Julie. The pistol fell from his hands.

"My father!" cried the young girl, out of breath and half dead with joy; "saved! you are saved!" And she threw herself into his arms, holding in her extended hand a red netted silk purse.

"Saved, my child!" said Morrel; "what do you

ed! see, see!" said the young girl.

Morrel took the purse, and started as he did so, for a vague remembrance reminded him that it once belonged to himself. At one end was the bill for the 287,500 livres. The bill was receipted. At the other end was a diamond as large as a hazel-nut, with these words on a small slip of parchment: "Julie's Dowry."

Morrel passed his hand over his brow; it seemed to him a dream. At this moment the clock struck eleven. The sound vibrated through him as if each stroke of the hammer struck on his heart. "Explain, my child," he said, "explain! where did you find this purse?"

"In a house in the Allées de Meillan, No. 15, on the corner of a mantelpiece in a small room on the fifth floor."

"But," cried Morrel, "this purse is not yours!"

Julie handed to her father the letter she had received in the morning.

"And did you go alone?" asked Morrel, after he had read it.

"Emmanuel accompanied me, Father. He was to have waited for me at the corner of the Rue du Musée, but strange to say, he was not there when I returned."

"M. Morrel!" exclaimed a voice on the stairs, — "M. Morrel!"

"It is his voice!" said Julie. At this moment Emmanuel entered, his countenance full of animation and joy. "The 'Pharaon'!" he cried; "the 'Pharaon'!"

"What! — what! the 'Pharaon!' Are you mad, Emmanuel? You know the vessel is lost."

"The 'Pharaon,' sir! they signal the 'Pharaon'! The 'Pharaon' is entering the harbor!"

Morrel fell back in his chair. His strength was failing him; his understanding refused to comprehend such incredible, unheard-of, fabulous events. But his son came in.

"Father!" cried Maximilian, "how could you say the 'Pharaon' was lost? She has been signalled from the watch-tower, and they say she is now coming into port."

"My dear friends!" said Morrel, "if this were so, it must be a miracle of Heaven! Impossible! impossible!"

But what was real and not less incredible was the purse he held in his hand, the acceptance receipted, the splendid diamond.

"Ah, Monsieur!" exclaimed Coclès, "what can it mean, — the 'Pharaon'?"

"Come, my dear," said Morrel, rising from his seat, "let us go and see, and Heaven have pity upon us if it be false intelligence!"

They all went out, and on the stairs met Madame Morrel, who had been afraid to go up into the office. In an instant they were at the Canebière. There was a crowd on the pier. All the crowd gave way before Morrel. "The 'Pharaon'! the 'Pharaon'!" said every voice.

And wonderful to say, in front of the tower of St. Jean was a vessel bearing on her stern these words, printed in white letters, "The 'Pharaon,' Morrel and Son, of Marseilles." It precisely resembled the other "Pharaon," and was loaded, as that had been, with cochineal and indigo. It cast anchor, brailed all sails, and on the deck was Captain Gaumard giving orders, and Maître Penelon making signals to M. Morrel. To doubt any longer was impossible; there was the evidence of the senses, and ten thousand persons who came to corroborate the testimony. As Morrel and his son embraced on the pier-head in the presence and amid the applause of the whole city witnessing this prodigy, a man with his face half-covered by a black beard, and who, concealed behind the sentry-box, watched the scene with delight, uttered these words in a low tone,

"Be happy, noble heart! be blessed for all the good thou hast done and wilt do hereafter, and let my gratitude rest in the shade with your kindness!"

And with a smile in which joy and happiness were revealed, he left his hiding-place, and without being observed descended one of those flights of steps which serve for debarkation, and hailing three times, shouted "Jacopo! Jacopo! Jacopo!" Then a shallop came to shore, took him on board, and conveyed him to a yacht splendidly fitted up, on whose deck he sprang with the activity of a sailor; thence he once again looked towards Morrel, who weeping with joy was shaking hands most cordially with all the crowd around him, and thanking with a look the unknown benefactor whom he seemed to be seeking in the skies.

"And now," said the unknown, "farewell kindness, humanity, and gratitude! Farewell to all the feelings that expand the heart! I have been Heaven's substitute to recompense the good; now the god of vengeance yields to me his power to punish the wicked!" At these words he gave a signal, and as if only awaiting this signal, the yacht instantly put out to sea.

END OF VOL. I.

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